

ALONG THE PACIFIC
BY LAND AND SEA

C. W. JOHNSTON



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ALONG THE PACIFIC
BY LAND AND SEA

IN PREPARATION

A SECOND VOLUME OF MR. JOHNSTON'S
TRAVEL LETTERS WILL FOLLOW THIS FIRST
VOLUME, UNDER THE TITLE THE SUNNY
SOUTH AND ITS PEOPLE. BOTH VOLUMES
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ALONG THE PACIFIC BY LAND AND SEA

Through the Golden Gate

Charles
C. W. JOHNSTON
" "



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1916

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EXPLANATORY NOTE

AFTER being engaged in the active practice of law at Des Moines, Iowa, for thirty years, I concluded to discontinue and enter upon a period of travel in this and foreign countries, both for pleasure and information.

Being interested in political, social and governmental questions from past activities and studies in these various lines, my purpose was to broaden and enlarge my information on these subjects for my own personal benefit and pleasure alone.

On my departure the editor and manager of the *Register and Leader* of Des Moines, Iowa, came to me and requested that I write my observations and send them to his paper for the benefit and pleasure of its readers. As it is located in the state capital and is the largest and possibly the most influential political paper in the state, with the largest daily circulation, I concluded to do so.

On my return I found my letters had been extensively read by all classes of people, and commented on by individuals and periodicals of standing and reputation, many requesting me to put the same in book form for preservation, and this is the reason the letters in this volume have made their appearance in this form.

He who reads and finds pleasure and information herein gives me much pleasure in thus honoring me.

Sincerely,

C. W. JOHNSTON.

Des Moines, Iowa.

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Along the Pacific

Spokane, Wash., Feb. 14, 1915.

DES MOINES is known as the City of Certainities, that is, efficiency. Before leaving I thought I would test this, because we hear much these days of "Made in the United States." The night before I left, some of my old clients called on me to make out their income tax, and I realized that to change my habits in one night and get up and take an early train, getting to bed at 2 A. M., I might have trouble. So I spoke to five of my friends who seemed to desire to accommodate me, asking them to ring my 'phone at a certain hour, making myself sure that each arose as a habit before the hour set for me. Instead of pandemonium next morning, only one called.

When I purchased my ticket the young man wired for a berth at St. Paul. I gave the day and night and he used figures. Next day when I called to pay for the same the error was discovered, so another telegram was sent and a wait of hours, and word came that I was given lower two, and all was well.

When I went to the depot the morning of my departure I discovered the young man had failed to designate an option for me out of six different routes, by punching a hole at the proper place on the ticket. Time was short, but I found a man with the necessary punch and he duly performed the surgical operation.

Then I found I had thirty-five pounds of excessive baggage. Although the railroads are liberal and just in this respect, I was not in a mood to pay for excessive baggage, so imitating our democratic administration and having to handle it only once, I deposited it in the Pullman instead

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of the baggage car, and it came through all right like a parcel post package. But did not Mr. Burleson and myself do the roads a wrong? If the charges were reasonable I feel that we did, and when I think of a trip of 2,200 miles, I believe the charge in my case was just.

My train left St. Paul at 10:30 P. M., and having but little sleep the night before, I retired promptly and by the time I got to Minneapolis I was sound asleep going at the rate, no doubt, of forty miles per hour.

A man at Minneapolis about sixty years of age had just married a woman of about twenty-five, and had purchased these lower berths, one and two, being opposite each other, number one for himself and number two, which I had also bought, for his bride. She was given another berth in the middle of the car.

The conductor came to me the next morning and explained the trouble he was in and said the man was furious when he got on the train the night before and found lower two occupied, and asked me if I would not exchange berths with the lady. I told him I would be delighted to do so. Some time later he informed the lady that I was willing to exchange and up to this time I did not know which one was the bride. I spoke out plainly and she was hearing all that was said. Later the conductor came and informed me that the lady desired to retain her present home. Just like a woman if her wish is granted too suddenly. I expressed entire satisfaction.

I then noticed a lady half way down the car partially arise with a head of beautiful red hair, turn around and smiling, expose a set of beautiful white teeth, and with laughing brown eyes, bow to me her thanks. Then all my troubles from inefficiency faded into mist and were forgiven and forgotten—and such is the United States.

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The man—why, he was so mad at me he never looked my way across the aisle, at least each time I glanced his way I saw his hair pointing straight up towards the beautiful blue sky, his face to the front, set and determined. And after all, life is a sweet dream if you will it so.

North Dakota is a spot on this earth without a tree. It is located where the cold blasts of winter are severe. Over thirty years ago the Northern Pacific in the hands of an optimist with an aggressive spirit made and developed a barren waste into a great food-producing area.

The Creator has provided often for deficiencies which man learns by slow process of study and experience. For twenty years you could not give this land away. In the last ten years man has found out what to do here to make the most of his surroundings. He now raises small grains of all kinds, and horses and cattle and hay. He is getting rich. Land near Beach sold for \$60.00 two weeks ago. To protect him against the winter blasts without wood, over thirty square miles contain coal, some of it twenty feet thick. It has all kinds of clay and the tree is missed for shade and beauty only.

One evening we saw a large flock of prairie chickens, and later two coyotes starting out to forage for food. A bounty of \$13.00 has almost driven this creature to the zoo in the parks.

At my first meal I ordered a baked potato. Imagine my surprise when one came, eight and one-half inches long and four and one-half inches thick. If Thorne or Brandeis ever hear of this waste and extravagance in management, there would be no raise in western freights. On inquiry I learned they are raised in Bitter Root Valley, Montana, an area forty-five miles long, and it is a beautiful valley.

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Except for copper the mining interests in Montana are about all gone, and the people have gone to raising hay, horses, cattle and sheep, the latter in large numbers. Irrigation prevails. They will amuse you when telling you the pleasure they get in raising their vegetables by getting on their knees and with their fingers coaxing the water around the roots of the growing plant.

I have been in and passed through many cities since I left, and I am honest and frank when I say that Des Moines had the worst looking streets, when I left, that I have seen. St. Paul even was far ahead of Des Moines and Minneapolis was clean as a floor. All the way out much snow had fallen, yet the business streets in every town, without exception, were clean and attractive. The sidewalks were also clean. The streets of Des Moines have been all winter long, from every point of view, a disgrace to the people who submit to such conditions. They could not be much worse with no city government. I have been both surprised and pleased at the pride and cleanliness shown by many western cities I have seen.

Spokane, Wash., Feb. 14.

UPON leaving the train here I was surprised to have the trainmen approach me and bid me goodbye and wish me a happy, pleasant journey. Such little kindnesses wherever and to whomever rendered cost nothing and make everybody feel good.

In the United States there is too much brusqueness and inattention to these little amenities, both in commercial and social life. They have much to do with happiness or dissatisfaction among our people.

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In my case I learned that I was picked out as a professor in some eastern educational institution, and if I can continue successfully to be so regarded in this respect, I am going to have a very pleasant time. For the professor or teacher is a true philanthropist of the highest order. He is known the world over as a hard worker on small pay, constantly giving forth, whether solicited or not, a portion of his assets, accumulated after years of hard work and the burning of much midnight oil, upon the theory the more he gives the more he will have—and dies poor. “Blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven.” So what more does the teacher want—as most of them are women—but a pension and the right to vote?

Spokane is a beautiful city situated in a basin, being surrounded by mountains, and cut in two portions by the Spokane river. In this respect and in size it is similar to Des Moines, but dis-similar in other respects. The paved streets and sidewalks are clean and well put down. Galvanized receptacles enclosing sacks are located in each block to receive all waste paper, and this I especially call to the attention of my good and loyal friend, Commissioner Myerly. Nothing of this kind is blowing over the streets as you see in Des Moines. The streets are flushed or swept all the time and it is a real pleasure to be in the business section and enjoy this cleanliness. It is pleasant to the eye and creates in the mind happy thoughts, just the reverse of filth. Des Moines pays well for these things but does not get them.

Spokane has the commission form of government consisting of five members, elected for five years at a yearly salary of \$5,000 each, and they are required to devote all their time to the business interests of the city. Of the present commissioners each was a success prior thereto in

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private business life, which he gave up on entering the office for the performance of his public duties.

The people are pleased with the city management of public affairs because it is all business, directed by practical business men, with no political ambitions to cause them to deviate from the straight and narrow way.

The Spokane falls are in the heart of the city, and they are beautiful, but now disfigured by a private corporation absorbing the power rights years ago and the land adjoining, which is leased, not sold for factory locations. The Washington Power company controls the situation, once owned by local parties, but now held by eastern parties. The rates are high and factories have remained away and the city has but few. The power company owns one street car line and operates the same. The city built a fine bridge below the falls costing \$500,000. It charged the company \$100,000 to use the bridge for its street car lines and compels it to light the bridge for the use of the same. It also receives a per cent of its receipts. The city owns an asphalt plant, having a large number of streets paved with asphalt, and makes all its own repairs, including that portion of the street used by the street railway, and last year the power company paid the city \$10,000 for repairing the asphalt around its car tracks.

It also owns and operates its water plant and has been doing so for ten years. The people seem to be satisfied. They feel the city is being operated in a business-like way and all these things bring a revenue into the city and keep down taxation.

Now you could not do this and get these results in Des Moines with one commissioner with his eye on congress and another on the governorship and another there solely to look after the rights and wants of labor, regardless of

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what is best and most wholesome for the city as a whole.

Spokane has many good buildings and several wholesale and jobbing houses of which two are wholesale dry goods.

But this town has been hit and the people do not know where or what hit it. House rents have fallen 50 per cent, and business men and landlords have voluntarily reduced the rents during the depression. Labor unions and contractors have had their disagreements, and the small jobs are all taken by the union men, thus eliminating the contractor by low bidding, and often they do not realize half union wages, but they must live and to live must work. Living is both high and cheap. As you walk down some of the main streets you see signs reading: "Beds 15 cents a night, \$1 per week," "Shave 5 cents, hair cut 10 cents," "Meals 5 cents up," "Dinner 10 cents and up." So you can live as you desire. These are unusual bargains. A public soup house is maintained for the jobless men at present by the city, but at the end of a week the man must have work or move out of town, and it makes him get out. They claim many floaters have come from Canada because of the war. They want to be soldiers of the cross rather than soldiers of firearms. They tell me many are Americans who had declared allegiance to King George, and now like Bryan and "watchful waiting" much better, and President Wilson is such a nice man. But to be out of work and no money any price is high trying to live. The competition for existence here is strong and as time goes on will be more severe, because of strange people from strange lands who seek the lowest channels of existence and gather the fruits from the tree of prosperity—and save. That is real competition.

Going down to the jumping off place of one of the main streets I noticed two Japs in the clothing business and on

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the window was "Stern-Clothing." Evidently the Jap had undermined his competitor and left the sign for business reasons. The new owners were smiling and seemed happy. Nearby I noticed one poor fellow had a fire the night before, and having a desire to know the name of the unfortunate fellow, I glanced up over the entrance and saw the name "Marcus."

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 22.

THIS city is finely situated for shipping facilities, is a beautiful city and the climate is ideal. It is located on an island, is the capital, and contains about 60,000 inhabitants. It has no factories, and no minerals, except coal, and has some lumber interests. Aside from fishing and lumber interests there is nothing here but climate.

The war has affected Canada very much. In front of the newspaper offices you will see men and women with an anxious expression on their faces reading the bulletins, the same as you would see them in Des Moines watching the baseball score. Now this is because many Canadians have gone to the front and the newspapers post up the news as fast as it comes in. Twelve hundred went from this city last week and 500 more have signed to go. The sad part of it is that all the enlistments are coming from the farms and none from the cities, and Canada needs farmers to cultivate her broad acres, and not soldiers. If the war continues long Canada will be in bad shape and in fact she is getting in bad shape now. Many of her factories have closed down and thousands of idle men are floating around the cities. Laboring men in this city tell me there are more than three thousand idle men here alone with no

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work of any kind to do, and they know nothing about farming.

Another thing is bad here. Of the 60,000 people, 10,000 are Chinamen and they have gone into all lines of business enterprises, and own some of the best business and residence property in the city. I saw three blocks in the business center they own. They are breeding like rats. They have reduced the wages of laboring men from \$2.50 to \$1.50. They are reliable, do not drink and are always on the job, hence the white man prefers them as servants. They will live to the number of fifteen or twenty in one residence, on rice and cheap foods, and this a white man will not do. They do nearly all the truck gardening and have no competition, except from a few Italians. Only a few Japs are here and about 400 Indians. It is only a question of time the white man will have to surrender here to the Chinaman, unless he lives as his competitor does, and so it has been throughout the ages.

The Chinaman sends all his savings to China, except what he invests in real estate, and when he dies his bones go back also. He refuses to become a citizen and takes no interest in civic or governmental affairs. Such a person is not a good citizen on this continent. At this moment it is the Canadian who is helping England, not the Chinaman.

Here you have a peaceful contest beginning small and gradually expanding into a strong force as generations come and go, and thus you see one race being crowded into a corner by another race, which in time becomes extinct, a race in history. The kaiser is right; a yellow peril is spreading unless you put up or close the gates; and California is right, if she wants to keep her possessions and live as Anglo-Saxons desire to live. Otherwise she must do as her competitor does, stack human beings in any old shape

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like sacks of flour, one above another, and live on rice; or surrender. The end is plain. Here they occupy some of the nicest looking houses in the city, have pianos, and seem to be enjoying life in their way, for all are comfortably dressed and the sidewalks are crowded with them.

Victoria, B. C.

THIS is one of the cleanest cities I have ever been in. Most of the streets are paved with asphalt and they are smooth and clean as a floor. I wish my friend Myerly was with me to see how things should and ought to be done. And Mayor Hanna would admit there might be some improvement. But how are you going about it?"

There are so many Chinese here they have their own schools and publish a paper in their own language. A few years ago this province levied a tax of \$500 on every Chinaman coming in and he pays it and comes, but the legislators overlooked the kids, and they are being produced in bunches.

The city is managed by thirteen councilmen, elected at large, and paid each \$400 a year. The mayor gets \$4,000 a year, but they reduced his salary this year because of hard times. Everything seems to be managed well and beauty and flowers and shrubbery abound everywhere. Single men working for the city get \$1.50 and married men \$2.25 per day.

They are now struggling with the jitney. About 150 sprang up all at once and took the best streets, thus reducing the revenue of the city railway to an extent that the railway is taking off cars and reducing the service to the suburbs, and the kicks are coming thick and fast. All

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being new and appearing in a night, there is no law regulating them, so different propositions are pending, one to compel them to give a bond and pay a fair license to use the streets. Up to date there have been some accidents and some deaths. I think it will evolve finally into a bus carrying ten or more people, and in this form it has come to stay and will be an important factor in city transportation.

Parliament is in session, so I visited it today. British Columbia has a territory three or four times larger than Iowa, and all and some more important questions to consider than arise in the Iowa legislature. Yet right in line with the good and sensible suggestions made by Governor Clark, forty-two men sitting as one body enact all the laws and transact all the business coming before such a body. Forty are conservatives and two socialists. The place of meeting is not a large room, but rich and impressive. The desks are arranged in two rows on each side of a passage-way between them, and facing each other. They discuss the questions that arise just like a board of directors of a large corporation. They meet at 2 P. M., and when in session, the main entrance to the building is closed by two large iron gates. An officer is on guard and no one can enter the hallway leading to the assembly room, without first sending his card to a member, and if admitted, the member goes to the hallway, called the lobby at this time, and receives his caller there, and if he remains he is sent to the public gallery.

The province is divided into forty-two precincts, according to population, each precinct electing a member. The assembly, when organized, elects a speaker from its membership and while in session he wears a robe. The lieutenant governor general opens the session, and when it finishes its work, usually at the end of six weeks, he calls and closes it. It is an honorable position only. That of governor

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general is also. He draws a salary of \$4,000 a year, but a magnificent mansion is maintained for him. The members are elected for four years, and most of them are strong, magnificent looking men. They impress you that they have been trained for that kind of work. You know with us preachers, lawyers, dentists, doctors, mechanics, etc., must be educated and show their fitness for the calling chosen before they are permitted to follow it, but any old thing is good enough to make our laws often affecting seriously our life, property and happiness. I believe legislators should be trained and educated for that line of work, also.

When the parliament is ready to vote on a proposition the doors are locked and at one end of the room on the inside in front of the doors a large brass rod is placed and at the other the mace is brought in, followed by locking the doors at that end of the room, and thus you have, with all the solemnity and dignity of a funeral, the enactment of a statute, by the serious casting of a vote of each member after thorough consideration. With all this form and observation of ceremony in the passage of laws, the people look on them with awe and respect. No wonder laws are obeyed when so passed. No wonder the people are law-abiding and God-fearing. The making of laws affecting humanity, for their weal or woe, is a serious business and should be acted upon and treated with the greatest solemnity.

Vancouver, B. C.

VICTORIA and Vancouver are two cities largely residential and the mecca for tourists. The latter strikes for commercial life and has made some material progress

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in that line. It is the terminal in the west of large railroad interests.

Troubles for the Dominion of Canada are in the future, and are approaching rapidly. There is a strong under current of unrest with the middle and lower classes. You feel it if you circulate among them and have the instinct to recognize it. It is here and is gradually spreading and getting stronger. The liberal element is going to gain in the next election and make inroads on the conservative forces.

Three great railroads dominate, and with skilled diplomacy, influence materially public officials and public or governmental tendencies. They are the Canadian Pacific railway, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern. The Dominion government has advanced enormous amounts of money and large land grants to each of these corporations to strike out and develop this great territory. To the Canadian Pacific alone it gave fifty millions of dollars and fifty millions of square miles of land, the sale of which to date has brought to this road an average of \$7 an acre. It is one of the most powerful railroads in the world, owning ships, both freight and passenger, on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the lakes, wherever there is freight, and a line of hotels in Canada, for magnificence and splendor nowhere equaled in the world—all managed and directed to initiate, control and handle transportation to all parts of the world. The controlling interests in all these roads is owned by the wealthy of Great Britain—Old England. England does not stop there. Her subjects do not stop there. They own the gas, electric light and city railways in the important cities. Now, what is the result? Freight rates are high and city franchise corporations charge all the traffic will bear. Food stuffs are therefore high and

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living is high, with industrial enterprises in the manufacturing line small and scarce, labor is having a rocky time. England wants to do the manufacturing itself and it wants Canada to produce the foods.

About two years ago Western Canada began to feel the approach of hard times and it continued from bad to worse until last summer when the people noticed a slight improvement, and the starting of the war relieved the situation. Had it not been for the war bread riots would have occurred from one end of the Dominion to the other.

The English people tell me that 80 per cent of the enlistments from Canada are Englishmen by birth and very few Canadians are enlisting for war. Soldiers are paid \$7.70 per week with board, clothes and medical attention, etc. The men being out of work with no money and no prospect of work, the only alternative is to join or starve. With credits being denied by Great Britain, Canada is driven to her own resources to care for the people and her troubles are just beginning if this war continues any length of time. It will cause a debt of two to three hundred millions to finance her part of the war, which will materially increase the cost of living, and with no income for the masses, living is high at any price. These are the problems Canada is trying to solve.

In Vancouver the theaters are closed most of the time, three hotels are in the hands of receivers and to add to all the other troubles, the Dominion Trust company failed for five millions, catching thousands of people. The stories you hear are pathetic.

The landlords in Vancouver beg the merchants to remain and keep the lights burning. I talked with one merchant who had been paying \$350 per month, was paying

\$100 now. In Victoria a jeweler had been paying \$150 per month, the rent was cut to \$75 last fall, and on March 1, it goes to \$50 per month.

Now with all these trials and tribulations I want to say the streets are clean and kept up in fine shape, and Victoria has forty miles of asphalt paving to look after. They have small receptacles fastened to the lamp posts where all waste paper is thrown and you dare not "spit on the sidewalk." Now I hope my friend Myerly will think this over, and with Mayor Hanna's kindly advice and assistance, will give the people of Des Moines a run for their money. The streets of Des Moines and the general appearance of the same remind me of the farmer's scarecrow erected in the garden to keep the birds from stealing the peas, when you compare them with the streets and sidewalks in every city I have seen, without exception. What have the people of Des Moines done that they should be so punished?

What will Canada do with the problems confronting her? Solve them in due time and solve them to bring the greatest happiness to her people.

I have visited her courts. The judges and solicitors are robed while attending court. The floors are covered with heavy carpet to produce quiet. The witness is seated in a dock, not a chair. The furniture and surroundings impress you with the power and dignity of law and government. Even the policemen are well dressed, coat buttoned to the chin, alert and on the job performing their duties. They are polite and courteous, but not dummies. The government is everything, everywhere. The people are busy trying to make both ends meet and expect the government to protect them in their pursuits, and they do get protection, even against mobs.

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Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 25.

LAST fall this city had a population of nearly 200,000 people and today they claim about 100,000 only. Something has hit the town, a beautiful city, with fine business houses in all lines, attractive and progressive.

This hotel, The Vancouver, owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific railway, is one of the most magnificent structures of its kind I have ever seen, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars. The silverware alone cost \$50,000, and it takes about three hundred people to manage and keep it in operation. It is here to build up transportation, but we in America do not get business that way, and is it right or a good thing to permit railroads to do so?

This city has, or had last fall, about 35,000 Hindoos, Chinese and Japs. Many Hindoos unable to get work have gone home. They live on flour and water mixed and made into pancakes at a cost of 10 cents a day. The Chinese and Japs live and compete with white labor the same as they do at Victoria. Hindoos and Japs come in free, but Chinese men pay \$500 and women \$1,000 to get in.

Fourteen thousand men are being fed by the city. The city makes them work for bed and board. The streets and walks are in fine shape and clean and smooth, many being asphalt. I wish my friend Myerly could only be with me and enjoy the pleasant sensations of having things so nice. I want him to take what I say to heart and be good and do better. I want him to continue to read my letters.

Everything is "left" here. I was almost caught twice by automobiles, but after taking in the custom, have been all right since. Vehicles are not permitted to stand at the curb. I want Mayor Hanna to listen to this. They are compelled to stand in the middle of the street on streets

BY LAND AND SEA

not having car lines. This keeps the curbs free on both sides, a rule which permits customers to land on walks or enter stores without being dumped in the middle of the streets and taking chances on getting injured; also in case of fire, the wagons have a clear curb to begin work without delay. Now this is plain common sense and good judgment. The curb parking at Des Moines is unsightly and dangerous both to life and property. Why not try it?

Rents have taken a tumble. Houses, modern in every way, have dropped 50 per cent. A \$40 flat a year ago now rents for \$20. Business rents have fallen the same. The landlords, however, have been wise and asked tenants to remain at half the former rental. I notice several closing out just the same. Outside of this hotel and a bank building no building of any kind is going on. It is estimated that 50,000 Americans have gone back to the States since last fall. Contractors and laboring men feel there will not be much building for the next three or four years.

Victoria and Vancouver will grow in time, however, because they are the only cities in Canada having a mild climate, and as Canada increases in wealth the people will drift here to live on their incomes. It ranges from 15 degrees above in winter to 75 in summer—with "views" galore.

The city has the old ward system. There are sixteen aldermen drawing \$600 per year each and the mayor gets \$5,000. The people feel there is corruption in city management and want a change. They are conservative, however, and need some one like Mayor Hanna to waken them up—at least with a lawsuit or two.

One thousand two hundred soldiers are in camp here to leave for the front March 1. They feel the war will

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end in May or June. That is the prevailing sentiment here, and it is best to let it be so.

The business men have printed large signs covering the bill boards: "You are out of work—Why? Because you have helped to purchase and pay for \$1,350,000,000 worth of foreign-made goods in the past two years." The apple growers are protected with 43 cents tariff per barrel. They are demanding a greater protection. Such is life. These are things for the people in the United States to think about—and our Wilson tariff.

Seattle, Wash.

THROUGH the kindness of Mayor Gill I had the pleasure of a one hundred mile trip in his automobile with him and his friend, W. W. Brainard, formerly connected with the *Post Intelligencer* and now on the park board, over the city of Seattle and its boulevards. I saw it from several viewpoints and it is truly a beautiful city just in its infancy in importance and growth.

It has about two hundred and twenty miles of paved streets, two hundred of which are asphalt. The oldest asphalt in the city has been down about thirteen years and so far has required practically no repairs. It looks well and is in fine shape. All the paving I have seen and have been over is in fine shape. The city gives the credit for its fine paving and good streets to a Mr. Thompson, who was city engineer for several years and laid out many of the streets and personally looked after the paving of them. He is now in the employ of British Columbia at a salary of \$15,000 a year building a national park for that government.

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The boulevards circle the foots of the hills. There are lots of them, connecting up the parks in the different sections of the city, so you can drive all day on finely paved and nicely cared for streets, making it an enjoyable place to live.

The city gathers the garbage and burns it, taking the ashes to fill in ground belonging to the city, covering it over each evening with four inches of soil, and in a short time it becomes rich soil, valuable land for the city. In this way the city feels it is saving thousands of dollars. The dirt it has been excavating from the hills it sells to private parties and receives 30 cents a yard for it. In this way it has filled for private parties about one thousand acres fifteen feet deep, land which is now being used for factories and railroad terminals, the estimated value after filling being one hundred million dollars. The Union Pacific alone paid ten millions for a portion of this ground for railroad purposes. The city is greatly benefited by this made ground for it is needed for industries of one kind and another that will come to the city for locations from time to time and it has no place to put them otherwise.

The city officials, especially the mayor, think this city has a correct solution of the jobless man. They want to relieve the situation or condition as it presents itself without encouraging idleness, and at the same time bridge men over to a period when the industries that shut down during the winter season start up again. Men, if so inclined, can go to the harvest fields and earn during the harvest season from three hundred to five hundred dollars. Some do this and some return to the city and spend it in a month in drink and bad living, and then become a burden on the industrious and the saving. This has always been so and will continue to be so in the future. Human nature is

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about the same the world over and in all ages. Poor people have poor ways of doing things. "The poor ye have with you always."

Seattle established the Hotel Liberty last fall. It is a three-story building and at the opening it had about 2,500 men, which number now has been reduced to about 800. Every man who applies for food and bed is sent here. To enter he is forced to take a bath and the clothes he wears are steamed or sterilized to kill any lice or disease he may possess. He is then given a roll-up; that is, he rolls himself in a blanket and other covering and lies down on the bare floor, with no cot, no bed—nothing more. His food is coffee, bread, rice, soup, fish, etc. For a week's lodging and board of this character he is compelled to work for the city two days each week so long as he enjoys the hospitality of the Hotel Liberty, and when he gets tired or can do better he moves out. Otherwise he can remain as long as he desires. The plan seems to have worked well and before long the Hotel Liberty will be empty. The city has made many improvements with this kind of labor. The men paid for the board and lodging and the city paid for the labor. Without charity in any form, why is it not an honorable business transaction? Why should a hard working man who saves and lives right be taxed to support the lazy man, wasteful both of his money and energies?

These men should do some work for what they enjoy, be it much or little. The municipality should provide the work on a business basis of this kind, to care for all. To care for a few at high wages, as Des Moines was doing when I left, and to force private donations from citizens, or drive the men to crime to appease their hunger, is not getting anywhere.

The condition of so many jobless men who wasted their

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money in saloons has forced the people in this state to make the state go dry on Jan. 1, 1916. The city officials regret the loss of \$350,000 per year, but men well posted tell me it is here to stay. A seaport town makes new conditions for city officials to contend with and they fear much trouble in Seattle with its enforcement. A very large brewery that ships to Australia and New Zealand must close and it has \$500,000 in orders now for those countries. There are over 300 saloons, hence over 300 business fronts will be vacant and the business men are taking a gloomy view of the future.

Mayor Gill is an odd man, but I like him. He is smart, a good politician, plain and simple in dress and language, a man everyone can approach and get a hearing. He smokes his cob pipe and enjoys it. He is against frills and isms, and is not much stuck on municipal ownership. He is trying to the best of his ability to give the city a good administration and is working for the future. He means well and wants to do right and has many friends, even among children. The women voted him out and then voted him back again. His salary is \$7,500 and the nine aldermen receive \$3,600 each per annum.

He is much interested in "play fields," in other words, playgrounds for children. There are nineteen of these from five acres to fifteen acres each, located in the poorer settlements. I visited one in the Russian Jew settlement. It had a large building two stories high with all kinds of amusements on the grounds, and in the building all modern conveniences with small pool tables for the children and other indoor games. A stage at one end of a large room is fitted up for plays or music. In this room they have municipal dances and the building is open during the day until ten o'clock at night. Fully fifty-two boys and girls

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were there, some fine looking children, rehearsing for a play to be given that night. A man had charge of the boys and a woman the girls. They seemed to be excited, anticipating much pleasure that evening. A fee of 10 cents is charged, and the mayor informed me that it was almost self-sustaining. It looked good to me, wholesome, clean and attractive. It was all right and doing good, no doubt of it. The boys and girls were there and not on the streets, with parents later joining them.

The handling of lazy and delinquent husbands is disposed of in a novel way in the city. It has a stockade where such individuals are confined and employed by the city on public work for which the men receive \$1.50 a day, board and lodging. But the \$1.50 is paid to the wife for the support of herself and children. Iowa sends them to the penitentiary. I believe the former milder and better in every way.

I have observed many things in the west. In my travels east the people are so conservative your watch would lose time and you would have to move the hands forward. In the west they are so progressive and aggressive you are compelled to turn the hands of your watch back. It is in the atmosphere and envelops you everywhere, and if you are here long you join the procession and imagine things, and some things are real.

Now I had a lady friend here who desired to give me a dinner and asked me to shop with her, which I was only too glad to do. We called at the market place and made a few purchases, and then she bargained for two young fries. This sounded good to me because I always have been fond of home-fried chicken. She bought two—the only ones the butcher had left—at a cost of \$1.30. A little dried-up woman who stood at my left was buying some pigs' feet.

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I was standing between the two women. The clerks tied both packages up about the same time and both were placed in the carrier basket for the cashier, and my friend quickly stepped over to pay the cashier and returned to me to say something and we both unconsciously started out, and when we got to the sidewalk, we missed our chickens. We returned, and the woman who bought the pigs' feet for 23 cents had exchanged packages on us. I had to laugh but my friend was unable to see any joke in it. I insisted on an adjustment because we had never got possession of the package. The market man finally took our view and wanted to have us take a rooster. He felt of its muscles and assured us it was about as tender as a hen. My friend yielded and accepted the rooster and went home. She worked with that rooster over a hot fire for three hours, and the more it was fried the tougher it seemed to get. When we beheld it on the table in front of us, we felt our troubles had ended, but I am willing to swear that that rooster had trained longer and oftener than Jeffries to become king of the barnyard, and if he never became king, he ought to have been. He was some chicken even at the finish.

Moral: Always look after your investments, especially in the west. A lot of bright fellows, including women, are living by their wits and on opportunities offered by the gentle and thoughtless.

Seattle, Wash.

THIS city is governed possibly as well as any city on the Pacific coast. It contains 300,000 people or more, all boosters, who think it the only place on earth. The commercial spirit is fine and reminds one of the aggres-

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sive business spirit of Chicago. It has many financially strong business houses, wide awake and up to date. It is growing and has a fine future. As Alaska develops this city will get most of the trade. The assay office now receives over a million dollars a month of gold dust which is converted into cash and much of it is invested in this city. This will increase materially in time.

The climate is fine, and the wet, or winter season, is not objectionable. The rains are mostly mists. The nights are comfortable which gives you a rest for next day's work. The winter has many clear days, which are balmy and delightful.

I have met many Iowa people. Some are meeting with success and some are not, but I have yet to find one who is discontented. At present a depression in business exists here as elsewhere, but the conditions are much better here. Transportation by water and land is extensive and will greatly enlarge with time.

The lawns are green the year round, are well kept with flowers everywhere, many blooming throughout the winter.

The city had many hard problems to solve to build and make a city to grow and become prosperous with steep hills everywhere, almost to the water's edge. They were engineering problems and they have been measurably well solved. At great expense the city cut through hills streets beside which the Ninth street cut in Des Moines is only a toy. It cut and made good business streets and did it when the city was small. Taxes went up so now the people are paying 4 per cent on a 60 per cent valuation. This is going some and the people now demand a rest for a while, although they approve of all that has been done, and want the work to continue when they catch up. The dirt was indeed cheap so it was dumped on a tract of low ground near the sound

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of 1,000 acres, making valuable sites for factories, warehouses, etc. This was filled up several feet and is now regarded very valuable and being occupied.

The city is managed by nine aldermen elected at large, the same as the mayor. Four other positions are selected in the same manner. All other offices are filled by appointment by the mayor by and with the consent and approval of the council. It is really a large per cent of the commission form of government, the main difference being to keep distinct as much as possible the legislative and administrative departments of the government, the aldermen being confined to the legislative duties alone.

It seems to be working well and the people are pleased with it. The city has all the difficult problems any city can possibly have and but little friction exists. Des Moines has no difficult problems to handle compared with the ones the city has to contend with here. The streets and sidewalks are in fine shape and clean as a floor. They are flushed every night. One man is compelled to take care of twenty-four blocks each night and next morning you find miles and miles of paving a pleasure to look upon. All waste paper is put in nice looking receptacles fastened to the lamp posts. Des Moines on a windy day would impress you that the angels were mobilizing in the streets to escort the city administration to the cemetery, paper dancing everywhere and in every direction. Cleanliness and efficiency are unknown terms there.

Asphalt paving prevails here, although it has some brick blocks and now experimenting with creosote blocks. It owns its own plant to repair asphalt paving and in fact repairs all the paving. The city officials tell me that if the paving is put down right the repairing does not amount to much the first ten years. In the business section it rests

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on a concrete foundation of eight inches and in the resident portion the concrete foundation is six inches. Some of the paving has stood the test for seventeen years. I congratulate the property owners of Des Moines for the fine Christian spirit manifested these many years and the patience and meekness of spirit. They surely will inherit the kingdom of heaven. If they do not, they have been wicked in other ways.

Seattle has the finest public market place I have ever seen, clean as a kitchen in a fine home. It is open every day except Sunday. The city charges for space sufficient to maintain it only. It is large and open with a basement and one story covered by a shed. The Chinese and Japs have gone into truck gardening for miles around and they are there, men and women, smiling and well dressed, and getting rich. Their stands are so artistically arranged, vegetables being constantly washed with water and so pleasing and inviting that you buy. It is well patronized and has reduced the cost of living in the eating line about 30 per cent. I am in love with the public market place, and would like to live here so I could buy the good things to eat. And when you think of the Des Moines public market, building and all, rough and ready like the rancher in the desert, as uninviting as the ingenuity of man can devise, you ask, why is this so? Because of incompetency and want of a desire and knowledge to know how things should be done.

I came across a small place serving food. I sat down for a meal at one of the tables and invested 20 cents and had a fine lunch, starting with a large bowl of vegetable soup. Everything is exposed for sale fresh from the sea and land.

In Washington no alien can own land because of a

prohibitory clause in the state constitution. The Japs and Chinese are compelled to lease ground to cultivate. To them much of the success should be given. Their work is never done. Always plodding along at a high wage if they can get it, and if not, then a low wage—to work and save is their motto. You will not see a Jap or Chinaman in a bread line anywhere. He is making good all along the line because of these qualities, and the Anglo-Saxon must meet his competition or retire, and he will retire for good if he delays it too long. Such is the struggle of life—man or beast—all must meet it or die.

Seattle — Portland, March 9.

ON MY departure from the state of Washington for the state of Oregon, a glance over some social and economic conditions might be of some interest to those who ask or want to know why things are as they are.

A laboring man or woman desiring to enter Canada at this point must produce \$50 or admission is refused. The object of this regulation is two fold, to avoid accepting a burden and prevent further competition among the laboring people in Canada. But the Wilson tariff bill played havoc with the lumber mills both in Washington and Oregon. Many of them have been closed all winter, throwing thousands of men out of employment, and with no money and nothing to do they naturally drifted into the cities. The cities have no factories to speak of outside of saw mills and some flouring mills. Tacoma has eighteen saw mills, some of them quite large. This will give you some idea of the magnitude of the lumber interests out here. And when they are closed you will understand why these western cities are flooded with jobless men, the largest number ever known.

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British Columbia has very large lumber interests, but Canada is stagnant from a business standpoint also, charged up to the war, and men are idle everywhere. War is only one of the reasons; overbuilding is another. This also will apply to every city I have seen on the coast up to date. It will take two to five years to catch up, and if the war continues, it may take some of them longer.

The war has materially affected the applegrowers in these two states. They had worked up a large foreign trade with England and other countries at war. Some of these apples sold for 7 to 10 cents apiece in London. With the burdens and expenses of war England is not spending its money for delicious fruit. The result, Washington and Oregon have thousands of boxes of apples in cold storage. Many orchards are heavily mortgaged. Owners are getting in a tight box. Consequently, if you are looking for bargains in this line, if conditions continue the same another year, you will have no trouble picking up bargains.

But what of the future aside from this? The fact is you have a limited market—in other words, over production; too many engaged in the business and not enough consumers. Many men here are in the same condition as the cotton farmers in the south, staking their all on one crop. It is all right when things move at good prices, otherwise it is “a long way to Tipperary.”

The British Columbia lumber interests are going to improve. While there I noticed several hundred million feet were sold to the railroads of the United States. The Canadian laborers will be put to work on these contracts. They will then have money to buy from the merchants and some improvement in business will be noticed. This will not be so in Washington and Oregon. The eastern tourists alone can help out this section if they come out this far, in

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large numbers. The cities are expecting a big travel and are preparing to treat them right and give them a cordial reception.

For views and climate the western coast is the finest place in the United States. The state of Washington is an empire alone, abounding in all kinds of soil and views of nature for beauty surpassed nowhere. The railroads use one road bed from Seattle to Portland, 186 miles, making this trip by day. It is worth all it costs. A portion of the way the Sound is on your right and the Cascade range of mountains on your left forty miles away. The soil is rich and productive for vegetables of all kinds. They raise some oats, but no wheat or corn west of the Cascades. They are just cleaning off much of the land and holding it from \$200 to \$1,000 an acre. It is all right for a long winded proposition, because they are already long on vegetables and short on consumers. There is overproduction in everything here, except consumers, and it takes a long time to raise citizens, hence they are working for tourists who have money. It is no place for a man without money. Beauty and climate are all right to look at and admire, like a beautiful woman, but you must have cash to maintain the show.

I sat on the back platform of the observation car and had for companions the engineer and roadmaster of the road over which I was traveling. They were thoroughly familiar with the road and the country, especially the engineer, who was a delightful gentleman and saw that I missed nothing, including some of his oranges.

I observed hundreds of men walking on the tracks with rollups on their backs going toward Seattle. The roadmaster, Mr. Donahue, had no use for them, saying they were I. W. W. fellows looking for bread and butter with-

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out work. When night came they would strike a farm house and demand and get food. Then to the edge of the track, with a few chips for a fire, they would lie down on their roll until morning and then proceed on their journey next morning. He said they would not work on a bet. The engineer told me, however, that some of them were honest laborers actually looking for work, and no doubt had heard that the mills in Washington were going to open up and they were making for those points. The Wilson tariff bill has hit the coal and lumber interests here a hard blow, and when they arrive, they will find many mills operating with a reduced force and reduced wages. Everett now has a strike on hand because of reduction of wages.

So with over-production in everything else, there is an over-production of laboring men, and because of the limited lines of industries to employ labor, you have all along this coast and will have for all time, some years more than others, the jobless man.

The jobless man is a natural product of this climate, because in a pinch with his roll he can sleep out of doors the year round. The alligators, because of climate, are found in certain waters. Certain climate produces oranges, corn, cotton, wheat, naturally and without much effort, so it produces the I. W. W. aided by legislation and agitation, and Seattle is headquarters for this disturbing element in the human family. They contaminate every one who listens or associates with them—cause dissatisfaction and unrest—and their teachings are anarchy and violence and death, and should be handled in a firm and sensible way. Some of the orators have gone east. Every large city should provide a block away from business and the busy streets a piece of ground where these statesmen can mount a soap box and blow off their steam. They should be permitted

to speak nowhere else. And all other street fakers should be compelled to go to the same place.

There is an organization in Washington called the employers' association. It maintains offices to hire working men for its members and the record of each man is kept like Hollingsworth's Associated Charities of Des Moines. No I. W. W. is permitted to get a job. It will not permit one to work with what it calls honest laboring men. It has been in existence about two years, and its object is to avoid strikes and disturbing elements within the family. It might be called a protective association, and this is another reason why a few have gone east to make a friendly call on Mr. John D. Rockefeller, "on the Hudson," and a few other gentlemen who have ceased to have any more business cares, but looking for some delightful engagement to turn up.

They are not wanted out here, but they simply grow up in this section, being indigenous like wild raspberries, out of the rocks. They thrive and spread with changing conditions and end just the same—trusting in the Lord, and, some times demanding that fishes and loaves be sent down from above, lost and helpless as units in the human family to get properly adjusted to the forces that surround them. They see and feel and do not comprehend.

Portland, Ore.

PORTLAND is the wealthiest, finest and most substantial city I have visited up to date, and commercially in the best condition of any of them so far. The banks have eighty millions in deposits, one having almost eighteen

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millions. The city is well located, surrounded by hills and on the Willamette river. The government is now deepening the channel to forty feet, and when it is done, the largest ships coming up the Columbia river from the ocean can anchor at the docks of this city.

The thing that amuses me most is the rivalry among the cities on the coast. They will fight each other at home, but they are united against every other portion of the United States. And another thing, men of great wealth take up things in the way of public improvements and often expend their own money to stir the people up to the necessity of doing that which they think ought to be done.

Just now Mr. Yeon, a millionaire, is advertising in every way the fact that Kings County, Washington, in which Seattle is located, has one hundred and five miles of hard surfaced roadways and Multnomah County, Oregon, the county in which Portland is located, has only three and one-half miles of hard surfaced roadway. He thinks this is a shame and a disgrace to Portland, so he has a vacant room in a big office building he owns, with banners and men employed getting signers to have a special election to bond the county of Multnomah for \$1,250,000 to build hard surfaced roads in this county. On his banners he shows by figures that the cost, both principal and interest, for a series of bonds for ten years, will be only 56 cents a year for each \$1,000 of taxable property. I visited his headquarters and the stir this man has worked up and the sentiment coming in convinces a stranger that he will succeed. His own career has been successful and his unselfishness they admit, as well as his sincerity, to push Portland to the front. He devotes his time to the project and the road already built he personally looked after without pay and all admit, without exception, a first class job has been done. He is energetic

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and wide awake and full of enthusiasm out of the good impulses of his heart in the first place and, secondly, because benefits are to be derived by one and all from good public highways.

Of course Iowa has different conditions to contend with from the people out here. Freezing weather as we know it, they do not have. It is cold when it gets to 20 degrees above zero. So the same methods may not work the same in both sections. Yet they have engineering problems here that we do not have in Iowa, because of mountains and gulches that are gulches. Washington has been issuing bonds for some time and has a hard surfaced roadway to the state line of Oregon. Oregon wants to take this up and continue it on south, eventually as far as San Francisco.

The roadway is twenty feet wide. A layer of crushed stone four inches thick is first laid, after grading the roadway. This crushed stone is then surfaced with bitulithic, and for smoothness and finish as fine as any street paved with asphalt. The state of Washington also has thirty-seven miles of roadway paved with brick. Now the cost of putting down such paving runs from fifteen to seventeen thousand dollars per mile. I talked with one of the contractors at Seattle and he is here boosting for Portland. The people are for it. They would not think of going back to the old roadway. There is only one question, are we able to continue and how many more miles ought we to build?

These roads are being built for the future generation, as well as this one, and the issue of bonds on long time is the only sensible and just way to handle the proposition. Why should not the burden be spread out over a long time for those who get the benefits?

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All admit that the improvements have materially increased the value of lands. Possibly land thus peculiarly benefited should stand a little more than more remote pieces of property.

Iowa has or will have this problem and should get in line on some material for the hard-surfacing of the public highways. Her rich soil can and should stand the improvement and the rural population connected with civic, social centers would put at rest the migration of her people to other states. There is no doubt of that in my mind.

Portland, Ore.

THIS is the hardest city I have visited on the coast to get honest confessions from its citizens as to local conditions. By commingling with all classes of people and being a good fellow I have broken the ice at many points. For example, I asked Editor Piper of the *Oregonian*, the only morning paper here and the leading one in the state, if they had many Chinese and Japs here. He said "No." The laboring men tell me there are about 6,000 Chinese and not so many Japs. So that is the way it goes. Also as to jobless men: "Only a few." They have about 10,000. I knew these things must be, because the climate, soil and products produced in this state are similar to those in the state of Washington.

The city has but few factories and they are small. There are a few jobbing houses and then the people depend on the lumber interests, wheat, apples, hops and vegetables. The Wilson tariff bill put the lumber mills on the toboggan and they have been closed up all winter. Britain took her

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apples, which are now in cold storage, and Germany her hops, to the extent of \$6,000,000 per year. And her vegetables—no market because of the stagnation.

Her apple orchards are in the same condition as those in the state of Washington. Many are heavily mortgaged with apples tied up in cold storage. With no money and nothing moving, you can imagine conditions in the city. The gentlemen from the east with money invested here in apple orchards have been caught good and plenty. They have paid local parties three times what they were worth, as I am informed by good men here who take the creditor's side, making no investments, but loaning money. One old Scotchman told me not to give him away or they would drive him out of town. He said they were holding wheat lands near Portland at \$200 to \$300 per acre that were never known to produce over twelve to fifteen bushels per acre. It was worn out. Rains have washed the good soil away.

The seasons here are as uncertain as death. The rain begins usually about Sept. 1 and continues three or four days by spells each week until about May 1. This puts corn, hay, clover and alfalfa out of commission because you cannot save the crops. This makes dairying expensive because you have to ship in feed.

The above gives you the principal sources of wealth.

Under these conditions, not expecting a change in the tariff laws or a war, Portland went ahead and erected fine, large business and office blocks and hotels. The old office blocks became vacant as tenants flocked to the new ones, and the old ones are still vacant. You can get offices in the new blocks modern in every way for \$8 to \$10 a room. Many landlords have cut the rents to business tenants as high as 50 per cent, clerks and employes have been re-

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duced from 10 to 50 per cent in wages in many instances. There are some Shylocks who hold to the terms of the lease. There were sixty-two failures last year, one man committing suicide. The fires last year cost the insurance companies \$1,500,000. Last month the fire loss here amounted to \$300,000. The city council is going to investigate the cause and punish those who have burned themselves out. To a man up a tree it needs no investigation. A fire cancels the lease and converts the goods into cash. What else could you expect when the insurance people have been liberal in writing policies for business men with such stringent financial conditions existing.

Many residences are vacant all over the city, and house rents have been cut from 10 to 30 per cent. This was the only wise thing to do. Keep the doors open and the lights burning with "watchful waiting" for better times. Watch this state in the next presidential campaign.

So far as I can observe the great majority of the business men are hardly making a living. There is no hope in the future under two or three years, if then. They are tied and cannot let go—and some will fall by the wayside.

I do not believe there is a hotel in the city making any money. I was told that I could go to one of the finest hotels in the city and get a room and bath by the month for \$25. I do not doubt it.

The city has had about 2,000 men on its hands to feed. The majority of them actually want work and cannot get it. It is a shame to put legislation in force that will crush and ruin business men and drive laboring men to the point of starvation. They know the cause here and where to place the blame. They have the I. W. W. here, but not

so strong as in Seattle. I have been in their meetings, listened to their speakers, and this wild incendiarism given to ignorant, helpless men, and men who are in distress should be prohibited. They openly urged the state militia be "shot down like curs" when called out to interfere with their plans. Free speech is one thing, but language of this kind is vicious and leads in the end to one thing—murder. Men who talk that way and urge such things are criminals at heart, and later by action. To tolerate such only leads in time to trouble and bloodshed and anarchy—a suspension of law and government.

Portland, Ore.

THIS city has about 300 miles of paved streets, 210 in equal proportions being asphalt and bitulithic. Some asphalt needs some repairs, the balance being in fine shape and clean as a floor. The business section is flushed every day and the resident section is flushed in the most traveled part twice a week and the less traveled once a week. This includes all the paving in the city. Paper waste boxes are attached the same as I have stated heretofore. Now, I do want my friend Myerly and Mayor Hanna to read my letters carefully as they have done heretofore and take what I have been saying to heart, as they formerly did. They know I only want them to be good and the advice I am now giving them may be my last. They both ought to take a trip out here for it's one fare for the round trip and they have a dollar towards the expense money. I am paying my own expenses, including postage.

The council as a body took a trip personally to inspect complaints where the statements were conflicting, and in-

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vited me to join them. I did, and we were out four hours. The whole council inspected sidewalks with the engineer, condemned some, also concrete pavement, a gulch fill, a location for a barn, an approach to a bridge and the change of the use of a building against which objections had been filed. They informed me that this was a frequent occurrence. They discussed the subjects openly and frankly like gentlemen and business men. Next day these subjects were disposed of in the same manner. To me it was a pleasure and a delight.

They have no city plant to repair the asphalt, but intend to get one and look after the asphalt paving more carefully. The city has just built an incinerating plant at a cost of \$100,000 to burn the garbage. The ashes are used to fill low ground belonging to the city. It is modern in every way and up to date, the best one I have seen. The city contemplates gathering garbage without expense to the people as a wise measure of sanitation.

This city has the lowest death rate of any city in the United States, except Seattle, which is first. Keeping the cities clean tells the tale. Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Des Moines is as far away from that place as Polk City, and I hope Polk City will pardon me for using its name, for the modern Polk City is a good town.

One-third of the population, the wealth, the taxes and the votes cast at an election in the state of Oregon are in this city. There is lots of individual wealth here. With the push and energy of all Portland, it will pull through and grow larger and better than ever on the return of better times.

A few Iowa and Des Moines people are here and they all look fine. Geo. L. Van Dyke, former postmaster; Will

BY LAND AND SEA

Buchanan, former city editor of the Capital; Guy Talbut, president of gas company here; Tom Burke, who used to practice law, is here connected with the custom house. He looks fine and fat.

But the most interesting of them all are two bachelor maids, a bungalow and a big white tomat. They heard I was in town, and they insisted that I give all of a Sunday while here to them. They did not know it, but I jumped at the chance and spent the day, six miles out, in one of the finest little bungalows I have seen in a long time. It is made of logs, has a fireplace, and is located on an acre of ground next to the timber, on an interurban which passes by the front door. Flowers cover the lawn, and they have berries and fruits of all kinds, much more than they can use. They can all they need. They have a victrola, the house is nicely furnished, and they gave me a dinner I shall long remember. They have become Christian Science advocates, and took me in the forenoon to a church in Portland that seats 1,400, and it was practically full. Five such churches are here, the others not so large. They inquired about all of their old friends and bachelors, especially Walter Coffin and Leon Brown. They did not know what these men were hesitating about, especially Coffin. I suggested possibly Walter was bashful. The girls are happy, enjoy good health and are thoroughly in love with this country, and I do not blame them, for they are happily and cosily situated. One taught in the public schools of Des Moines, and the other did newspaper work for many years. They are Miss Elizabeth Matthews and her sister, Miss Nellie, Oak Grove, Oregon.

ALONG THE PACIFIC

Portland, Ore.

THE jitney is here the same as elsewhere. About 400 are running and many accidents have occurred. The council has been thrashing out an ordinance and has substantially agreed upon the regulation to be adopted.

The county has a rock pile and the mayor of this city is now urging a similar place. The county has a fine court house, eight stories high, the top two stories being used for jail purposes. It is clean, the best conducted and arranged I have ever seen. One hundred and seventy-eight prisoners are now confined for one offense and another, including some women, nearly all the women being dope subjects. The cages are steel, open, with three cots to the cage. The place is modern and sanitary in every way.

The "umbrella market," the kind Des Moines should have adopted, is here and a success. Posts are placed along the curb, covered by a sloping roof. Each section has a platform for the gardener to stand on extending about three feet in the street, then a stand upon which the goods are displayed over the sidewalk. Both fold up at night and the city cleans up and takes all the refuse away. These stands rent for 10 cents a day and no one can rent one unless he is a grower of the products he offers for sale. Private parties have taken advantage of the situation and cut their buildings into small rooms opposite and there the peddler competes. Now this arrangement extending three blocks has cost the city just \$5,680. I want to call Mayor Hanna's attention to this feature. The market is a success. The Chinese and Japs are there in large numbers and they are good merchants in good things to eat. It is well patronized because things are cheap.

The city has two comfort stations, one stationed at the postoffice corner under the sidewalk and the other about

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seven blocks away. Each for both men and women, both free, except there is a small charge if a party desires to pay. They have hot and cold water, a small towel and soap free. The two cost \$16,000 and cost \$7,200 a year to maintain. A man and woman are in charge, in two shifts of eight hours each. Open from 7:30 a. m. until late at night, the stations are clean, attractive and well patronized, but the city feels too much was expended for them and more simple and modest affairs should have been built.

In the center of the city a public park, two blocks long, is the poor man's resting place. Benches are well filled most of the time, especially on Sunday. This seems to be a good idea for it costs nothing to reach it.

The commission form of government is being tried here for the first time. People are greatly interested and some are commending and some are finding fault, but I think the city is to be congratulated in having a reasonably fair commission. The mayor gets \$6,000 and the four commissioners \$5,000 per year each, and they are compelled to devote all their time and energies to the business of the city. They are apparently doing this in good faith and the people must expect some friction at first, and if they conduct themselves as they should, conflicts must arise because of conflicting interests.

I took a trip of thirty miles with the roadmaster, Mr. J. D. Yeon, the millionaire who is working without salary for good roads, and Mr. E. B. Hazen, vice-president of the Bridal Veil Lumber company, to see the Columbia highway.

The people of Des Moines will remember Mr. Hazen as the son of Dr. E. H. Hazen, who practiced on the eyes and ears there many years ago. This young man is 36 years of age and has charge of the big lumber mills at

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Bridal Veil. They employ 300 men and are cutting 125,000 feet a day, working on 20 per cent capacity. Everything is operated by water power.

To see the Columbia highway as it is being constructed in the mountains, I was compelled to walk six miles, and I am willing to confess that the last mile was as long as the first five—no doubt of it. The grades bothered me and my wind was not at all times in good working order, and possibly it might have been the machinery. They expect the bonds to be voted and this road hard-surfaced by June, and when completed will be one of the finest and most picturesque drives on the coast. Beautiful scenery is along the way, because it borders on the Columbia river. This roadway will connect with the roadway in Washington and you can imagine what automobile traveling will be in the near future.

All along the route to the mountains prosperous truck gardening and dairy farming abound and this roadway will be great for the owners of the land. It gives them easy access to the city of Portland, a city of 250,000 people.

Seattle has been built largely by eastern money. This is not the case with Portland. Local capital has done nearly everything. A dry goods firm is now building a fourteen story building in which to do its increasing business.

The wealth has come largely from lumber. Some of the old settlers tell some funny stories how the title to some of the timber lands was obtained. A boat was put on a wagon, a man got in the boat and a team pulled this elaborate affair over the mountains. Simple enough. But this enabled the man in the boat to make an affidavit that he rode over the land in a boat—evidence that it was swamp land, and our bright government officials passed the title. So goes the world in the scramble to get rich—what for?

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To become foolish often in display. Not all did this. You can appreciate now how many things used to be done while you were asleep. Those days in this country are gone forever. This country is still rich and is just in its infancy.

Portland — San Francisco.

ON YOUR departure from Portland to the south you have only two ways to go, the old way and the new, the Southern Pacific and "Jim Hill's" new boats, each a palace carrying 600 passengers a trip and everything furnished for thirty dollars. The railroad has the "Shasta" limited and the night train. The Shasta makes it eight hours quicker than the night train, gives about the same daylight journey and charges you five dollars extra for the privilege. Jim Hill's boats make the trip one hour quicker than the "Shasta." However, I wanted to see the "views" and being short on money and long on time I took the old train and enjoyed every minute of the trip.

It is 776 miles from Portland to San Francisco, two nights and a day. But by going to bed late and getting up early, surrounded by persons disposed to make things both lively and interesting, you do not notice the time viewing the beautiful scenery. And owing to the climate I find the people are not so formal as in the east, and this includes the ladies. If your tie is on right, giving every appearance that you are "safe" for a woman to drive, and will not get scared at baby carriages or loose paper blowing in the street, she would never think of refusing your invitation to dine in the dining car or walking on the depot platform for a "breath of fresh air." Youth and old age, beauty and otherwise, seem to line up easily and gracefully

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and in the most informal manner. This seems to be in the climate, a climatic condition producing ease and pleasure. We had three instances of it on our train. Everybody speculates out here and you might say it's another species of speculation for better or for worse.

The scenery in northern California is very similar to that in Oregon, and you do not pass the Oregon line into California until 1:30 P. M. the next day. Oregon is almost twice the size of Iowa. The scenery is constantly changing, varied, charming and beautiful in every way. The Sacramento river starts in the Siskiyou mountains over and through which your train passes many times, for there are many tunnels and many elevations to climb. At one place the elevation is 4,100 feet in sixteen miles. We had thirteen coaches, which required three large engines to pull us over this point. There were no accidents of any kind. The journey was slow and the curves numerous. Many times you could sit in the observation car and see your engines making the turn ahead. The train crosses the Sacramento river eighteen times. It is small, but gradually enlarges and becomes quite a river when it empties into the San Francisco bay. It is swift and some places deep, affording great water power which some day will be used on a large scale.

This section may some day become the manufacturing part of the United States, because of its water power existing everywhere unused and its cheap fuel in oil.

Here starts the Sacramento valley and California is full of valleys, many of them very productive. Here, too, you pass through the Cow Creek valley, romantic in the extreme. Bandits have held up three or four night trains at this passage and this is another reason I wanted to go through in the day time, for the next time it might be the train on which you were enjoying a good sleep and the sensation

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might not be in harmony with your dreams of leading a simple, beautiful life. And, too, many of us prefer the pleasure we get in wasting our money in small quantities, rather than in bunches unexpectedly.

Shasta Springs are just like the country round about—interesting and romantic in the extreme—water bursting out everywhere, filled with minerals and delicious to drink. It abounds in much soda. The buildings erected are in harmony with the surroundings, with a hotel located up in the mountains, making it a quiet, serene spot, undisturbed—alone.

The balance of the journey fades into country life with cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. This is a pleasant and more profitable change, because you get diversified farming, producing things that the human body must and will have. Some of the nicest orchards and fruits of all kinds I saw in Rogue's valley just near the southern line, close to California, a building being erected at the depot to house and display the variety of products produced in this locality. They are asking \$1,000 an acre for it, but what is it worth when you have no market for the apples now produced, and the consumption will not catch up with the orchards now planted for several years to come?

As you approach San Francisco you become much interested because of many things. You remember 1849, and with one event after another, including the building of the Southern Pacific and its dominating political influence, even at the present time, including the famous Golden Gate, the beautiful sunsets, and a harbor having no superior in the world, just the place, you say, to build a great city, the Creator having provided everything in advance. Then the earthquake destroyed fifty-three blocks of buildings in the business center only nine years ago, a loss of many people

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and hundreds of millions of dollars of property. This misfortune ruined insurance companies, caused interest rates to go up 1 per cent in Iowa. Why then should one not be interested as he approaches a beautiful city, where the ruins of the earthquake are gone and larger and finer buildings occupy the sites of the ruined ones, the city that had the courage to complete the Panama exposition, in the face of a foreign war involving one-half of the human race, with foreign nations so involved financially and otherwise as to preclude any thought of participating in any demonstration, thus again frustrating the original plans of the people of this growing, aggressive city. You must admire the strong will and courage displayed. It is the daring and never-fail spirit of American citizenship here displayed in all its cheerful, confident energy with which it enters on enterprises, the initiative in the human mind, when not molested or interfered with by vicious laws or crazy legislation, that impresses you.

I saw the sunrise, most beautiful, the handling of the people, efficient and with ease, the spirit of business and enterprise in every direction, and a genial, good feeling towards all. New strange friends showed me every kindness and courtesy—just what every up-to-date American city should do for all strangers. This is the way I arrived in San Francisco, the most cosmopolitan city in the United States.

San Francisco, Cal.

SPEAKING of the highwaymen in the Cow Creek valley, if I did, I should have said Cow Creek canyon. Bold bad men do not stay in valleys these days. This can-

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yon is forty miles long and rugged and romantic, just the place for bandits to escape.

I have been to the exposition, and when completed, it will be the finest in architecture, blending and harmony of colors, arrangement and attractiveness of exhibits, ornamentation of grounds and driveways of any exposition yet held in the United States. The climate enables them to use so many tropical plants and trees and flowers of all kinds, blending with the soft colors of the buildings, making it a most attractive spot, pleasing both to the eye and mind.

The grounds are one-half mile wide and two and one-half miles long, skirting the water's edge of San Francisco bay. This bay is large and deep. It is filled with vessels of all kinds, including five war vessels, the famous Oregon being one of them, which looks small compared with the Maryland. At night the ships are beautifully lighted up with constant moving searchlights penetrating the darkness of night above and below. The story would not be complete without mentioning that "Lucky" Baldwin, long since dead, has a daughter near by in her private yacht likewise emblazoned with lights and the stars and stripes floating or unfurled to the breezes as large as the war vessels. I was told she is divorced. Her name I understood to be Stokes. She is spending some of her father's millions. Why is she not as lucky as her father, "Lucky" Baldwin?

It will be thirty days before the exhibits are complete. This is a big undertaking with everything progressing without friction. But the management was pressed for funds and then the war embarrassed many foreign nations, and with it all came the destruction of vessels on the seas, causing another hazard that delayed the shipment of foreign exhibits. Just yesterday the Japanese goods arrived. England and France have goods now due. It is odd to learn

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that these goods are being sent in American vessels, but such is the case.

The streets are paved with asphalt and the walks are cement, always clean and large enough to make it convenient to get around. Seats and benches abound everywhere to give comfort and opportunity to rest to every visitor. All this has cost millions, intelligently expended; but what else could you expect?

Probably 80 per cent of the exhibits are in place, and these are almost complete. The Canadian government has made one of the finest and most magnificent displays of its wealth of all kinds that I ever saw. In a panoramic way it has pictured the fields with fruit and grain and minerals with moving ships and trains so real that you imagine you are looking into the heart of Canada. This alone is worth a trip of a few hundred miles to see.

I have been in many of the state buildings, including the Iowa building. And I want to say here that if I were a member of the Iowa legislature, I would be ashamed to go home without voting for an appropriation to pay for the actual cost of this building. No rich state like Iowa can afford to be mean and little toward native citizens who had the pride and love for their state to see that it was represented in a simple, dignified way with forty-seven other states and foreign countries in the greatest exposition yet held in the United States.

The location of the building is fine, its architecture is good and its large reception room is most pleasing. The furniture is simple and in good taste. The young lady told me they were expecting some rugs almost any day now. When they do come and are placed you need not be ashamed of the Iowa building, and I urge every senator and representative to come out and register his name, and when he

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does, he will say, Amen. I know my friends, Hon. C. W. Miller and Hon. J. O. Allen will shake hands and say, a good work well done. So say all.

Of course, you could not have an exposition without having a midway plaisance or something of that kind. They have one here and call it the Zone. You find it well occupied and well patronized at night. In day time it is very tame, but at night you cannot say so much. I remember a well known divine concluded to take his wife down the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago exposition. When they took the fatal step, he turned to his wife and said, "Dear, we can now see the wickedness of the world under the guise of respectability." So it is here. You have all kinds of entertainments from Creation, Grand Canyon, incubators for babies, race for life, diving girls, rush of '49, wild west show, streets of Cairo and smile, it is painless, etc., to sandwiches and real apple cider.

I took some of them in and some took me in. I went through Chinatown as it used to be. Glad I went. It was truly educational to me and ought to be an impressive lesson to all dope users. We were finally led into a den of real live dope hitters. Lee, a Chinaman, and some comrades of other nationalities were doing the pipe the old fashioned way. This was all under ground the same as of old. This condition does not exist since the earthquake.

I went into the ostrich show also. About 100 are on exhibition. It is indeed a strange bird, weighing from 250 to 300 pounds, with two toes, one having a hook that enables it to do great damage to an enemy. It has a speed of thirty miles an hour, thus enabling it to escape from beasts, which is another protection given it by nature. The female lays an egg every other day weighing from six to

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eight pounds. It requires six weeks to hatch the young, and incubators are used for this purpose. A good bird is worth \$1,500 to \$2,000 and its plumes are valued at \$100 per year. It lives on alfalfa and grain. The male bird is dark and the female is gray. When hatching their own young the female sits on the eggs in day time, because her dress matches the sands of the desert, and the male bird sits on them at night because his clothes correspond with darkness, yet the brain of an ostrich only weighs two ounces and it is the most stupid of all birds—the law of nature to preserve the species.

The plumes are white, the male bird's being more valuable because they retain the curl longer and are more durable. You can buy the male plumes from the owners only, who dress them for the market near Los Angeles and maintain four stores, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The female plumes are handled by department stores and are not guaranteed. The male plumes are guaranteed for one year and are expensive. Now, ladies, take your choice and be happy, for either costs enough.

You get one hundred thousand people together and some of them are there for pleasure and adventure. This is why cities cost money to govern and the wicked seem to grow. This is why the country life is simple and pure, as compared with city life. So they have "49" in the Zone—all men looking for gold—adventure—only a few women, they looking for men. They started out to reproduce this condition in the Zone, in "49," but it has been much modified and is not the same show it started out to be. All these things have to be watched and regulated as best they can, and one bad show ought not to condemn the Zone for many worthy and instructive exhibitions are located there. It is a good show and worth a visit.

San Francisco, Cal.

THIS city is truly the Eldorado of the west, every one looking and expecting to find wealth, not only in orange, lemon, peach, prune, apricot, plum, cherry and apple trees and berry bushes, too, but in suckers who have worked hard and saved a few thousand dollars and in the men and women who have inherited much and want to make more. You can find and meet more rainbow chasers, and more men and women hunting for jack rabbits here, than any other city I have ever seen. The St. Francis hotel seems to be thick with mine promoters and mine owners of all kinds of mines. You hear of gold, silver, copper, borax, potash and any other kind of a mine you want to know about. They all work for one thing—gold to invest in their stock, bonds or prospects. You can get in on the ground floor, and if you are slow, rather than lose you do not be surprised if they offer you an entrance in the basement. Now this is only on a larger scale here than the orange or lemon grove, peach or apple orchard, and I must not omit the olive.

You see and hear and are introduced to men who have made and lost millions, once rich, now poor. Whether up or down, still in the game hunting for the base of the rainbow where a sack of gold is waiting for the finder. It is fascinating, exhilarating to the old and young and fagged out class leaning on canes. They have circulators to size you up, make your acquaintance and introduce you in due form. The sociability part is clever, entertaining and, at times, quite interesting. In Washington and Oregon you have fruit and timber lands, and here you have the same with mineral deposits added and food products more varied. And do not forget oil. In all my letters I have tried to impress on the young man and young woman

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without money or good friends here that it is best for them to remain where they are. If a man or woman has saved or possessed only say \$3,000 to \$15,000 well invested, even with moderate returns, do not disturb it to make an investment where there can be but one ending. The old or middle aged people had better let well enough alone.

You can get all kinds of climate here, and scenery no where like it in the United States. For a small expenditure you can enjoy both the scenery and the climate, and keep your savings intact among your friends at your old home. The fruit men all along the line are doing well if they are playing an even game. Large numbers in all walks of life have trout lines out all along to catch young and inexperienced fish, and older fish who want to die richer, and are often the easiest caught. They are being caught right along. There are a lot of smart fellows out there, and women are used to play the game with them. They are clever, wide awake and up-and-doing, and the hard working citizen of the Mississippi valley had better stick close to the cornfield and the country store. He will find that irrigated fruit is full of water, lacks flavor and cannot be canned, while his own fruit is grown on the richest soil in the world, has a delicious flavor and answers all the wants of man. Their orchards here are cared for just as you would care for a fine garden. Do the same and you will be duly rewarded.

The Native Sons' association is organized to get work first for those born here, hence the outside man or woman must suffer much hardship before getting located. Union labor comes next. Fully 20,000 men are jobless in San Francisco alone. The city pays no attention to them. They must work, steal or starve. Rents are high. Labor became firmly fixed in this city when plans were made to restore it

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after the earthquake. Hod carriers demanded and received \$7 a day. Other labor organizations did the same. This made all improvements on both residence and business blocks costly. The owners are trying to get fair returns on the original cost. Material was cheap enough, but the rebuilding of San Francisco with large amounts of bonded money, in the face of the exactions of labor then and since, makes living in this city expensive, and it will continue to be so for years to come until financial distress forces a new alignment. Suppose a man wants to buy and operate a job printing office. He must hire union men. But suppose he gets behind with his orders and wants to work one of his machines in day time or at night. He cannot do it. He must first join the printers' union and then pay in weekly \$5.50 to the sinking fund before he can run one of his own machines. It is so all along the line. Public officials of all kinds kneel to the demands of the labor bosses, and the wages demanded do not irritate business so much as the conditions exacted. Some ranchmen had a strike in the harvest fields last fall because ice water was not furnished, the thing they should not have had from a medical standpoint.

Simplicity and economy are strangers in this locality. Waste, show and eat, drink and be merry are written everywhere in every street. Hard times and age alone will make this city more conservative. It is the influx of new people and new wealth from the outside that keep up appearances. There are no factories hardly, a few jobbing and wholesale houses, yet this city has about 450,000 people, and with Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda about 800,000 people live surrounding this locality.

The total commerce for 1914 amounted to only \$135,000,000. Seattle, only half the size, had \$125,000,000,

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both having fine ports, admitting the largest ships. Portland, 67 miles from the ocean, had \$100,000,000.

These cities have a great opportunity in building up a large oriental trade. They should make conditions right at home and go after it. But the curse of this coast is politics and labor conditions. They compete with each other in getting out the craziest legislation. Kansas was not in it in her palmiest days, yet see where Kansas landed when she sobered down. So with this state, rich in many ways, it will sober down in time and will be a safe place to live and invest your money. It is one great sanitarium now for the old, the feeble and retired. It will continue to grow and become richer and more influential intellectually and commercially in the union of states as time rolls on.

Take its oil production—almost 270,000,000 barrels for 1914. This item alone tells you of the great wealth stored here, yet the mine owners tell me the oil men are not making money. Possibly it is all Rockefeller's fault. This poor man is indeed suffering fully as much as Job, except as to boils. I know they do have oil and wine in abundance and ought to be making a profit, if they are not. The volume of business entitles them to a profit.

San Francisco is the hub of all this surrounding wealth and enterprise, and has she risen to her opportunities? If not, will she in the future? Her banks now have on deposit \$205,000,000 with sufficient capital to handle the present business.

BY LAND AND SEA

San Francisco, Cal.

STRANGE though it be, this city has its winter in July and August. The weather during these months is chilly and fogs arise about every day, and to some these conditions are not so pleasant. The rainy season is now about over, the country looks beautiful with blossoms and flowers everywhere, even wild ones in the woods. The grass is green and luxurious. This will not be so long. The rain is no more for about seven months, and the life and cheerfulness hides under a brown, dead color until the rains reappear. Vegetation in these long seven months must be irrigated if you desire the present conditions to continue or your fruit to mature. Irrigation costs money, and must necessarily increase the cost of production. The Iowa farmer does not always appreciate the blessings from above whence bountiful showers come for all his crops without money and without price, apparently at the right time and periods during the planting, growing and maturing of all the necessary crops in the production of foods for the sustenance of man, thus blessing the labors and efforts and hopes of the tillers of the soil and supplying the future wants of humanity. He is by nature selfish, and too often fails to appreciate what is done for his interests by those surrounding him, or by the forces from without. So we have winter with ice and snows and cold, biting winds to drive him to shelter around the glowing fireside where he may contemplate and reflect on life and its duties, and become better acquainted with his family, and a better citizen.

These conditions do not exist here. Beauty of another kind and sunshine are upon new aspirations, and conduct is influenced by different forces. Life drifts into lighter channels of gaiety and ease and pleasure, thus causing people to resort more to their wits to enable them to get

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their bread and butter. They are watching and waiting for you who have labored and saved a competence, yet are dissatisfied, to urge you to exchange it for sunshine and flowers. This is natural and honest, and no one can possibly be blamed except the one who makes the mistake.

This city has about seventy-five miles of street railway, fifty-five miles of which are in the hands of private individuals. The service on both lines is good. That owned by the city has the best access to the exposition, and charges 5 cents. The other line also runs to the exposition, and then over 3,000 jitneys are in operation, charging 10 cents for the same service. They have no regulation of any kind, and I am informed that possibly these conditions will be about the same until the exposition closes. The city does not want competition, and so long as the jitneys charge 10 cents they will not be molested. This is for political ends, and some claim by a tacit understanding between the city and the jitneys.

However, I have come to the conclusion that the jitney has come to stay, and will be permanent in some form. It is going to absorb and take the short haul in city transportation. The street railway will also remain and be a means of city transportation, but will be forced to take the long haul. This will be unprofitable, and hence destructive of all investments in stocks and bonds of street railways. For the future no conservative interests will put a dollar in such securities. Many will now be forced into the hands of receivers. This will greatly depreciate suburban property, for outside service must be greatly reduced or abandoned, and the tendency will be to condense the population more to the center of a city, thus affecting the health and sanitation of city life. If this view is correct after

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observation in several cities, then serious problems are going to confront the administration of our cities.

The suburban population will demand transportation facilities. Private individuals will not hazard their money any longer in such enterprises. This then will force municipal ownership of street railways, supported and maintained by general taxation, for the enterprise will be a losing game from the start. Politics and democracy will force the issue. It will come. The result will be higher taxation because of mismanagement and inefficiency. This will further increase rents, and hence the cost of living. High cost of living in the United States has come to stay. High cost of living will make a servant class, cause people to save and economize, and the poor will increase in numbers. The period of development is passing away and the period of maintenance is approaching.

San Francisco is now paying \$4 per hundred in taxes. Rents are high. Business men are not making any money. Many are closing out. A business man here does not fail. "He is going out of business."

Market street runs from the Ferry until it touches the water on the other side. It runs along on level ground at the foot of the hills. All other streets open up on each side into Market street, which is very wide. Yet the jitneys, because of their large numbers, have congested the traffic on this street. The congestion is a problem now demanding serious consideration. Rents on this street are so high a large number of the rooms have been cut or divided, so that they are only shops. Some of these shops rent as high as \$7,500 a year. This is why things are high. Men's clothing in many lines is 25 per cent higher than in the east. Yet it is the general opinion that no business

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man on Market street is making any money. The other streets are not much better. The exposition up to date is not helping the business situation. People are not coming in large enough numbers, and they are not spending their money except at the hotels. They are visitors to see as much as possible without delay and at the least possible expense. Later this may change. The people have done well and deserve encouragement in a better patronage.

San Francisco, Cal.

NEARLY every one remembers Senator Stanford and his activities during his life, and those that do not, know of the Leland Stanford university near Palo Alto, California. It is well located on a tract of land about twenty-five miles south of San Francisco of about 15,000 acres. It has several hundred students from far and near. It is managed by fourteen trustees who serve without pay and are in for life. In case of death or resignation the remaining trustees fill the vacancy. The position of trustee of this institution is regarded with honor and men of character and standing consider it a privilege to so act. It does not require much of their time as it is managed through a superintendent and his assistants.

They have an office and hotel building on the grounds, each trustee having his own sleeping apartments modern in every way, to which he has his own key and no one else has access.

The corporation owns and manages two other tracts of land, one of 63,000 acres, called the Vina ranch, about 204 miles south of San Francisco. On this ranch there are 60,000 sheep, 12,000 beef cattle, 300 Holstein cows, whose butter sells for 2 cents above the market price, 1,400 acres

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of wine grapes, 700 Berkshire hogs, and in the busy season it has 200 men to work and look after the property. The other tract is not far away and consists of about 2,000 acres. All told this corporation owns about 80,000 acres of land, besides valuable property in San Francisco. This corporation is the largest land owner in the state, except the Miller & Luck Cattle company, which owns about 1,000,000 acres, besides the thousands of head of stock. The Stanford corporation has assets now valued at twenty millions of dollars, and at the time of Stanford's death it was estimated at only \$12,000,000. The trustees cannot dispose of any of the land. What will it be worth fifty years from now?

The grapes are sold by the ton to the California Wine Association at so much per pound, to be crushed by it into delicious wines for "sacramental" purposes, and other uses. It has a ten year contract. Thirty dollars per ton is regarded as a very low price, one that produces no profit. Everything this corporation produces is the very best and commands the highest prices on the market.

This corporation in addition to producing scholars, produces barley, alfalfa, apples, prunes, figs, pears, peaches, almonds, olives, walnuts, etc.

The hired men are housed on the premises and pay for their room and board at the rate of \$12 per month, and they receive in the way of wages \$1.75 per day.

Roadways run through the Vina ranch just like a city, and because of their beauty they might be called streets. There will be one roadway, upon each side of which will be grown walnut trees, and another prune trees, and another olive trees, and so on. This is indeed a great institution—a monument to the ability and capacity of Senator Stanford—which is only in its infancy.

ALONG THE PACIFIC

Oranges are not grown much this far north. You must remember California is about 1,000 miles long, an empire in itself, capable of feeding millions of people, and will feed them in times to come.

As I was told a good story about oranges that occurred, we will say, not a hundred miles from Corning, a small town in this state, I will relate it for the benefit of all. The realty men, who have some bright lot of fellows among them working as a unit, or rather doing team work, conceived the idea of educating some of the citizens of Pittsburgh, Pa. They had the orange groves and Pittsburgh men had the money, and they desired an exchange, and at the same time an increase in the population of California, and father, mother and the children are working for that everywhere.

They got some attractive literature with pictures of orange groves and oranges that would make your eyes beam with joy. Some of the real estate men with pleasant personalities were dispatched to Pittsburgh to seek investors. In time they found a train load of men hunting sunshine and flowers, hunting a place to raise beautiful things instead of smoke and money only. It is a long journey from Pittsburgh, but the new found friends of the Golden West were well entertained.

The "reserve" element of the realty men at home were active in making the surroundings most attractive, in fact, one sweet dream. It is said they fastened oranges on the trees with invisible wire, tied fast to the limbs so they would not escape, and the burdens carried by those trees for the pleasure and delight of the lambs from Pittsburgh was as magnificent as a beautiful or gorgeous sunset, and no doubt had the same effect, for many fell, bought and thus made a permanent investment with a residential attachment.

BY LAND AND SEA

After all, what is the difference? So many oranges in a box, so many boxes in a car, freight so much, profits so much to the cent, no mistake about the latter, as certain as the speculation in grain on the board of trade. You know where you are at when you go to bed at night and gently slide into slumber to waken up in the morning in the bright light of day.

Things are peculiar out here. If a man or woman goes wrong, no blame is charged to the individual; it is all charged up to the climate. I rather like that. It makes it so much easier for us weak individuals to get along. And as each individual does his own charging he tries to live on his wits, have a good time and take no thought of the morrow. This relieves you of all pain and suffering and worries; you smile, everybody smiles; you enjoy life in its fullness, and that is why so many like the Golden West.

San Francisco, Cal.

IF you talk to Californians many of them will tell you that the Jap is watching us for an opportunity to eat us up. Many of them have talked about it so much that the idea has become fixed. They will tell you that a Jap has a book in one hand and a kodak in the other; that he has photographed every gun, dock, harbor and good landing place on the coast, in fact knows more about our national defense than we do ourselves. They honestly believe that the Jap has extended this knowledge of our national resources and readiness for defense to all parts of the country.

There is also a feeling springing up against the Englishman because of his alliance with the Jap, and the pres-

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ent war only increases the belief that England cares nothing for us only so far as she can use us and needs us in the production of foods, and for moral prestige; that her alliance with Japan has a far reaching design in the future, against us of course, in the control of the Pacific and the commercial advantages in the future of the countries bordering on that ocean in their future development. Of course these countries are just beginning to develop and expand and the future commercial trade will be enormous. We are growing more rapidly than any country and must find foreign markets for our merchandise if we expect to live as a nation and prosper by giving our people employment and the contentment and comfort that follows the acquisition of wealth. The last twenty-five years has made a new nation of Japan. Who knows what the present unrest in China will develop into as the years go by? Suppose it makes progress as rapidly as Japan has in the next twenty-five years. If it does and no one has reason to doubt it, see the possibilities of a country inhabited with 400,000,000 of people on an area no larger than the United States, active, industrious, wide-awake, ambitious, reaching out for prosperity and national existence, as Germany now says she is doing. What may we expect from China? You must not overlook the fact that the young men and women of China have been doing things lately. They have established a republic. A republic means democracy. A democracy means a universal education, and hence, the raising the standards of the masses to a higher level of living and thinking, of unrest and a desire for better and more elevating things. This means competition in commercialism. Commerce is jealous, exacting and thus conflicts arise, and rights of persons and property must be defended and protected, and there is no possible method known to man for

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the enforcement of these rights among nations and maintain law, order and national existence except by the battleship. To possess it is absolute necessity. When and how to use it is another problem to be disposed of by statesmen as the questions arise to be settled by each passing generation. The young blood of China, hot and restless, will in time have a navy and protect her possessions from the theft and impositions of other nations. She and Japan may unite and become friends. They may covet some of the good things we own. Who knows but that the Californian is right after all? It may not be a dream. Some day we may be called upon to defend our rights and possessions. We must not permit the peacemakers to lull us into sleep. It is too late to take out insurance after the fire. The cost of the army and navy is the premium we pay against being surprised; to be protected both day and night throughout the world, while at home pursuing our peaceful life. In other words the policeman in our cities who walks by our house at night while we sleep is the battleship of the ocean.

The United States has invested millions in and around San Francisco in years gone by for national defense. Some of the investments are now out of date. What of it! Do not all mechanical contrivances change and improve as time goes by? Even every farmer will tell you the new is better than the old and the old is out of date. The coast defense here ought to be and will be made more modern and up to date. The government has a great plant at Mare Island. Several thousand men are employed in the government service repairing and building ships, equipping and supplying battleships with all their needs. It is situated about thirty miles from here in a fine location, even to protect itself. It is one of the principal naval stations of the United

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States and has two large dry docks, one large enough to receive our largest battleships. It has many buildings, immensely large cranes of the latest model and the best marine machinery that money will buy.

Many relics and trophies from different parts of the world are gathered there, many being exposed in the park, a beautiful spot with many fine residences for the officers, all kept up in fine shape. No smoking and no kodaks are permitted on the island, and many places you are not permitted to enter—thus insuring secrecy and protection as much as possible on the part of the government. And even intoxicated persons are excluded. The men are under civil service rules and live across the water in Vallejo, a town of about 15,000 people, a very pretty place. The island contains about 1,000 acres.

The Presidio, United States military reservation, is at the edge of the city, containing 1,542 acres, being two miles long and one and one-half miles wide, well located for defense and otherwise. It fronts on the Golden Gate and the Pacific ocean. With flowers, trees and shrubbery everywhere they have made it a very beautiful spot with the evidences of war most prominent, if the occasion should ever arise.

On another island called Alcatraz, the government has a prison. It is called "Disciplinary Barracks." It is sightly and not far from the city. It looks clean, attractive and inviting, but they tell me the boys get tired, occasionally plunge into the water and try to swim to shore over a mile away.

Then another island called Angel, well named, where immigrants must land and be searched, if they cannot pass muster with the government officers, is a beautiful spot with its military post. So everywhere the government has done

BY LAND AND SEA

well and is doing its duty all along the line, even in the preparedness for defense.

San Francisco, Cal.

AS THE country grows in population the labor conditions on the coast will not vary much from what they are today. Labor is much influenced by the cheapness of food products and the climate, as these affect more or less all mankind. This state is one of the most productive states in the union for food products. Everything in the way of foods is produced here and some lines are extensive. With the exception of oranges, lemons and apples, they are being produced and marketed at a profit and shipped every where in the world. I noticed the other day that one man was planting fifteen thousand acres in olives. Oranges, lemons and apples are perishable and must be disposed of when matured without delay. This is not so with the other food products. They can be put up in cans, bottles or dried and shipped when a satisfactory market is found. This is why a profit is made on other kinds of foods, if conditions are right and your land not too expensive. The quantity of production on a given space and the net market price of your products determine the value of your land, and the quantity of production of your land or land equally as good in close proximity enables you to determine its worth.

California needs more markets. Her production is enormous. The prices are reasonable and sometimes low, and this is why living is cheap. The climate is fine and hence does not take so much to keep you. The crop seasons are warm and dry, the crops being produced largely

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by irrigation. Hence without rain all you need is a blanket to spread on the ground for a night's rest. If you are real poor you can do without the blanket. Thus the common laborer increases in numbers and will continue to increase in greater proportions than business enterprises increase as time goes on. This necessarily reduces wages and there exists in California today ten men or ten women for every job of work that is offered. This condition produces immorality and crime of all kinds, and public officials are in a measure helpless because of the multitude who are idle and hungry. The state passes stringent laws, but laws are ignored on every hand. To live somehow, somewhere and get through is not only a monthly problem, but a daily problem. The climate materially reduces the suffering of the masses. This is why they are here and why they stay here. And it will always be so—a Bohemian existence—and it is useless to do otherwise than try to regulate them and their enterprises only within the "zone of reason," and maintain them in a minority.

The coast is affected more by adverse or illadvised national legislation than any other section of the United States. The Wilson administration has seriously affected the markets and shipping interests of the Pacific coast, and nearly all of its present suffering and depressed commercial conditions can be charged directly to national legislation.

When you attack capital and force it to retire for safety, you produce idleness, not only of capital, but of labor and its great purchasing power, thus driving business men into bankruptcy. Labor is worse off here today than it was twenty years ago. There are more laborers and less work to do in proportion than in the past.

Twenty years ago laborers worked in the orchards and

BY LAND AND SEA

slept on the ground on their blankets the same as they do today. If they had wives they slept with their husbands surrounded by their children, if they were fortunate or unfortunate enough to have any. White men today are paid \$1.60 for a day's work and board themselves, Chinese and Japs, \$1.35 for the same kind of work. When out of work they drift to the cities. What else could they do? If they fail to get work in the city they beg, steal or go into the holdup business, as most of the cities pay no attention to them not even to give a man a bowl of soup if actually in a state of starvation. This is why I think Seattle has solved the problem of the jobless man with its Hotel Liberty. Every city on the coast should adopt this method. It is a business enterprise and no charity about it. It will reduce crime and make living safer in the cities.

These conditions naturally produce a certain kind of fruit. The trees produce another kind of food throughout the year, instead of olives, dates, figs, pears, etc. They produce the I. W. W., anarchy and socialism, the latter being very strong here, which in time ripens into anarchy and the I. W. W. They live and thrive here out of the conditions because of the mild climate and the volume and cheapness of native foods.

The active man or woman has no business in a mild climate. It destroys energy and force of character, produces little men and women physically and mentally. Ice and snow alone make rugged men and women, physically and intellectually, full sized and aggressive and progressive in all walks of life. Mild climates are for those who have had their day, invalids and those who have inherited or made a competence and desire to bask in the sunshine and among the flowers. Snow and ice are for youth and vigorous manhood and womanhood. Sunshine and scenery

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are for grandparents and novelists and dreamers, occupations of sufficient force to keep the subjects from drifting into incompetency, or the mad house. Poets naturally take to the coast for the same reasons that induce the laboring man to locate here.

The Chinese and Jap hold their own with them all, because they are industrious, saving and lead simple lives, especially the Chinese. The Southern Pacific would never have been built when it was, had it not been for the Chinese laborer. He is always at work, likes to work, at a good price if he can get it, and if not, at a smaller price. He worked for the Southern Pacific for a small wage and because of that, this road came into existence twenty years ahead of its time and accelerated the early development of California. California owes much to the Chinaman, and, in return, they all say he is thoroughly honest and a good servant, and my observation convinces me that he is a good servant and a valuable asset to the coast. They need more of him and not so many "Sons and Daughters of the Golden West."

This order had a state gathering the other day and on its banners, with its name, were "Republic of California." The words are well chosen, for their acts are treasonable against the young men and women of every other state of the union, for this is a free country in the pursuit of a living and happiness under the stars and stripes, and to deny those born in other states an equal opportunity to make a living here is nothing less than treason—anarchy towards the children of other states.

BY LAND AND SEA

San Francisco, Cal.

THIS city is truly the Paris of America in many ways. I meet a number of people who have lived in both cities. There are many fine buildings and up-to-date stores. The climate is not objectionable, especially when you get used to it. You can wear the same weight clothes throughout the year—medium, and get along comfortably. After getting acquainted and accustomed to the ways of the city you grow to think better of it in every way.

You meet people here from everywhere. I have had two or three pleasant talks with Mr. Henry Scott. If you were to meet this man casually you would think nothing about it, because in appearance he is a plain, genial fellow, about sixty years of age, quite gray, but active and with a fine personality. He was the designer and builder of the battleship Oregon, which is stationed in the bay and one of the sights of the Panama exposition. The people here are proud of this ship and they are justified in being so, because of its great record in the Spanish-American war. This ship, with its associates, terminated Spanish rule on the western continent after centuries of occupancy—after being the pioneers in building up a western civilization. Mr. Scott is well to do, takes an interest in public affairs and enjoys meeting his friends. He formerly managed the Union Iron works of this city, but sold out about eight years ago to the Bethlehem Steel works which now owns and operates it. Mr. Scott then became connected with the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company, to which he gives his attention.

Mr. George E. McFarland, formerly connected with Des Moines telephone interests, is president of this company, and has been here about two years. He looks well, enjoys his work and is getting along nicely. He is an

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efficient man in his line of work, and that is why he is succeeding and is highly regarded by his employers.

I met the former private secretary of Andrew Carnegie, in fact, I have met him several times. He and his wife have just returned from China. He has given me much information concerning his former employer and his associates. He was with Mr. Carnegie up to and during the disposal of the business. He thinks Andy is all right. He said, "When he was active in business Mr. Carnegie had both hands in his pockets up to his elbows, giving his relatives assistance to the 'forty-fourth degree,' and at the same time being generous towards the public."

He is about the same age as Corey, Schwab and the others and of course knows them well. Mr. Schwab is here at the St. Francis hotel with about twenty-five of his relatives and some close friends, showing them the fair. He is about fifty-four years of age, well built, looks like an athlete, tall and a handsome fellow.

A Captain Jones was in the employ of Mr. Carnegie as foreman with young Schwab as his assistant. He knew how to mix the ore, an expert, and started Carnegie on the road to make his millions. One day he met with an accident and was burned to death with hot metal. Schwab got his place.

One mill was causing trouble, the managers were not making good. Schwab was given the place, and after a year's trouble he began to show results and thus demonstrated his ability to manage, and his future all know. So by an accident he was given a chance and made good.

Corey, a big awkward boy, with large glasses on, was discharged. His wife was soon to become a mother. He was poor, and hunted up the private secretary to use his

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influence to get him back to work. In due time he was given a position and became an expert in his line of work, hence valuable, and blossomed into great wealth. Thus another accident, the turn of a hand, the right step, led from poverty to fortune.

When the deal was closed several became possessed of millions, and only four or five have retained their wealth. Lovejoy, who got two and one-half millions, is hunting for odd jobs around Pittsburgh today, thus demonstrating that it is easier to make money than to keep it. Many of these men, however, never made it.

When Henry Frick's option for seventy-five millions, upon which he had given Mr. Carnegie one million, expired, the day was an exciting one. The Scotchman refused to extend it, and Mr. Frick, because of financial depression, was unable to make good and lost his one million. A few days later Carnegie gave twenty library associations \$50,000 each. So Frick unwillingly was the victim of charity.

Later everyone knows the organization of the United States Steel corporation which made Mr. Carnegie the second richest man in the United States, Mr. Rockefeller alone surpassing him.

The Hon. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) is here with his show. His old-time friend, Dr. Hugh K. McClelland, brought him around and introduced him to me. I have had several visits with him, and he and the doctor make a good team. The doctor has resided here forty-five years, and is still engaged in practice. Cody has great admiration for the Kaiser, and his eyes seventy years old sparkled as he described his visit with the kaiser to witness 40,000 troops drill. He said no detail was too small to catch the emperor's observation. He thinks the Kaiser is one of the

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greatest rulers of today. He did not express himself on the results, and being a soldier, no doubt has ideas on that subject.

These two cronies have in preparation a book of startling western stories. I have glanced over the manuscript and they asked me to write the dedication which I did.

Among the many stories is one that shows western life in the early days. Cody was bothered on his ranch in Nebraska by the depredations of young Indians, so an admiring friend in Missouri, who knew of his troubles, shipped him one of the fiercest female bulldogs he had, and stated that in time she would become a mother with children from the meanest and most vicious father in the state of Missouri. In due time the mother had a family of six. The doctor and an Irishman by the name of Burns made Cody a visit. They were shown the six pups at a safe distance and Burns wanted to buy one on sight. Cody refused to sell. The mother's eyes flashed like balls of fire. Burns pressed so hard that Cody finally said they were not for sale, but if he wanted one so bad he could have it for \$300. Burns would not pay such a high price. So finally Burns offered to go in and get one if Cody would give it to him. Cody protested and told Burns he would be taking his life in his hands. Finally, he said, "If you want to risk your life and free me from your foolhardy act, you can have one if you go in after it in the enclosure." Burns immediately disrobed, got down on his hands and knees and went in backwards. It so frightened the mother that she dashed for liberty, yelping at every jump. When she was fifty feet away, her conduct so disgusted Buffalo Bill that he pulled out his revolver and shot her dead. The other five pups he gave to the Indian boys. My sympathies are with the mother dog from start to finish.

BY LAND AND SEA

Buffalo Bill shows his age some, but is about as active and alert as ever. He has truly had a remarkable career and his type is fast passing away. His wife is here with him.

California.

CALIFORNIA is the end and has been the resting spot for the youthful spirit to march towards the setting sun since 1849. The people of California are proud in the rich reminiscences of the past and now old, recall those early days with pleasure and delight. To them, as well as those now living, it is a romance, a dream, to go back and see the crude beginnings gradually develop and unfold into the Garden of Eden in fruits and food products of all kinds, many that have grown and sustained human life since the beginning of man as mentioned and described in the Book of all Books.

And like all warm climates, myths and visions spring up and influence and direct the destiny of the people under the spell. If the people are poor and have to struggle to live then the myths and visions are of a spiritual nature. Snow and ice are not productive of these tendencies in the human mind. The stern realities of life make men and women more practical, and the cold blasts of winter make them think of other things. Hence nearly all the religions were given birth near the Euphrates under the warm sun amidst the rocks and barren country with a few fertile spots to inspire and give hope for the future.

So in California, the storage and discovery of gold has caused the people to dream and have visions of wealth with all the luxuries and pleasures it will bring,

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with flowers and sunshine and song, morning, noon and night, without spiritual or religious tendencies to interfere with their chosen life. A church is really a joke. They are bent on the acquisition of wealth to follow their pleasures, and use every means to get possession of the gold. I am only speaking of the predominating influences of the majority. There is always a minority who work and live for the ultimate good of all.

All this no doubt has been greatly accelerated by the discovery of gold in paying quantities in 1849, which suddenly made a few individuals enormously rich, fabulously so for a new country, and men and women became money mad. These men moved to San Francisco and located on the most conspicuous location in the city, overlooking the city, the bay and the country for miles around and called it Nob Hill. Palatial residences, some in marble, palaces, were erected and no city in the country could compare with the elegance and display made here at that time and in this period, thirty years or so ago. Six men were good for five hundred millions of dollars. The Rothchild's with all their banking houses could not do better at that time.

At first Nob Hill was only two blocks long and it gradually grew to six blocks in length as others wanted to be "it," and thus was established San Francisco's 400. It became a lighthouse and it required the income of a king to live there, so the lesser lights dropped down on the sides of the hill, and thus began the social life based on wealth alone. In the struggle for social and political positions graft has permeated nearly all walks of life, especially public life, and law is not enforced, much less obeyed, except when considered best to do so and not too inconvenient. These conditions always continue until settlement day, which always comes sooner or later, but it has not yet

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arrived here. It is not so far in the future as it was. It is approaching.

The earthquake came and Nob Hill was no more. Only one residence remained and it was burned in the interior, the walls standing, and is now occupied by the Pacific club. This was the home of Mr. Flood. All these old settlers had passed away before the earthquake.

Here lived Senator Stanford, at the corner of Stockton and California streets. His home was burned, now owned by the university, and in its place an apartment house has been erected called Stanford court, the finest one in the west. Across the street on the home of Senator Fair, stands the magnificent Fairmont hotel. Two children remain of this family, Virginia, now Mrs. Oelrich, and Birdie, now Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., both of New York. The father left these girls about \$75,000,000. Across the street is the University club, formerly the stables of Senator Stanford, whose family is now extinct. Mr. Hopkins lived next to Senator Stanford's residence. After the fire the widow gave it to the city for an art gallery, and all her beautiful pictures and statuary saved from her residence are housed here in a two story structure. Next to the Flood home stood the home of Mr. Crocker. His widow gave this lot to the city for a park. Mr. Will Crocker is the only child living from this family, and he is active in many business lines in the city. He is estimated to be worth \$100,000,000. His brother, Fred, died a few years ago leaving four children. Jim Flood and his maiden sister are the remains of the Flood family. He is married and they live on a 1,700 acre ranch at Linden Towers, Menlo Park, Cal. They are worth many times a million, too. Many of these pioneers stay in retirement to avoid exploitation of various kinds. In this way they get

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more peace of mind, living quiet, simple lives. Then comes the Huntington home, a marble palace.

These palaces were owned and built by the four mining kings and the four builders of the Central and Southern Pacific railways. The rapid influx of the people on the discovery of gold made railroad transportation a necessity. These two railroads soon dominated the commercial and political life of California, and made their builders and owners kings.

Senator Stanford mastered the situation both in state and national affairs so far as California was concerned. Even the federal courts were under his dominion. When he got ready to round out his career, his faithful servant in the United States senate, Senator Sargent, was displaced by his own election when he ordered the state legislature so to act.

Fine apartment houses are now being erected on many of these beautiful sites, except the Crocker lot, which was given to the Episcopal church. Formerly the property of the few, Nob Hill is to give pleasure to the many in all walks of life, and so goes the world. The meek shall inherit the earth, the poor and the humble—the masses—so why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

San Francisco, Cal.

TO understand San Francisco and its people you must look back to conditions of 1849 and the gradual evolution and development to the present time, and viewed in this light, you can understand and appreciate present conditions. No other period and no other part of the territory of the United States started on the road to de-

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velopment just in the manner and way civilization began here.

In 1849 gold was discovered and thousands upon thousands of aggressive, adventuresome men started and traveled day and night overland with every conceivable means of conveyance, battling diseases and hardships and even death in the search for gold. These men had many strong characteristics, being young and full of spirit. Most of them had no family ties of any kind whatever.

As in all experiences of this kind, the saloons and gamblers soon followed, and then women of doubtful moral character came with the ribbons, song and dance to make good cheer for the men who had suffered many hardships and no doubt were lonely. In due time trade and commerce followed to supply the wants of the camps, and thus you have the beginning of California only sixty-six years ago. As time is considered this is indeed short.

In time some of these pioneers became millionaires, started trade centers, the cities of today, and built palaces for homes for the young brides, like themselves trained in the camps of the west "to eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow they may die." The children of such parents could have no other conception of life than that given them in their childhood—and in addition all the vices associated with suddenly acquired wealth and the idleness it produces. These are not the best influences to surround girls and boys in their early life. The churches with their gospel hymns should have gone out with the pick and the shovel, and another story could be written of California.

Such has been the experience of all ages, the religious part of a man's life reaches him when he is about to die. The good people come after the railroads have been built when they can enjoy the luxuries of a Pullman and are

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doubly shocked when they find the second generation looking on life not so seriously, cheerfully enjoying all the vices and pleasures known to the human family with indifference. To have saloons open 365 days, day and night, with all the accessories of such institutions unmolested, you are horrified, yet not a drunken man do you see.

These things are gradually changing, however, and time alone will complete the revolution here. The saloon must now close at 2 A. M., including Sundays. This has been brought about by a gradual influx of people coming from other states who look on life and its purposes from a different viewpoint. This outside influence is getting strong in numbers and moral force. Many degenerates came from the second generation of natives and this new influx of humanity gives California a better, newer and fresher civilization than the second generation left by the strong and vigorous pioneers.

This is shown in the vote affecting the saloon. California has an enormous wine industry, involving millions of dollars and giving employment to thousands of men. Out of a vote of about 850,000 there were 350,000 for and 500,000 against closing the saloons. This question comes up again in 1916. The recognized thought that the use of liquors undermines efficiency in all lines is getting in its work here as it is all over the world.

With these undercurrents permeating life you can realize how hard it has been for San Francisco to elect strong, forceful public officials—the people wanting license, not liberty or efficiency. San Francisco has been poorly and wastefully governed.

Another force that undermines good government is labor. It is divided into two groups—the native sons of California and union labor. Both are secret organiza-

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tions, strong and in politics. The results are natural. San Francisco had more factories twenty-five years ago than she has today. Capital will not invest under the conditions, and the future does not suggest a change.

If a man wants to hire a servant he must consult two forces by hiring first a man who was born in California, and, second, a union labor man. The Native Sons' association covers the whole state. Labor is so strong, about three to one in this city, that it is impossible to compete with the outside. Carpenters get five dollars a day and brick masons eight dollars a day. Eight hours constitute a day's work in all lines. Labor is so exacting and domineering that frequent clashes occur. This is why capital wants Chinese and Jap labor, because more reasonable and not so exacting, and to maintain their power, political and otherwise, is the reason white labor fights both orientals, first upon one ground and then another. This question will not be solved for many years to come. It will be a football for politicians to play with. Capital will wander off to more congenial climes, and all the hobbies of which the human mind can conceive to better its condition, both imaginary and real, will have full swing among the flowers, sunshine and showers.

The governor has had the laboring men with him, but they tell me they are done with him. Yet he has had passed by the present legislature a statute destroying party lines. The politicians tell me this is in furtherance of his plan to be a candidate for vice-president on the democratic ticket for 1916. How would Wilson and Johnson look for 1916? Vice-President Marshall was a negative quantity on the coast. His visit was a flat failure. He will not be Wilson's running mate in 1916, that is a sure thing, if Democrats can be believed, unless an emergency arises.

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Ex-Vice President Fairbanks was here at the same time with his silk hat and a "smile" that would not come off. He is young and frisky, and the newspaper boys must not say he is cold any more when he is around sunshine and flowers. The local boys told me he was setting some fence posts.

San Francisco has 20,000 jobless men. This is why Johnson will lose out, and Wilson, and the reason the whole coast will be republican in 1916—work, not agitation, will be the battle cry, as it was with the beloved McKinley.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE congressional party visiting the Hawaiian islands have about all returned. Many of them are remaining here a week to visit the exposition and the various points of interest in and about this city. They express themselves as having had a delightful trip, royally entertained and glad they went.

The islands raised \$30,000 to pay the expenses of a congressional investigation into the needs of the islands, and over one hundred congressmen accepted the invitation and made a personal investigation for the first time. This ought to result in good for the islands and place many congressmen in possession of first hand information as to the wants and needs of one of our most valuable possessions. That these islands need more attention in the way of practical legislation there is no doubt; that the islands are too much governed or over-governed; that they need a more simple and less expensive government is the opinion of many. This is so everywhere. We have too much legislation and too much government at home to pro-

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duce the very best results in the administration of the affairs of the public. The tendency of the times in national, state and municipal governments is simple, inexpensive forms that bring quick, effective results. However, the farther we drift from true representative governments the weaker become the foundations upon which our governments rest. Some of our states have already approached the danger line in their freak legislation in creating statutory laws and provisions affecting their constitutions. When you drift from representative government you naturally migrate towards monarchy. A pure democracy can live and prosper only when the multitude is small in numbers. When it is large it becomes unwieldy, expensive, and often corrupt, thus breeding revolutions and internal strife that saps away the vitality of the nation.

"Uncle Joe Cannon" is the most popular man of them all, yet he is seventy-nine years of age. He wears a soft hat, put on any old way, and his hair he must comb with his fingers. For a man of his age he is enjoying good health, yet he told me he was at so many banquets and made so many talks that he was nursing a bad case of indigestion. Otherwise he enjoyed his trip, and returned more confirmed in his ideas than ever. As he talked to me when making what he thought was a good point, he would slap me on the stomach. He said Hawaiians wanted a better government, coast defenses or fortifications and protection on sugar. "Uncle Joe" is for protection all along the line, especially on sugar. He said it was time for our people to come to their senses and stop so much foolish legislation and get down to business. He said our coastwise shipping laws had built up all our shipyards, although it cost now about 20 per cent more to build a ship in the American yards than foreign yards. But where would we be in case

of war, with no shipyards? And our last legislation would force ships to sail under foreign flags because the expense of operation under our flag would be 5 per cent more than under a foreign flag, and without subsidies from our government a ship owner had no other course to pursue.

Later I heard him address the Transportation club, an organization composed of manufacturers and jobbers, where he expressed the same views, and he was most heartily cheered. I was rather surprised to see such unanimous sentiment from this section and in this city. Republican doctrines are rapidly becoming established in this state once more, and with Senator Borah for vice-president, and a good man from the middle or eastern states for president, would sweep the country for the republicans. Many want Roosevelt to step aside and let the party in the good old way get together and make its own nomination.

Senator Overman of North Carolina, is a large, handsome fellow with considerable ability. He is a democrat of the old school with the same ideas as of old on protection. Hawaiians raise two crops of sugar in eighteen months while Cuba produces three crops, hence a desire for protection. The senator says they are getting rich and do not need protection. He sees one danger ahead, however. About two-thirds of the population are Japanese. These import hundreds of girls every year from Japan and they are breeding like rats. It is an honor for a girl to have a baby. These inhabitants so born become citizens of the United States. Hence the Japanese and Chinese questions will be as serious to solve for these islands and the Pacific coast at some future time as the colored question has been for the southern states. If anything it will be harder for the reason that these people are more efficient as laborers and live more economically, and in the end

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will eliminate the white laborer. He says the Anglo-Saxons should keep this country for themselves.

Senator James of Kentucky is a large muscular man and vigorous mentally. He is a very pleasant man to meet. He goes right to the point in a proposition and wants to dispose of it to the best of his ability. He is a strong man and inspires confidence.

Congressman Campbell of Kansas, is a small man, active and alert, a very pleasant gentleman. He is a man of ability and a good man in congress.

Many of the men were strong, vigorous fellows. Congressmen Martine, Johnson, Cary, Hays, Mann of Illinois everyone knows, especially those who violate the "Mann act." This trip will be profitable in the end to all parties. Many have never seen the Pacific coast before. They have been impressed, by the need not only for better protection to Hawaiian islands, but for the coast as well. "Uncle Joe" Cannon wants a stronger navy in every way, and an army of 500,000 men. The leanings of many are that way or at least the resistance is not so strong. This war and the sinking of the Lusitania have settled in many ways some of these problems which the next congress will enact into laws.

Mr. George Lichty of Waterloo, was here attending the National Grocery association. He wanted to know why Captain Howell was not here, and inferred possibly, with a smile, that he was not making any money. Lichty was on the throne and seemed to be happy. It was a fine gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. Blank of the Garden theater were here for a few days, taking in the fair, also James Lee and Mrs. Lee. John Evans is here connected with The Associated Press. Louie Evans, his brother, is with the California Packing company.

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The weather has been ideal for two weeks. Mr. DeVere Thompson came up from Los Angeles looking like a young man of twenty-one. He said he tried to get Mr. Hubbell to come along but the latter was too busy watching the rapid growth of Des Moines and an absence of a few weeks might cause him to get too far behind. There is lots of humor in Mr. Hubbell and I am sure he could have taken many a good laugh. Young men without money have no show out here, but middle aged and old men with money are the whole thing. This is the only place I know of in the United States where a man will approach you with his toes sticking out of his shoes, the seat out of his pants and a "golden smile" on his face, and he will declare to you that he is getting rich. The climate must do this. Climate bears all the burdens and takes all the pleasures. Here is the place to be busted, happy and young at three score and ten. Every man's hat, and woman's too, for that matter, is in the ring. "Smile and the world smiles with you, weep and you weep alone."

San Francisco, Cal.

IT IS odd to hear the people of San Francisco speak of "down the peninsula," and this means for many miles, the bay on one side and the ocean on the other. This is Santa Clara valley, and the lower part of which is Palo Alto, and then San José.

There are thousands of acres that have been made by man with the assistance of nature, and the ocean alone has been doing great work for hundreds of years, yes, thousands. The wind at the Cliff house sometimes blows at the rate of 100 miles an hour. I took a drive one day along

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the ocean beach when the gale was sixty miles an hour. The air was so filled with sand that I had to protect my eyes by closing them. Sand was lifted and carried hundreds of feet and after being dropped and resting for a few days another gale lifted more sand, including this, and sent it further inward, and so it has been going on for ages, long before this city was started, of course.

Now what has been the result but more land around San Francisco? The Golden Gate park, consisting of 1,040 acres, was made in this way. The low ground in San Francisco, facing and adjoining the water, was no doubt formed in this way. The northern part is very hilly and in places quite steep. The tides here are quite strong and go up seven and eight feet in calm weather.

Because of this manner of land-building is it possible that strong tidal waves wore away the support underneath causing the earth to settle, which it did in the low places? And in doing so the water mains broke and when the fire started it had full swing and did nearly all the damage, so that the natives refer to it as the great fire. Of course the peninsula was shaken as far as Palo Alto and the famous chapel of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University was seriously damaged. It was built with a very heavy tower and this tower crashed through the building, doing much damage. This chapel cost \$1,000,000 and the interior was most beautifully finished, the altar with Mosaic gold inlaid and twelve niches containing the apostles carved in Italy from Italian marble. It has been rebuilt, almost finished the same as before, but without the tower.

So many do not admit it was an earthquake, and possibly it was not, and in any event it is forgotten and may never occur again, at least, not for ages.

The Golden Gate park is large, well located, with beau-

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tiful drives, walks and equestrian roads that make a ramble through the park a desire and a pleasure. Tropical plants, shrubbery, vines, trees and flowers, artistically planted and arranged, make a most pleasing effect to the eye and the senses. Lakes abound in many places with ducks, swans, etc., sporting in the water, and some animals, all going to please the people.

They have erected a large building after Egyptian style of architecture, and have it filled with geological, animal, sociological and historical subjects. I profitably spent a day in this building looking at the extensive collections in so many lines.

They have also set aside several rooms for the literary people and painters who claim California their home or did one day. Many fine paintings are there on exhibition, and this alone is an inspiration to the present and future generations. I noticed a few paintings donated by rich people who have passed away and executed by artists who have world-wide reputations. A few antique bronze figures are there, also marble statuary and busts, and some good copies of foreign figures.

This is the only large park owned by the city. It has several small ones located in different parts of the city, many of them very beautiful and popular. They are convenient resting places for the neighborhoods in which they are located, and because of the tropical climate, the vegetation is varied and flowers are the chief decoration. The Golden Gate park is the only one provided with music, and here every Sunday a brass band plays for the pleasure of the multitude. Of course, here the parks are open the year round because of the climate, the real winter months being July and August, and these only slightly cooler than the balance of the year, thus making this city one of the

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best summer resorts of them all. This alone ought to be quite a drawing card for the exposition, and when the people once become familiar with this phase of life here, to the advantage of the city in the future.

One of the most interesting places adjoining, or near by Golden Gate park, is the famous seal rocks. Here nearly one hundred seals make their home the year round and have been doing so for many years. Why they do it no one can tell you. The number increases slowly. At this point the land is owned by the estate of Sutro, a former mayor of San Francisco. He was a mining engineer and died very wealthy. He built nearby a bathhouse costing something like \$1,000,000 where people can take real salt baths with luxury. Many little shops and a hotel are located here, and the water not being very deep, the fish congregate there in large numbers. This makes living for the seals easy, as they are very fond of fish. The fish are easy to catch and the seals grow fat. On chilly, windy days they remain under water, one occasionally raising its head to take a glance at the waves of the ocean and the temperature, and then dropping out of sight. If the sun shines and it is warm, they crawl on the rocks and bask in the sunshine for hours. Nearby are the Sutro gardens, a beautiful, quiet little spot, high and commanding a fine view of the ocean. The estate maintains all these and the land is very valuable, estimated in the millions. The heirs tried at one time to get the city to assume ownership and maintain them in exchange for other land owned by the city, but there was a hitch in the negotiations and the estate still owns them, and the gardens are maintained for the pleasure of the public free.

On the other side of the city, just opposite, are the Italian fishermen's wharves. About 400 Italians make it a

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life work and they are typical fishermen, some old and gray with age and exposure to the winds on the water. They are odd and homely dressed, and here you see father, sons and brothers and neighbors doing a life work, patient and industrious. They fish day and night in small gasoline boats, provided with nets and all the implements of the trade. If they get a good catch some of these small boats will bring in half a ton, and often no more than one or two hundred pounds. Whatever they catch they are disposed of promptly to the public, and thus tons upon tons of fresh fish are thrown on the market of San Francisco every week. The cooks know how to send them to the table, too. I have tasted some delicious sandabs, the finest I ever ate. They are cheap, so meat is within reach of the poorest.

The Chinaman and Jap fish some, but the Italians seem to be in it strong, and for business. About 40,000 Italians live in the city, and it is estimated 300,000 are in the state. They are already arranging to collect and send home to the government for war purposes \$100,000 a month. Some are wealthy and many are prosperous. A large number are engaged in the fruit business in all its phases. They work hard and live cheap, and thus prosper in the land of plenty. It is what we save, rather than what we make, that in the end makes us rich.

San Francisco, Cal.

YOU could not be here long without meeting the Hon. John P. Irish. I have met both him and his son, who is in business at Stockton. Colonel Irish is a man of ability and, as many of his friends in Iowa know, has the power and inclination on the slightest provocation, to make his position known on any question.

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One lawyer said to me that the colonel was all right, but he was on the wrong side of most every question. This lawyer is a strong prohibitionist and for woman suffrage, and Irish is against both. The former told me in the colonel's campaign against the women, a bright woman undertook to answer him. She said that Colonel Irish had been deceiving the people on the coast for years; that he had been posing all along as colonel and he had the word Irish dangling at the end of his name and he was not entitled to use either. But all the same there is only one Colonel Irish. His son cordially invited me to go to Stockton and he would take me in his automobile down the San Joaquin valley, and I may go.

Many will remember Mr. Foshay Walker, a young attorney from Washington, D. C., and his friend, Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Walker was in with Hon. John S. Runnells, now president of the Pullman Palace Car company. He is one of the strong attorneys of the Southern Pacific railroad, having come directly here on leaving Des Moines, and entering the legal department of this corporation some twenty-seven years ago. He has two boys, now young men, and is doing well. Mr. Gilbert passed away last year in Washington.

I also met Major Jeffry, an army officer of the old school, and who knows some of the army boys at Des Moines, and Rear Admiral Phillips of the navy. We have read much about this man and I was glad to meet him. He is a very pleasant gentleman with hair as white as snow.

I met James G. Blaine, Jr., a young man handicapped by the transcendent distinction of a great father and hence a great name. I feel sorry for boys who have distinguished fathers and carry their names. They are the tailend of a kite, by introduction and otherwise, no matter where they

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are found or what occupation they follow. They must make good and be "A-1" with their father and are never tolerated to fall below number two, and if they do, they are pushed aside as no good—"A worthless boy, not the man his father was." So you see step by step on his bob-sled he slides down from the top of the hill over the snow and ice, and sometimes never stops until he touches the bottom, and young Blaine 'has been no exception to the rule.

He is a large, fine looking fellow with some evidences of dissipation with the big nose and face of his father. Something was left out sure in his making or about his environments, for you would recognize by his face that he was the picture of his father, and his father's son. I was told he was keeping books for a taxicab company. He has been married several times, and this might have been his mascot in the direction of sunshine and flowers. Be that as it may, this is the ups and downs of life and "why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

I also met Mr. Sidney Love of Moore Bros.' fame while in New York. He has a gold mine here trying to recoup his lost fortune. He is a good-natured, hopeful looking individual, and like most mining men is just on the eve of surprising most everyone. He inquired after his relatives of Des Moines and wished them well.

The most interesting of all the people I have met was Mrs. Clemens Wong of Chinatown. She is a sister of Mrs. Howard Gould, now divorced from Mr. Gould. Her first acquaintance with the China people began twenty-five years ago as a missionary among them. She is a Catholic, and in this way met her future husband, Mr. Wong. She was a missionary for nine years, and has been married to Mr. Wong for many years. They have no children of their

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own, but have taken two Chinese children to raise, one six years of age and the other sixteen. She is short and heavy, kind and good-hearted. Her husband is a plain, kindly appearing old Chinaman, meaning harm to no one. They operate a curio store and have many relics of the earthquake for sale—I should have said the fire that destroyed San Francisco, as people living here designate it, never using the word earthquake. They also operate a tea room, picking up all they can towards a living. Their business is small. Women sacrifice much in taking such steps, for their future life cannot be otherwise than limited even to the doing of good.

Another person of interest I have seen several times is Hon. George Knight, the distinguished orator and lawyer of San Francisco. He made the oration nominating Roosevelt for president the last time. He has lived in California sixty-two years, forty being in San Francisco. He has invited me to take an automobile ride up one of the valleys, and I have accepted. He is a large man with a pleasant personality, enjoying good health and likes to meet his friends. He was a great admirer of Senator Dolliver, and said he regretted it much when he first heard of the senator's death. He felt his best work was to be done in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Wyman have a son here meeting with success at the bar. He is a fine young man. They have taken an apartment for a few months to be with him and enjoy the fair. With their automobile they are enjoying themselves indeed.

Not many Iowa people are here as tourists or otherwise. The Krankels and Sheuermans were here and have gone. Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Berryhill are at Berkeley with their son and daughter. Mrs. Berryhill likes it here very much, so she told me. They might become a fixture.

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FOR a change the other morning I took a train to Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey and Pacific Grove, the latter 126 miles south of this city.

Santa Cruz is eighty-six miles south, only. It is a town of about 12,000 inhabitants consisting of retired people, tourists and some ranchers, and is a very pretty place. Some are engaged in fishing, but not extensively. The hotel facilities are good, the climate is pleasant for tourists and there is a bathing beach, which is one of the best on the coast. At present it is in bad shape, as the different buildings were erected by private individuals, and because of financial troubles they are now in the hands of receivers, locked up and poorly kept. The beach will never prove a success as a private enterprise, so some of the business men are trying to induce the city to take it over and operate it. There is nothing else in the town to attract tourists. It is a berry section, and some are engaged in dairying and poultry.

Another reason why it will not be a success is because a few miles beyond the Southern Pacific railway established one of the most magnificent outing places I have ever seen and built the Del Monte hotel, with a capacity for 600 guests. Just six miles away it built at Pacific Grove the Pacific Grove house, not so expensive, but very home-like—just the place for a man and his family who desire quiet and retirement, for Del Monte does the social stunts. Mrs. M. I. Manlove has charge of this hotel and she is the right person in the right place, most pleasant and genial and accommodating.

From this house I took the seventeen mile drive, returning to the Del Monte hotel for the night.

My friend Myerly and Brother Hanna ought to come

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out and take this drive and see some of the finest gravel roads they have ever seen. The Pacific Improvement company owns both hotels and made the roads and maintains them. Some of them have been down for thirty years and they are fine—clay and gravel and well drained. The company has 7,000 acres in this tract and have established forty miles of beautiful drives through the hills, the coast and interesting spots, and some day hope to have it covered with fine homes on one acre or more. The seventeen mile drive is around the coast of the Pacific ocean. It is one of the most beautiful and magnificent scenes of its kind I have ever seen. To see only means to admire.

First we came to the "restless sea," where the currents cross each other and the water is restless, indeed, and in case of storms ships have been driven on the rocks and lost. The rocks all along this coast are rugged and weather beaten and seamed with ages from the onslaught of the water, and some of them are large.

The next interesting sight is a large rock covered with sea lions, not seals, basking in the sunshine. There are scores of them out taking a sun bath.

You then reach another rock beyond covered with birds the year round. Even pelicans were there with the other birds, and they had congregated in large numbers.

We passed through a beautiful grove of Monterey pines, beautiful trees. Then came the cedars of Lebanon, a large number of them. It is claimed by the people here that nowhere on earth do these trees grow except here, Japan and Palestine. They were odd and interesting to me. Then we came to the "lone tree" some distance from the shore in the water growing out of a large rock, green and alive. That is living under the most adverse circumstances. Another tree not far away which was of interest to me is one claimed

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to be 2,000 years old, all dead except one branch, which is green and prosperous and is called the "witch," for it has been in this condition for many years. Trees are as interesting to study as human beings and the freaks among them as unexplainable.

There are some interesting little villages as you near the end of your journey. The first one is Pebble Beach, with a few cottages near the shore. Here is where they get the beautiful abalone shells that they make so beautiful by polishing. Then comes the Lodge, a beautiful rustic building with a large living room with an immense fireplace, a dining room and a bar with all kinds of refreshments. This is where you are supposed to take a rest by getting out and walking some, of course towards the bar to help the good cause along. Prohibitionists are served with temperance drinks, but are not prohibited from indulging in the other drinks if no one is around, and such good luck may happen at times.

The next two towns are Carmel and Monterey, the former the home of a few artists and literary people, most possibly being cranks, and the latter filled with objects of historical interest. I intend to return and look up some of these objects, except the cranks, and hope I may dig up something of interest.

Then I arrived at Hotel Del Monte, hidden in a grove that must surpass the "groves of Athens." Flowers and drives abound everywhere, the spot is a dream, a delightful spot for a few days' rest and recreation when the weather is hot elsewhere.

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THE ferry is at the foot of Market street and it is the starting point for everywhere. Thousands of people pass and repass there every day. Some are on pleasure and others are going to and from work. All look well, the women have good complexions and nearly all look well fed and well clothed. Possibly it is the out door life that the people lead here that gives them the glow of health. It is a city of hotels and apartment houses and not a city of homes. A home is looked upon as a care and burden, hence the things you see and expect around a home are not found, except in a small degree. This is the unfortunate part of the life of this play as it directs the thoughts and conduct of human beings into channels that are not the best and most wholesome for the young as well as the old. The thoughts are of today and not of tomorrow and next day.

I took a trip the other day to Sausalito. Little villages and towns are located in every direction from San Francisco and many of them on the bay. This town is reached by boat in a few minutes. When you arrive you find six electric suburban trains owned and operated by the Southern Pacific ready to take you in six different directions up the valley, rich in poultry, dairy and vegetable products. These roads bring these products in by the ton and carry people by the thousands. These roads cover the territory thoroughly and no other roads need apply.

Sausalito is a small town interesting in many ways. It is largely residential, of the people residing there some are retired and some are conducting their business in San Francisco. They have good facilities for getting back and forth, many having private yachts. There is one thing you can say for the Southern Pacific: it may charge all the

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traffic will bear, yet it renders you a fine, quick service in the territory occupied by it.

There are many fine homes on the hills, an ideal place for a view of the bay and surroundings, and not a bad climate. On the other side of the hills and along the water front poorer people exist. Many Italians live in this section. The homes on the hills are built one above the other making it quite picturesque indeed. Small trees, shrubbery, vines and flowers abound everywhere, even in the winding roads.

From here I took a small tug boat and went to the island of Belvedere. This is reached in a few minutes. And stepping out on the dock you glance up and see Jacob's ladder which you must climb or stay for the next boat to depart. I have gained fifteen pounds to my regret since coming here and realizing the need of physical exercise. I advanced like a soldier towards the top. I landed all right and found beautiful drives clean as a floor. After going a short distance I met a beautiful maiden dressed in pink, bare headed, rosy cheeks and white sandals on her feet. She was elastic and graceful in her movement and the very picture of health, and her simplicity made her beautiful.

She passed by and soon returned overtaking me, then I realized she was taking her constitutional. I could not help asking her some questions about the island, which she answered pleasantly, and then glided on like an athlete, and then I noticed her later leave the roadway, ascending a long winding stairway to a higher hill. And when I approached that point I was prompted to glance up that stairway for the beautiful maiden, but she was gone—like a dream—nowhere to be seen. I walked on and soon saw approaching a fairy, about 20, weight about 120 pounds,

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possibly one or two pounds more or less, gliding along in the highway like a bird, with tan hat, dress, shoes and silk stockings to match. As she approached I noticed her head and face and saw that her dress was decollete, not too low but low enough, and her eye had a healthy, merry twinkle. I passed by thinking.

When a few steps beyond I found myself possessed with a desire no doubt similar to that of Lot's wife of ancient history, so I turned to "look back." To my surprise I noticed that she had economized on the length of her skirt. It came only an inch or two below her knees. And such beautiful limbs, like the deer of the forest, carved most artistically, tapering to small, graceful ankles, most pleasing indeed, and had it been Michelangelo instead of myself he would have reached for his chisel to carve them in marble and thus would have perpetuated to the delight of mankind his observation of beauty. As for myself, I said, "Long live the island of Belvedere."

This island is one mile wide and two and one-half miles long, purely residential, some of the homes palatial. Here they are built also one above the other and in appearance recall the scenes of Switzerland to those who are familiar with that country. Stone walls protect the roadway and flowers and vines are in abundance everywhere. The people are well to do. One home, with its pipe organ, cost the owner \$700,000. In the valley below on the bay the fishermen live in their huts and houseboats. There you must go to buy an orange or a box of matches. It is a beautiful spot with ideal climate, a poet's dreamland. There you could say with Goethe, "Stay, happy moment."

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San Francisco, Cal.

TAKE the year through, I have about made up my mind that this city has the best climate of any city in the United States. It is cold enough to keep you braced up and feeling good, and warm enough not to exhaust you or cause discomfiture. It gets cool towards evening when you will require a top coat at times, unless you are vigorous and young and have no throat or lung trouble. Old people retire to their homes in the evening, and on retiring throughout the year you sleep under covers and hence get a good night's rest.

The winds are disagreeable at times and so are the fogs, but the air is pure and bracing, and when you get acclimated, you pay no attention to either. The middle of the day is clear and balmy and you enjoy life as you never have before.

A thirty minute trip will take you away from the winds and fogs if you dislike them. Richmond, Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda have come into existence largely from this cause. Richmond is purely a manufacturing town of about 25,000 people. The Standard Oil company has invested many millions there and many other concerns have established plants. Oakland comes next with manufacturing plants, and its business men are making an effort to increase its wealth in this way, and are meeting with some success. The Southern Pacific railway controls this town, as the Santa Fe controls Richmond, with this similarity: many people have selected Oakland as a good place to retire in, while Berkeley is its rival in this respect with the state university located there which gives it a prestige for a quiet, retired life with people of wealth and tastes that an educational institution would attract.

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San Francisco has a population of about 450,000 people, yet with these other cities near it and really part of it, fully 750,000 people live in and about San Francisco. They claim that Oakland alone in the way of wages and salaries of men and women who live there and labor in San Francisco draws \$50,000,000 a year out of San Francisco. Thirty minutes on one of the ferries will land you at any of these towns, and thus you escape the winds and the fogs. To give you some idea of the magnitude of the passenger business on the ferries, the report for 1914 has just been published, and over 30,000,000 of people were handled.

These conditions have been brought about not only because of the winds and fogs of San Francisco, but because of high taxes and political manipulations in public life. The history in the past has not been the best, or what it should be, but time is changing conditions very rapidly. Economic conditions are making great changes in the life and habits of the people of San Francisco. They are hard up and have begun to economize. Money is harder to make, and they have not so much to spend. This is bringing about a simpler life and, of course, with it a better life. It is working for temperance and the saloons are driven hard to make expenses. Treating is becoming a lost art, each man buying his own drink, and this materially reduces the volume of business for the saloon man. It is going to become more so with time. So this state is growing towards temperance, especially the southern half, to such an extent that the northern half has many advocates for the division of the state, leaving the southern half to itself. The southern half has the oranges and the northern half has the wineries, and the state being nearly 1,000 miles long, this might not be a bad plan, working to the best interests of each section.

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San Francisco is paved with granite blocks and asphalt, the hills with the former and the level streets with the latter. Horses could not go up the hills otherwise, as many sections are quite steep.

Neither the streets nor the sidewalks are in good condition. You can forget this when you recall that the city was destroyed only nine years ago and is now being rebuilt. It takes time, and the increased burdens on the people have been great and heavy.

I saw them repairing some sunken asphalt which interested me very much. They had a device to go over the sunken part in the nature of a stove or oven that generated heat by gasoline to 300 degrees, this softened the asphalt, then it was raked, giving it a corrugated surface, then new asphalt was spread over the sunken place, binding perfectly, and bringing all to a level surface. Des Moines could adopt this method with great profit and to the delight of all automobile owners who have many times tried to pick out the soft spots. The business men had better get my friend Myerly and Brother Hanna to come out and look this up, or at least investigate it. I am at their service if they come right away and I know I can put them next to many good friends I have met since coming here. I have met many Iowa people visiting the exposition the past month, among them Dr. Nysewander and his family. Will Johnson the attorney of Eagle Grove returning from the Orient remained a few days. Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Robinson, Carl Kahler and wife are here this week. John Mulvaney and his wife have been sightseeing also. Harry Phillips and Mrs. Phillips are here for several weeks.

This is a good time to come for all exhibits are completed and the buildings and grounds look beautiful. The weather continues to be fine and will for some time. Things

of interest are occurring every week and you will not be at a loss to enjoy yourself for awhile at least and rest up for work on your return home. Nothwithstanding my friend, Mr. Hubbell, I believe in short vacations for every one, especially for married people. They learn to know each other better by having short absences, and are glad often to resume the old acquaintance.

San Francisco, Cal.

CHINATOWN of San Francisco is a place that exists in no other city in the United States and is not likely to in the future. This city no doubt will continue to have that distinction peculiar to itself. It started here very early and grew with time, and became headquarters for the Chinese in the United States.

These people control about thirteen blocks of the city not far from the business center. They are engaged in all lines of trade and some of the stores are fine and up-to-date in management. Bright, educated Chinese manage them and you can go among them and receive every consideration you deserve.

You will find groceries, meat shops, shoe shops, dry goods stores, drug stores, restaurants, hotels, tailor shops, a theater, newspaper and a bank, in fact, everything you would find in a small city, for this is a city within a city.

Before the earthquake it was estimated that thirty to thirty-five thousand Chinese lived in this city, but that calamity, followed by the fire, destroyed about everything, and many became discouraged and went elsewhere and some returned to the old country. At the present time it is estimated that fifteen to twenty thousand reside here now.

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Some of the merchants have been very prosperous. One firm, Sing Fat company, has gone into the millions. They all deal exclusively in Chinese goods, being importers, and retail and wholesale from this point. They deal exclusively with one another, except in labor. Here they branch out and the men and women work out in all lines. Some are engaged in fishing, some as day laborers, truck gardeners and house servants and return to Chinatown to sleep and spend their money.

I hear from every source that they are the most capable, reliable servants to be had on the coast. They are on the job early and late, always at work; in fact, their work is never done. They never break a contract with an employer, not even in sickness, for next morning a substitute is sent to hold the place and the employer is never inconvenienced for a minute. They are honest in the fullest sense of the word, even to the payment of their debts. If they see they are going to fail to meet their obligations on time, they will inform you in advance and have a new day set and then they come forward promptly and pay. They never get drunk, and no Chinaman was ever known to be arrested for this offense. They were never known to abuse a woman or a child. They are gentle, simple creatures apparently trying to live correct, upright lives.

On the other hand, they have troubles among themselves. They have disturbances that have their root back in the old country very similar to the feuds that exist in some of the southern states. In other words, factions exist among them here the same as in their old country, which terminates sometimes in murder.

It is most difficult to punish, let alone apprehend, a violator of the law. They commingle, live and cohabit among themselves. It is hard for this reason for Americans, espe-

BY LAND AND SEA

cially officers, to distinguish the guilty from the innocent. And then, evidence is lacking. No Chinaman knows the guilty, he is ignorant, for knowledge and its revealment would cost him his own life. Therefore to know nothing is his security and protection.

Then again the buildings are often connected by secret passages with the openings so skilfully joined that you see no break in the wall. The officer is blind and the Chinaman is wise. When making his escape he can go in at one end of the block through a business room and in a few minutes make his exit at the other end of the block, or at some other point, upstairs or down. Inability to identify many because of their seclusion and secret passageways through the buildings and refusal of their own people to identify the guilty person makes their escape easy.

Six years ago a young Chinaman and young Chinawoman were on the sidewalk talking and in a few minutes he pulled a revolver and shot her dead. He darted into a building and still remains at large. This happened in the middle of the afternoon.

A few years ago a Chinaman got warning that he was going to be killed. He closed up his affairs, hired a large man for a body guard, and one day when he and his body guard were coming out of the basement taking his departure, some Chinaman across the street upstairs fired and the marked man fell dead. The murderer has never been caught. This happened in the forenoon.

Yet with all this Barbary coast is next door and Chinatown has nothing to do with it. They are strangers to each other in every way. There is no association or commingling together. Chinatown lives by itself and to itself in every sense of the word.

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The great trouble with the Chinaman is his tendency to gamble and smoke dope. They are great gamblers among themselves. In times gone by some of the influential politicians forced the Chinamen to pay \$12,000 a month for the privilege of operating gambling dens among their own people. No doubt some public official must have been next. The Chinaman has been robbed and abused time and again, yet he is still patient, hardworking John. Yet when a merchant becomes offensive to his own people, or a building is marked by a certain Chinese character, which you would not recognize if you saw it, no one would enter that store or rent a building so marked. Both are dead.

And this Chinatown conceived, organized and established in its old country the first Chinese bank in China. This was an idea absorbed here and planted beyond the Pacific to grow and change things in the old home, to make it not what it used to be.

The women at home wear trousers with a loose cloak or cape falling to the knees. The new republic and the new women of China are donning skirts, etc., and thus contact makes more than one change. Styles will follow in time, and change of styles, with hats (and now it's no hats) and then new hats, and so pity the young Chinese husband to come, unless his wages expand likewise, and so goes the world.

San Francisco, Cal.

EX-PRESIDENT William Howard Taft is truly having the time of his life in this city at the present time. They have been keeping him busy addressing one organization after another and he seems to enjoy it all.

I met him alone for a few minutes and enjoyed a short chat. His shape has improved very much since he was

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president, standing upright with his "front" materially reduced, and a pleasant, happy smile coming from a large genial man is truly sunshine and a delight. He is getting quite gray with a mustache that was once a handsome black but now sandy and approaching the gray fast. His weight has been reduced about eighty pounds and the loss of so much flesh gives his face the appearance of being flabby. I congratulated him on his fine appearance and apparent good health and he said: "I am happy and enjoy the best of health since I got into a respectable business," then he laughed.

He has been introduced as Professor Taft, Dr. Taft, Judge Taft and President Taft, as the occasion might be, and at all times has been in the best of humor and most cordially and respectfully received by his audiences. His addresses have been open and frank and thoughtful, showing that sincerity which carried conviction in almost every case.

When he addressed the California Bar association he had about 500 lawyers present, including Federal and state judges, United States senators and prominent men from different sections of the country, and about 100 visitors.

After a few pleasant remarks he launched out into a serious discussion on the subject "When Peace Is Declared after the Present Wars—What? And What is the Duty of the United States under the Circumstances?"

He said this country is not prepared to defend itself and should take steps at next session of congress to make preparations to protect itself as a nation with a navy second only to that of England. He said trouble with England was remote because of treaty obligations, like institutions and language and because England would most likely always have a small army, depending on her navy. He

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urged better coast defenses to protect our cities while our navy would be at work elsewhere; more submarines and aeroplanes. He thought we should double the capacity of West Point so as to have more officers and use them to instruct and drill civilians in war tactics; add 20,000 more men to our navy, and more officers; increase our regular army to 200,000 men and increase the state militia so that in six months we could have an army of 500,000 men, trained and ready for action when the country was threatened with danger. He said a large navy never threatened the liberties of a people, but a large army sometimes did, hence a large navy because of our extensive shore line and its safety.

He said this meant increased taxes, hence he suggested that the income tax be retained and the amount exempted be reduced to \$1,200 per annum. The tariff might be increased some from the present standard to meet the increased expense. Using his language, "may we be spared war if to be so is consistent with our own honor, dignity and interests. But I am not speaking of war. I am speaking of the burdens of a reasonable preparedness, which, if made, would certainly reduce the cost in the awful sacrifice of lives which unpreparedness would bring."

Judge Taft's temperament, experience in political and ministerial life and reputation as a genuine American citizen entitles him to speak with authority, and his suggestions should be weighed carefully by the American people, and by congress at the next sessions, for he says it will take four years to put us in a state of preparedness for military defense.

His suggestions to avoid war among nations in the future are good and form a workable basis. He advocates an international league with powers to draw up a code of

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international laws or rules regulating the rights and duties of nations entering the compact. A majority of the nations joining would make it a success in his judgment. He would then have an international court to hear and determine disputes between the nations in the compact, interpret the rules and regulations established by the league, and pronounce and enter judgment accordingly, all nations in the compact being pledged to enforce said judgments. He said America was in position to take the lead in this respect.

His theories are based on the early history of the United States. The original colonies he likened to separate nations among which disputes arose, citing cases, which were disposed of in a similar way. He also made a similar comparison of disputes arising among the states. He cited the drainage case of Chicago and St. Louis, or Illinois and Missouri, and the water rights of the Colorado river between Colorado and Kansas. These suggestions are worthy of the most serious consideration and the "Peace" agitators through their different organizations could render the world a great service by taking up some practical suggestions like these and securing their adoption by a majority of the nations. Urging disarmament will get them nowhere. Pursuing a plan that will obviate the necessity of armament will accomplish everything.

The exposition since Aug. 1 has been well attended. Many distinguished persons have been in attendance and addresses in many lines and to various gatherings have been made which have been both instructive and entertaining.

Many Iowa people have been here. Dr. Houston and his wife, W. L. Brown and wife, the Van Aaken girls and the invincible Mose Jacobs and his son. There is only one Mose Jacobs who has worked as hard as any one and is entitled to a vacation and all the success that has come to

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him. Most successes are the result of hard work in the present or the past. J. N. Darling, "Ding," second to none, was here.

San Francisco, Cal.

FRUIT alone never made any country rich. A man who invests his all in the raising of fruits with the idea of becoming a millionaire will die a disappointed man. This will apply to all kinds of fruits. At best you can say it is a pleasant occupation, and under proper conditions and good management a man so engaged will get only fair returns when he meets with success.

This is so because great wealth comes from agriculture, manufacturing, mining and fishing, in the order named. From these come into existence commerce and transportation and their allied connections. Agriculture is the basis of all wealth, and whenever men and interests can directly or indirectly get a hold on the sources of production from the fields great fortunes are made. It sustains all the other sources of wealth and can exist without them. Agriculture and manufacturing, when in combination, produce a great people, and strong progressive communities as trade centers spring up in ages, thus making the backbone of the nation. This is so because the middle and poorer classes find constant employment, enabling laborers to establish homes, clothe and educate their families and make of them profitable consumers. No community can become rich and strong when the masses are poor. Agriculture and manufacturing give employment the year round, hence any community can become rich and strong and prosperous by unitedly working in these lines. This is why the protective policy is healthy

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and sound. Thus you create your own markets and retain them for your own people, that the masses may be constantly employed at a fair wage supplying the wants of your own people.

This is the trouble with California. Her fruit orchards do not give constant employment to the masses. Drove of men and women are idle. Ask them and they say they are not to blame. Under our form of government it is not to blame and the community is not to blame. Then who is?

The railroads needed business and the real estate men could not live on climate, so between them with the wise expenditure of money on literature and fine pictures, they have started many travelers toward the golden sunsets. Many are here and cannot get away. Others want to come and some will come to their sorrow. But such is life.

Railroad rates and labor unions and the order of "Sons and Daughters of the Golden West," have prevented capital from going into manufacturing lines. The markets here have been limited. So the finest manufacturing location in the United States is a barren desert. The east depends much on fuel and this has its limit. The west has water power that will exist for all time. Some day these things will be righted and this will be the manufacturing section of the United States.

They expected much in the way of rates from the Panama canal, but I do not see why this canal will not be of greater benefit to the Atlantic coast than to the Pacific coast. The east is in position to take advantage of the situation now and when once obtained to hold it. However, the Southern Pacific is now making frequent applications to lower its through rates on many things, without affecting its local rates, to meet the competition of the Panama canal. Lower rates are bound to stimulate traffic, and in the end

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benefits must result to California. But can it take advantage of benefits? Not until it readjusts its business enterprises so as to create employment throughout the year for the masses. Picking fruit when ripe is of short duration.

A man told me his experience with his peach orchard. He had a force of men engaged to pick his peaches at a certain time. A hot wind came up and lasted for four days, causing the peaches to ripen ten days ahead of time, and no men to help him. Maturing, they fell to the ground. His force of men picked them from the ground, and the only thing he could do was to dry them. Others suffered likewise, and there were so many dried peaches he sold them for less than five cents a pound. This only shows the uncertainty of one kind of fruit and the quickness of the harvest. Had he been able to have picked and put them in nice boxes a different story could have been told.

The weather is fine here and I am told it will remain so until about July 1, when for a period of sixty days fogs come during the evening and last until 10 o'clock next day. It is cool during this period and not unpleasant to those who are used to it. The people of London do not mind their fogs, so it is the same here. It makes the summer cool and ought to be beneficial to the exposition. Since the weather became more settled the attendance has been gradually increasing. The grounds are becoming more beautiful every day, something like the Garden of Eden, although I never had the pleasure of a visit to that place. The exhibits are about all in, and many of them, to those especially interested in different lines of industry, are worth going quite a distance to see. The most modern and up-to-date inventions in all lines of industry are here to be seen and for your study and improvement. One bent on self-improvement cannot help but profit by them.

BY LAND AND SEA

Mr. W. W. Marsh is here with an exhibit, and on the side looking after Iowa interests. He is an active, wide-awake man. George H. France and wife, Guy Burnside and wife were here for a few days. Billy Koch, known locally as "General Koch," was here looking after the Yeoman, and his sister did the honors of the fair. She told me her brother was put in the bathroom, yet he looked fine and appeared happy. Not many Iowa people have arrived yet.

Possibly with woman suffrage and all the candidates for the honors of the state they have not the time to spare for a few days outing. Here's a penny that the girls will win the right to vote, because their increasing numbers demand it. I hope they can improve on the use men make of it. Yet it is a problem still unsolved.

San Francisco, Cal.

I FELT this beautiful afternoon would be appropriate to locate and visit the old home of Robert Louis Stevenson, the author, who wrote some pleasing things while he lived and no doubt brought happiness to many hearts. Most good writers scatter bread upon the streams of time and reach more little crevices and nooks and corners, influence more lives, provoke more thoughts and lead the young and the old to places and visions of real beauty they never dreamed of doing, when in the quiet of their study. In some hidden corner, they give their minds full swing among ideas and words to express them for the good and entertainment of all.

I found the home. The romance, the reminiscences faded away, as the present conditions were revealed to me wandering around the premises. All interest was dead and

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buried with the author long ago, as I saw it. The house was there, a large, two story frame building, standing at the corner of Lombard and Hyde streets, a stone entrance with steps from the sidewalk from each street. The house was odd in architecture and design, just as an eccentric author would have. It is not far from the exposition grounds, hence near the bay, but on the hills giving it a commanding view in almost every direction, before the late improvements nearby were made. The writer bought eventually for the Carmelite sisters and when he moved to the Hawaiian islands they occupied it or a portion of it.

Mr. Stevenson was married to a woman who had two children by a former husband. A partition was built dividing the house into two parts, and his stepson, Lloyd Osborne and his wife and children, lived in a part of it. This did not always work harmoniously for the two tenants disturbed each other. There were fifteen devoted Catholic women who wanted to live secluded lives in study and prayer, and they were not always permitted to have this pleasure and comfort.

Back of the house was a good sized lawn surrounded by a high board fence. Next to the fence Stevenson had planted trees and shrubbery he had collected from different parts of the world. Here is an Arabian locust tree and there something else. They were thick indeed and it was a secluded spot, just what a writer would desire. Afterwards the sisters would go there on the open lawn to pray in the pure air and gentle breezes of the afternoon or twilight, with only the blue sky above, and distance alone, as they saw it, separating them from Heaven, a good woman's fondest desire.

This did not please the descendants of Mr. Stevenson, so when these good women were at their devotions, the

Stevensons would go out on a porch upstairs and have afternoon tea and chatter to the disturbance of the devotional exercises. To prevent this the sisters erected a screen of boards to prevent further observations. This solved the problem for a while only. A talking machine was purchased and put in motion and this ended the close relations, for the good women, like Christians, vacated and moved away some distance from San Francisco. They have grown in numbers, have accumulated much property and are now quite strong and influential.

The Osbornes remained for some time and finally domestic trouble caused them to separate, Mr. Osborne residing in this state and his former wife with the children moving to New York city. Mr. Osborne shortly afterwards married again.

The Stevenson homestead is now owned and occupied by strangers and divided into two parts as formerly. A servant broke off a small twig from the Arabian locust tree and gave me a large white rose, and thus ends the home of Robert Louis Stevenson with all its memories, sweet or otherwise.

Boston does not do things this way. It has Faneuil hall, the tree under which Washington took command of the continental army, enclosed by a high wire fence, and has preserved the homes of Longfellow, Whittier and all the other things that make each generation born in Massachusetts proud of the state of its nativity. These things do impress the young as they grow up with patriotic, wholesome thoughts of the individual and home life, and are worth while. They should not be destroyed, but preserved for the good influences they have both on the young and the old. San Francisco is not rich in art or literature, and she should begin to build in this respect and judge human

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character from this point rather than from a monetary standard. This exposition was not conceived and projected with this purpose in view, but from a commercial standpoint. It may be a failure as a commercial enterprise, and if so, why not snatch victory from defeat and create a museum of art and science and literature out of it, making the city famous in higher and better channels? The grounds are ideal and easy of access. The climate all that could be asked for the year round. Wealth exists here in abundance, and a few individuals have it in their power to make this spot a palace of beauty, for students and tourists to visit for years to come. Do something worth while, so that no man or woman can make an excuse to visit foreign countries for instruction, pleasure and amusement in things this country has neglected so long. These are a matter of growth, and it takes time to build something of this kind that is worthy, and now is the time to begin, using this exposition and grounds as a nucleus around which to work.

Governor Whitman and his staff are here this week, and he is receiving much attention and at the same time is being closely observed as to his fitness for greater and more important things. His conduct as governor of New York will settle his fate, and he seems to have acquitted himself well up to date. Is he of presidential size? is the question. Our primary methods of selecting public officials have not resulted always in selecting our best and strongest men. Study and deliberation alone will do that, and conventions alone give such opportunities, and this is why we should not drift too far away on the seas of uncertainties.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waterbury were here this week. They expect to be here several days looking after their bean ranch.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE builder of the Panama canal is here and a more modest gentleman you seldom meet. He is about six feet tall, smooth of face, large in every way and will tip the scales at about 225 pounds. He has a large aggressive looking head and face. A doer of things and not a talker. His voice is soft and gentle with no carrying powers, so his public address in the open at the exposition was a failure and the audience soon began to get restless and depart, yet it gave a most cordial reception to him at the start.

Many people have trouble in pronouncing his name, so I was interested in his official introduction. It is spelled Goethals and pronounced Go-thals, the accent on the first syllable and the letter "a" the same as "a" in all. This makes it easy for us Americans.

The notorious Harry K. Thaw is here with his friends. I have read so much about this young man and I was glad of the opportunity to see him and study him at close range.

His father knew his son well and made such provision in his will that should have prevailed. The mother, however, thought otherwise and was the innocent cause of bringing both him and her most of their troubles. The greatest wrong done this young man was lack of work and too much money.

He is slim, about six feet tall, with bulging eyes and a face furrowed with dissipation and abuse. He will weigh about 160 pounds. He wears no beard, is nervous, quick in speech and action, and alert in observation. Degeneracy is written all over his face, coming largely from excessive living and wasting and abusing his vital energies during his early life.

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To me he is safe in his freedom so long as he remains away from dope and liquor. If he ever takes up those lines again with his supply of money anything might happen if he loses control of the mental capacity he enjoys in anger or drink. His mother will do well to protect him against those things. He is simply a spoiled child. Whether he has been punished for the killing of Mr. White is another question. Without capacity in a social or business sense he will soon be forgotten.

The exposition had what it called an admission day and it was celebrated by the "Sons and Daughters of the Golden West." This is a secret as well as a political organization confined to the state of California, its object being to secure and hold all the positions in public and private life for its members. Its members are made up largely of public officers and clerks, clerks and employes in stores, factories, hotels, railroads, etc., while the unions control the trades. This will show the young men and women of other states how difficult it is for such a person to secure a position with all this opposition which is used to boycott those violating its demands. It will drive a non-resident coming here to work for a living to absolute want. Do not come unless you have plenty of money to weather the siege, for it is a long one and hard to travel alone.

To give some idea of its strength on the day of the parade it took three hours to pass a given point four and five in a row. It is estimated between thirty and forty thousand were in line. None but native sons and daughters can join the organization. This is an invitation to bring your money and spend it on the sunshine and showers, but nothing more. The more you bring the better times the Native Sons and Daughters will show you, at your expense.

BY LAND AND SEA

This spirit is shown to all outsiders in every section or clime in some degree where the climate is mild. The initiative and aggressive spirit always originates and migrates from colder climates to the milder ones. If it were not for this, but little progress would be made in the warmer climates. California is no exception to the rule. Think of the thousands who migrate this way in every decade and the millions of dollars they bring. It is the new blood and capital constantly flowing from sections that do things that cause life and energy to manifest themselves in the old as well as the new enterprises that exist here. These facts in history will not be admitted of course by the natives. People who do not work and resort for a living and to gain wealth by their wits never admit anything except that they are the chosen people for that particular spot of the earth's surface.

Several Iowa people have been coming here lately. They have the money, and the only question with them is as to the loss of time. I met Earnest Brown, F. O. Green and Dr. Emery the other day. They were looking after insurance and business both. Mr. D. S. Chamberlain was also here with his son's family taking in the exposition. As usual Mr. Chamberlain, being young in spirit, wanted to cover the ground with speed. The first day was about all the women could stand, so Mr. Chamberlain retired as a chaperon. They are enjoying the fair very much.

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San Francisco, Cal.

TO those who are contemplating a trip to the Pacific coast with a view of visiting the exposition at San Francisco, I desire to give such information and make such suggestions that will add to the pleasure of such a trip. You must remember that such a journey from the Mississippi valley involves a trip of about 5,000 miles over and through a territory, beginning with the Rocky mountains, for scenery, grandeur, beauty and magnitude, extent and variety, surpassed nowhere in the world. To see and appreciate it in all its magnificence requires leisurely day traveling from place to place, from state to state, with open eyes and a mind free to receive and absorb the multitude of thoughts and feelings that will have full possession of your being as you journey along.

On your arrival at San Francisco you will find a wide-awake people and a city beautiful in many respects, a city rebuilt and adorned on and over its own ruins of only nine years ago. This alone tells you that they are Americans full of life and energy and enthusiasm, no matter how great the calamity, they are full of hope for the future and have full confidence in the land and territory in which they have staked their all. This is shown by their restoring their leading city and following it up by the expenditure of millions of dollars in an exposition, inviting the whole world to participate with them in their victory over the elements of nature, and this in the face of the greatest war the world has ever seen. Only American citizens with the fire of youth and enthusiasm can do all this in so short a time.

They are part of the life, wealth and energy of the United States, and such courage and success should be rewarded by the balance of the country with patriotism and support.

BY LAND AND SEA

This should be so because great care and pains and labor have been exercised to collect together the latest ideas of progress made up to date, with a line of study suggested for the future, in all the arts, sciences, professions, mechanics, industrial progress and civic life, to such an extent that no intelligent man or woman can make a study of the exhibits for two weeks without receiving much benefit therefrom. The exhibits of the United States government in the different buildings will surprise you by showing you what is being done to make life worth living. It is trying to tell you the dangers of the rat, how to dig your well, build your house, take care of the sick, and banish the hookworm and its ravages, with wax figures showing up results. So everywhere you will find information, and of so much interest, that two weeks will give you a glance at what is here only, and to study carefully means months.

The expense of a visit is largely what you desire to make it. The railroad fare is only nominal and you can take a tourist sleeper at half the cost of a Pullman. And you can carry a lunch with you, and also buy it along the way. When you want to you can do lots.

The city is filled with hotels and apartment houses furnished and unfurnished, the suites running from one room up. I know a lady who came here and obtained a room with bath in one of the best hotels for \$3 a day. She intended to remain for some time so rented a furnished apartment in one of the best apartment houses in the city and is paying at the rate of \$50 a month, water furnished. She takes care of the balance. She has a bath room, hot and cold water, a dressing room, a living room and a kitchenette with all the cooking utensils furnished. She has a bed in the wall and a sanitary couch. She knows how to cook and is happy. A husband and wife, with one or two children,

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could get along nicely in this apartment. Such apartments are everywhere, modern and up to date.

You must remember food products are cheap here. Butter is 30 cents, eggs 20 cents, bacon 20 cents, everything just as cheap, and some things cheaper than you have them at home. Truck gardens are everywhere and food from the garden is so cheap that when you make a purchase you will smile.

The city and hotel people are trying to please and take care of all visitors. The city has three places where visitors can go and state what they want and are willing to pay, and you will be directed to responsible places, the same as you would at the state fair at Des Moines. It is conducted in the same way.

The eating houses and cafeterias are everywhere from 5 cents up just the same as at home. No trouble getting good things to eat at reasonable prices if you do just as you would at home. Fine cafes charge for style and service the same as at home. It is foolish to pay 15 cents for a cut of pie when you can get just as good for 5 cents elsewhere, unless you want to blow yourself. So with drinks. The same kind of beer in the same sized glass sells from 5 cents to 25 cents a glass, the price depending on the surroundings. My first experience cost 15 cents. I charged that up to education and smiled. He thanked me with a smile and I could not do otherwise.

The hotels are not excessive or unreasonable. There is always one rule to observe—know what you are doing and make your contract in advance, then you will know whether you can stand it or not, and if you can, you will have sweet dreams and a peaceful sleep at night. I am stopping at the St. Francis, a clean, well managed, fine hotel, and my nights are restful with an occasional happy dream.

BY LAND AND SEA

The weather is fine, and with July and August cool, makes this city a fine place for a summer's outing to the tired and weary.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE climate in California is like a crazy quilt, all colors and shades, and by moving a few miles away you can find just the opposite of the kind you left. Sunshine and flowers; sunshine and showers; fogs and snows in the mountains; fleas and dust and winds; prospects and realizations and dreams and fancies of all kinds. If you have the money you can get what you want; 75 per cent of all these things are on the market to sell. The fellow is here at the right place with a smile looking for you. Whether up or down he is full of hope and faith in the thing and the future, never discouraged, but with a smile looking for gold—your gold and the gold not found since 1849. It is all fascinating, buoyant, interesting and entertaining. It is exhilarating both to the young and the old, two periods in life above all others that need "watchful waiting," when beauty and charm and grace predominate.

I took a trip down Santa Clara Valley, a ride of 104 miles in an automobile. Apple, peach, cherry and prune orchards by the mile. Trees located in the ground with the precision of the spots on a checker board. The trees and ground trimmed and cared for like a lady's wardrobe for a wedding. They were all in bloom and the white blooms and sweet odors permeating the air all around you do have an intoxicating effect on a tenderfoot. And if you are in the hands of a local booster or an owner who likes you or wants you to live near him, the gold in your pocket will begin to

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move. Now a good remedy against your feelings under such pressure is to eat a heavy meal of pork and beans before you start and your feelings will not be so active under the spell of the scenery.

There are many beautiful little towns everywhere, trading centers, and the homes of many retired people. You pass Jim Corbett's log cabin, a roadhouse, now owned by other parties. Other roadhouses exist along the way. Here is where the key is lost, a bottle of wine is opened and all make merry.

Palo Alto is a clean city and Leland Stanford university is near by. You are out of one town and then into another over hard-surfaced roads that are a pleasure and a delight. They do make country life superior to city life in every way. They bring communities closer together, and socially and commercially make for progress. They are in line with the telegraph, telephone, fast train and fast ship. A country without good roads so far as progress goes is the same as the mountainous regions compared to rich, broad prairies.

On our arrival at San Jose we found a town of 35,000 people, good hotels, six banks with \$13,000,000 on deposit. The fruit dealers are thick. Many Italians are here and they know the game. Sometimes it is one hundred and ten degrees above zero, but the atmosphere being dryer, they tell me they do not mind it. It is a beautiful, quiet little city.

San Francisco is surrounded by many points of interest, easily reached by one method or another. Now Mount Tamalpais is only a short distance to the north, reached by the ferry and a railroad, a very interesting piece of engineering. It is eight and one-half miles to the top of the mountain where you find a good hotel with good things

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to eat. From the top you can see the Golden Gate, all San Francisco, the Panama exposition grounds, the bay, the Pacific ocean. San Quentin penitentiary with 2,000 criminals, the prison made famous by the incarceration there of General Otis's structural iron men, the navy prison and ships of all sizes and shapes and scores of towns in every direction. You can see for miles and miles in fine, clear weather. You get there over the crookedest railroad, no doubt, in the world. More than once while sitting in the second coach I could see all the engine making a curve and two-thirds of the first coach ahead of me. Now that is some curve, and the grades are not slow, an elevation of 2,600 feet in eight and one-half miles. You enjoy your trip better when you arrive at the starting point on your return. It is more pleasant to think about in your room at the hotel.

When at the top of the mountain you are possessed with a desire to see Muir woods, the big redwoods, six, eight and ten feet in diameter, more or less, and many feet around, reaching upwards towards the beautiful blue sky so high. You go by gravity. Three or four cars are hooked together and filled with sightseers, all ages, sizes and complexions, and down the mountains you go roller coasting style, with curves and grades of sufficient interest to cause the religiously inclined to offer silent prayer and the wicked to resolve to take their medicine. A brakeman was at the wheel on each car, and because of fresh repairs on the track about two-thirds down, a man stood by the track and called out to each man at the wheel to keep his eye peeled as we went dashing along. He did not say which eye, and as far as the passengers were concerned, "it was for them to do and die" and keep still, and they obeyed the silent orders.

We got down. I took a glass of ginger ale and then started for the woods. "All's well that ends well." The

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trees are there all right and by the generosity of William Kent and a proclamation of ex-President Taft, they made a public park or zoo called Muir Woods, named after John Muir, the Californian geologist, who died recently. In the woods by a brook is a little hut said to be a place where Joaquin Miller, the poet, and John Muir spent many happy hours together communing in one of God's first temples. Indeed at night they must have been quite alone with the Spirit Divine, thinking their noblest and best thoughts while frying ham and eggs.

On my return to the foot of the mountain, Mill Valley, California, I met and had a delightful little visit with Mrs. E. B. Whitcomb, the widow of Mr. E. B. Whitcomb, editor and owner of the old Mail and Times of Des Moines. She is just as charming and interesting and delightful as ever. She told me she longed to be back in Des Moines with her old time friends. Her son is connected with the railroad and she lives there to be with him.

Mill Valley is a small but interesting place, like most villages located near the woods in and about the mountains. However, the service to San Francisco is frequent and convenient.

San Francisco, Cal.

WHAT of it? As individuals we are wasteful and extravagant of our resources, undermine and fritter away our energies and strength in our mode of life, especially in our cities, by late hours, dissipation, frivolity and ignoring the laws of health. As individuals we congregate and make communities, cities, and how can cities be much better than they are until you change the individual? We should not condemn public officials and public management

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of our local affairs as much as the individuals composing the local communities from which public officials are chosen. If you carefully investigate the management of the public business and the public officials executing the public business of any city you will in most every case find the impulses and tendencies of the people in the cities whom the public officials represent, and their efforts being in line to serve the people, giving the community just what it wants.

The American people are a wasteful, extravagant people and their cities are no better than their public officials. Conditions will continue about the same in the future until the individual is changed. It is well nigh impossible to change the individual so long as he has a vote without abridgment on almost all questions for which the demagogue appeals with allurements of all kinds, some for and some against the voters' best interests.

So the tendency of San Francisco is no exception to other American cities—gradually but nevertheless plunging into debt. Debts must be paid. When too large or too many they become burdens. When converted into bonds the day of payment is prolonged, shifted on the shoulders of future generations. Burdens depress and retard progress, intellectual, social, moral and commercial. A debt just this side of a burden may be a blessing. When does it cease to be a debt and become a burden is a question never solved by governments of all kinds, and by some individuals. Both to the individual and cities in the end it means poverty and misery and distress. It means higher rents, self-denial of necessities, higher cost of living all along the line.

This city has a population of about 450,000 people. It has outstanding in bonds about \$42,000,000. It is authorized to issue almost \$103,000,000. It wants to buy and own

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things. It has purchased and now owns about twenty miles of its street railroad. It wants to own the Spring Valley Water works, valued at \$35,000,000. It has been voted on several times. The private owners want to sell and the majority of the public officials want to buy. Some want to develop the supply from what is known as the Hetch Hetchy at an estimated cost of \$75,000,000. It is claimed to be purer water, better than the Spring Valley, and better for the future wants and needs of the city. These disputes have created much litigation, with much voting, one grand round after round. Des Moines knows how it is. All of this has cost a pile of money. The amount is small compared with the future—and no results yet. Just scoring for position. No business but lots of experience. It helps the outs to get into public office. The ins get out. So it's one grand song and the people buy the tickets and listen to the discordant music and go away smiling. The American people as a whole never get tired, yet the road to get any where is long and winding and expensive. Why not make it straight? Less voting and more of the appointing power in the administration of public affairs will bring better results and are less expensive. We have too much democracy and with the initiative, referendum and recall it is becoming too complicated, a mist, a haze in the administration of public affairs. So it seems to me.

Take the apartment houses and hotels out of this city and you take the life of the city. In time it will be a great tourist point. At periods of the year it is necessary to have some heat, although many buildings are erected without any provision for heating. When the weather touches the frost line, which it does in the winter months, it of course is not so comfortable unless you have a little heat. This is provided for in the central part of the city.

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A private company has a franchise to occupy the streets and sells heat to many of the hotels and apartment houses. It has three central heating plants covering quite a large portion of the city. These plants are connected with each other so that if one gets out of order consumers are not left helpless, for heat goes through their service pipes just the same while repairs are made.

These pipes are laid in the ground and covered with asbestos, then they are surrounded with concrete. You see this eliminates to a low degree the loss of heat and the concrete also keeps moisture away from the pipes, thus preserving them and conserving the heat. The heat is generated by the use of crude oil; thus you have no smoke, a clear sky and air from the ocean and the bay fit for the gods to breathe.

Des Moines could do this and with pipes so laid in the ground and crude oil for fuel could become a fine residential town, a pleasant place to live as well as die in. The city could well take up this subject, simple and practical, instead of trying to buy trouble and doubtful enterprises, such as the water company, street railway, gas and the other numerous schemes that mean nothing but political juggling and inefficiency and waste. This would be easily managed, not expensive to care for or operate after being properly installed. Brother Hanna and my good friend Myerly might give this a passing thought in connection with considering paving East Grand avenue to the fair grounds, a subject that is not quite twenty-five years old.

Iowa is sending lots of people to this exposition. It has sent more visitors than any other eastern state, and is keeping up its record. This is because the people are so well off financially, and still some are unhappy.

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Len Harbach and his wife were here for a few days. Also Bert Maish. Mrs. Thompson of Dubuque, sister to Colonel Donahue of Hotel Colfax, is at the St. Francis, enjoying the exposition. Ralph Bolton and his wife arrived this week. The eastern people are coming in large numbers now, no doubt, to escape the intense heat. The social life is looked after to entertain the visitors each week. The navy and army just gave a fine and successful ball. The boys and girls wore their best and had a smile that would not come off. Some engagements may follow, for the tango catches the old as well as the young, especially the old men. They love to tango or try to, and sometimes are forced to tango.

San Francisco, Cal.

WHEN this state was under the complete domination of Senator Stanford and the Southern Pacific railroad the state was divided into two sections, the southern and the northern. Each section was given one United States senator which has continued to be the custom unless present conditions change the division.

Governor Johnson's political advancement has made many changes in the state and his ambitions have been kept in view with all his plans and reforms. He early espoused the progressive cause and reforms in legislation along the most progressive lines he labored to adopt and many have been adopted. This state has the initiative, referendum and recall and the last legislature at his dictation passed a law destructive of all party affiliations. This is now referred to the people under the referendum at an expense estimated to reach \$700,000, and will be voted on

this coming October. Both the republicans and democrats are fighting it and many politicians are predicting its defeat. Such a law should be defeated for it is not progress, and all its tendencies will be lower patriotism and hence citizenship for it destroys conscious responsibility of the individual voter. Legislation and governmental acts should aim to impress on the citizen individual responsibility, which in turn makes for efficiency and the initiative in the individual's private and public acts.

Governor Johnson has been aspiring to the United States senate. By the manipulation of the progressives of this state it is now represented by Senator Perkins, a republican who has held this office for many years, and Senator Phelan, a democrat just starting on his term. The term of Mr. Perkins is about to expire and physically and financially he is about all in. The governor wants his place. But Senator Phelan and Governor Johnson live in San Francisco and will the southern section of the state stand for two senators from this city? Frank J. Heney who used to live here, thinks not so; he moved his law office to Los Angeles and is also a candidate for the office held by Mr. Perkins. The question must be settled at a state primary and Johnson is not as popular as he used to be and the defeat of his non-partisan law will not add to his strength.

With this condition here of course Roosevelt held conferences both with Johnson and Heney here and in Los Angeles. He made it plain to them he would not be a candidate for the presidency in 1916; that he wanted the republican party united so that its policies and principles would prevail, modified on progressive lines.

To accomplish this he sought to keep his organization together, and California being the most progressive of

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the states, he informed local leaders that he wanted Mr. Heney for the United States senate and Governor Johnson for president on the Republican ticket if possible, and under no circumstances for less than second place. This is the proposition talked of here to be presented to the next national Republican convention. If it works it clears up the situation in California and gives the progressives a feasible working basis to unite the factions of the Republican party and put up a solid front to the Democrats.

Will it work? It will work with Senator Borah for second place, but never with Governor Johnson in my judgment. Johnson is too erratic. He is connected with too much visionary, impractical legislation. The conservative east will not jump from the frying pan into the fire. The east would accept Borah because of his progressive conservatism, the least of two evils.

Before Roosevelt arrived home some of his principal leaders in New York state deserted his party and openly joined the republican ranks. This would interfere with his western scheme by dissipating his forces, so the press boys sought an interview promptly on his arrival in New York, in which he declared there would be no backward step. Promptly Mr. George W. Perkins, his right hand man, gathered less than thirty of the faithful in a meeting and resolved to maintain the party organization and have candidates for the different offices. As Mr. Perkins has the money this was a proper move on their part and looks all right on the surface. It keeps the other fellows guessing at any rate. What will happen next is the problem. A few days later Senator Lodge, a school friend of Roosevelt, stated that the Republican party would be united in 1916, and present financial, commercial and political conditions will make Senator Lodge's statement

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come true. Without this war our country would be in a deplorable condition and Roosevelt is not going to be responsible for its continuation for he is too capable and too patriotic to do this. He is for his country first, last and all the time, although sometimes right and sometimes wrong—to err is human.

The State of Georgia has been here the past few days. Ex-Governor Slayton and his wife and Mr. Woodward, mayor of Atlanta, have been trying the Frank case in public. Slayton and his wife were shown many favors, as there are many wealthy Jews here, and this attention no doubt aroused the mayor, and in a public address he warned the ex-governor not to return to the state for a year, if then. He said 75 per cent of the state held Frank guilty, and he helped his old law partner out, who was Frank's attorney, and in doing so had violated all law and his oath of office. This whole unfortunate affair has subsided since and ex-Governor Slayton has dropped out of sight.

Mr. George Kuhns, wife and daughter are here doing honors to the Bankers' Life. Also Carl F. Kuehnle and family are here. He told me he was going to throw his hat in and run for governor. Iowa ought to have no trouble in getting a good governor. George Christian and his family have come and gone.

Ex-President Taft arrives this week. He and his wife are going to be quite busy. A man's real worth is measured by the people after he has lost his power and stands as an individual. Taft has been growing and getting larger since he left public office. The people listen to and think kindly of him. His influences are wholesome and good for the American people.

Men are much the same everywhere when surrounded by the same conditions and similar temptations. Moral

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teachings differ in different ages and the teachings of later periods enable men to resist better in later periods than previous ones. That is all. Their wants and desires vary but little with each generation and remain much the same. With invention and improvements they are given a wider range from which to select, and their wants and desires increase in proportion.

Money, the acquisition of the medium of exchange, has been the desire of all men as well as nations since commerce began to unfold in the affairs of men. Commodities fluctuate up and down in value owing to its scarcity or abundance. The allies are now trying to reduce the price or value of the commodities they wish to buy by increasing the abundance of the medium of exchange into their ownership. Individuals pursue the medium of exchange for the power and the pleasure it brings them during life, yet much of this is only vanity and vexation of spirit to the possessor. The pursuit of it, however, brings to many men all the pleasure they see in life.

In 1896 Mr. Reed was cashier of the Second National bank of Richmond, Ind. Mr. Leeds was division superintendent of the Vandalia railroad at the same place. Judge Moore and his brother lived in Chicago. The two former men had been living quiet lives doing the work before them. Neither one had any money to speak of, but Mr. Leeds' wife, a Miss Garr, was regarded as rich by inheritance of wealth. The Moores were bankrupt to the amount of \$3,500,000 with no assets, brought about largely from their speculation in the Diamond Match company. This was the financial condition of these four men in 1896. The Moores were restless, however, and wanted to restore their lost power and influence in the financial world. Everyone smiles on him who succeeds in doing something worth

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while. The success may be in many lines, and not necessarily confined to the accumulation of money.

These four men organized along about 1896 these four companies: The National Steel company, The American Tin Plate company, The American Sheet Steel company and The American Steel Hoop company. Combined they had a large capital, at least on paper, and became growing and influential industrial plants, some owing their prosperity to the McKinley tariff.

Shortly afterwards J. P. Morgan began his efforts to organize the U. S. Steel corporation with an enormous capital, and time has demonstrated his success, for it is today one of the greatest organized industrial units in the world, employing about 175,000 men.

Mr. Morgan recognized the successful efforts of the Moores, Reed and Leeds in their industrial organizations which stood in the way of his plans and purposes in the organization of the U. S. Steel corporation and determined that they must be eliminated. Negotiations were started which finally resulted in the purchase of all four, but not at the same time, and thus they became the property of the U. S. Steel corporation and the four men ceased to be industrial promoters and business men.

But the success of their efforts has never been duplicated anywhere in the world since the beginning of time, in so short a period. They began in 1896 and in 1901; just five years afterwards, they sat around a table in an office in New York and divided their winnings of \$100,000,000, not in securities, but cash. Think of it! The start and the finish! What a valuable idea to put into action to bring about certain results! It was a gamble, a speculation, that won.

Their marvelous success here intoxicated them so they continued their pursuit after wealth. They cast a

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longing glance into Iowa and took a fancy to the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway. They went to the public market and bought it. They went after other railroads. They knew nothing about railroads or how to manage them. They obtained a great property in the Rock Island and since it has been in their control they changed one manager for another until they tried eight and now the courts manage it through a receiver. They lost millions in their railroad schemes and gradually the properties vanished from their hands. Their dream was to market securities issued against the railroad properties to the public and the public failed to buy, hence their failure and individual loss. They won in this with their industrials and failed with their railroads. Now the question: Where is the loss and who pays it? Should industrials be regulated or not? Did the people lose anything with the railroad, or was the loss in the industrials? One man's gain is another's loss. Now locate it.

Mr. Leeds is dead. Mr. Reed is alive. One of the Moores is alive, but the other is dead, after living here in California, I am told, for years a physical wreck. Such is life—vanity and vexation of spirit.

San Francisco, Cal.

WR. CRANE, the actor, is here with his wife and • an old admirer and traveling companion, Mr. Williams of New York City. Mr. Crane often spends his summers in this city because of the cool nights the year round and pleasant days. He looks fine, always well groomed, a pleasant personality in every way and seventy years of age, and yet active on the stage. His friend, Mr. Williams, is a rich bachelor about the same age, and just

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as young and frisky as Mr. Crane. The three travel together from place to place, Mr. Crane entertaining the people and his friend entertaining Mr. Crane. He is also quite pleasant and with nothing to do but look well and be agreeable to everybody. Mr. Crane is now playing his "New Henrietta" to full houses in a two or three weeks' stand in this city, beginning the season here instead of the east.

Another actor who spends his summers in this city is David Warfield. Crane is a large man, while Warfield, who is a Jew, is small, possibly not weighing over 135 pounds, but alert and active and genial, fifty-two years of age and married.

His mother lives here with one daughter, David being the other child. She was very poor when her children were young and she struggled along as best she could to support and keep her little family together in this city which has always been her home.

When a lad David secured a position as usher in one of the theaters of this city and became so interested that in time he advanced himself from usher to that of actor, and today is one of the most successful and popular on the American stage.

This took him in time to New York City, and with hard work and economy he has won success not only on the stage, but in the business world, his wealth being estimated at \$2,000,000. He supports his mother and sister in this city in comfort, and to be with his mother for two months each summer, comes from New York City, his present home, where he lived his boyhood days. He has a wife in New York but no children.

Now, he did not accumulate his wealth on the stage. His saving disposition brought him his good luck. His

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early life and experiences ought to be a good lesson to all young men. Being poor he saved all he could and had begun to accumulate a little money. He found a tailor in New York who would make him a neat and well fitting suit of clothes for \$30, all he felt he ought or could pay. Of course, the tailor was not getting rich off of David. One day the tailor had an opportunity of buying the right to a picture machine when the idea was first started. It consisted of a machine revolving pictures on the inside which you enjoyed by glancing through peepholes at so much a glance. It required \$250 which the tailor did not possess, so he hunted up his friend, David, the actor, and asked him for a loan of this amount and David Warfield, after due consideration, advanced the money and became an owner of an interest in the peephole picture business. This partnership with his poor tailor proved successful and made them both some money as it grew and was enlarged from the profits.

The tailor afterwards became interested in the moving picture business, and Warfield continued his partner in this additional enterprise, however, never having invested more than the original \$250. The tailor pursued the "movies" and Warfield pursued the footlights, and today the tailor is one of the prominent moving picture men of the country, has accumulated a large fortune, and Warfield admitted he had received over \$1,000,000 in profits from that original investment of \$250 up to this time. This money he invested in real estate both in New York and San Francisco, and of course his fortune is only starting. Opportunities like this are coming to boys every day who do not dissipate and waste their time and money on foolish things, that is, keep their minds clear and alert and watch the drift of the times.

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Mr. Gunst, the cigar man, started a cigar store near Warfield's theater, and Warfield would slip over to the store with the other ushers and sometimes they would get noisy. Gunst would then kick them out for he was poor and needed customers, not noisy boys. He afterwards entered politics, became police commissioner, opened cigar stores all over San Francisco, bought and improved real estate and is now a millionaire also. Warfield and Gunst today are bosom friends and they are frequently seen together at the St. Francis hotel. Mr. Gunst is a cripple, but is credited with excellent judgment on investments and Warfield seeks his advice. Time does bring many changes both with people and material things. Fortunes are made and lost every day, and why? After all nothing beats the simple life with health and simple pleasures that always please.

John Cavanagh and wife are here taking in the exposition and seeing the sights of the city. Mr. E. T. Meredith has arrived and will miss nothing of interest to him. With energy he will cover much and in a short space of time. Hundreds of bankers from all over the country are here this week and they will enjoy their visit because the weather is fine and with time the exposition buildings and grounds are becoming more beautiful each week. The flowers and plants are taking on a charm that is pleasing, with the softness and delicate coloring of the leaves, which no painter can imitate and no architect execute. Nature alone is supreme in such work.

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San Francisco, Cal.

AMONG all the states of the United States, California is known among travelers as the great state of the "est." As you approach its borders and get acquainted with its boosters, you will then appreciate what "est" means. In plain English it is the superlative degree and you get it from all angles. The inhabitants will tell you that this state has the longest coast line of any state in the union; it has the finest sunsets of any section of the country; it has the longest range of mountains; it has the largest number of peaks in that range of mountains; it has the highest mountains in the world; it has the finest climate to be found anywhere on earth; it produces the finest oranges and fruits to be found anywhere in the world; it has the handsomest women in the world; the finest dressed men and women to be found anywhere; it has the largest and finest variety of flowers grown anywhere in the world; it has the largest trees to be found anywhere on the globe, and so on everything is the finest, longest, biggest, grandest and best ever. Why should a person from Missouri say, "Show me?" They have said it so often in season and out of season. Why not smile and let it go at that?

Strange as it may seem, this city has been protecting for years lotteries of the vilest kind. Yet there are national, state and city laws prohibiting the operation of lotteries, and even landlords renting rooms for such purposes, yet they operate and prosper. How is it done? They are very careful not to use the United States mails, hence the national laws do not apply. The drawings and names of winners are printed in the newspapers, but in special editions and are distributed by carriers and newsboys, so only state and city laws are violated. These laws make the business

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a criminal one, and the owner, landlords and operators criminals, yet they exist and prosper. Why? Because public officials of the state and city fail to do the duty they owe to the public.

They are silent because they have entered politics, and are powerful. There are fourteen different lottery companies in the city of San Francisco, the largest and wealthiest being the M. & F. company. This company has accumulated property said to be worth \$5,000,000. It has a drawing every week, one prize dazzling in the air being for \$20,000, always sought and seldom caught. It has agents organized far and near selling tickets. The 3,000 saloons in this city act as agents. Hundreds of cigar stores also act as agents. Hundreds of men and women solicit on the streets, in places of business, in restaurants, kitchens, everywhere. The result is the middle and lower classes are robbed. Twenty per cent commission to agents makes them active. The grand prize of \$20,000 makes people excited. The M. & F. does a business of over \$4,000,000 a year largely with clerks, laborers, sports and people who cannot afford to part with the money however small. The consequences are suicides, embezzlements, thefts, holdups and pilfering of all kinds, and yet they are permitted to flourish, and have for years. How can you have honest public officials or honest city government when the people are honeycombed with this gambling spirit of chance, ever alluring the individual to take the last chance? The strength and perpetuity of all our governments, whether national, state or municipal, rests upon the enforcement of all laws with quickness and precision. Delays in the enforcement of laws are as dangerous as no enforcement, for all in the end engender contempt for laws and the powers back of laws—governments.

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Good citizens should support public officials in the enforcement of laws, thus protecting themselves in their liberties, person and property rights. This will confirm good laws and eliminate bad laws and will strengthen the government under which the individual lives. The individual should not set himself up as a judge to enforce the ones he likes and violate the ones he dislikes. Your neighbor may think otherwise and your joint efforts only lead to confusion. Laws regularly enacted by properly constituted authorities should be respected by all individuals as the law of the land, and if this were so how happy we all would be. We could leave our doors unlocked, sleep soundly and bless the Lord for all the good things given us, including our neighbor's dog barking late at night, for this would make us humble in spirit and patient with the faults of others, and we could congratulate ourselves that we are not like other people. Blessed be the Lord for giving us the power to see others as they should see themselves with the gift to tell them if they make us mad.

The weather is still fine here but the attendance at the exposition is falling off some as it nears the end. Some Iowa people came in this week smiling and happy. There were R. A. Crawford and wife of the Valley National bank, Lafe Young, Sr., fat and in good spirits and at his ease. He did say that politically things were getting a little complicated in Iowa and he hoped Governor Clarke would run again and clear up the situation. His son Harry is with him. Frank L. Miner, president of the Bankers' Accident Insurance company, is here enjoying himself, also Charles A. Rawson with his family and G. I. Vincent and wife. Henry Nollen is here alone, as his family did not come. Henry was trying to see everything in a short space of time and he has the faculty of doing this when he tries.

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Henry ought to realize by this time it is not well to be alone.

San Francisco, Cal.

YOU know California has about 1,000 miles of coast line facing on the Pacific ocean, the largest and deepest of all the oceans. Many storms spring up on the ocean the same as on the land, and in either case, the path traveled is shown by the destruction of the objects found in the way.

So in this state you will find a large number of financial, social, moral and intellectual shipwrecks. The climate and the beautiful scenery have caused more shipwrecks here than you will find in any other state. The calamity is just as great wherever it may be, but you do not feel it so keenly here, in fact, the showers, when they occur, the golden poppies and golden sunsets will make you smile. Smiling is a tonic and has the same effect on humanity wherever found. It brings hope to the individual and makes him feel that he is worth a million if he hasn't a cent in his pocket and none in the bank. "Smile and the world smiles with you. Weep and you weep alone." This is true always, and here is where California has the advantage of us all. It is hard to smile when there is no coal in the bin and no potatoes in the oven and the weather 30 degrees below zero. There is nothing doing; a preacher can pray under such circumstances but the average individual has not the time to wait. His feelings are not tuned to the occasion.

Fleas know this, so California has them by the millions. They are very handsome and quite industrious with the

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tourists. The native sons and daughters are immune from their attacks and go along singing like the milkmaid of olden times. The Chinese, Japs, Germans, Austrians, Italians, in fact all foreigners, and the fleas are the only creatures who work so far as I can observe. All others live on their wits, looking for tourists too. But the fleas work overtime. They get busy in the day time and you are likely to have one or more, most likely more, as bed-fellows at night. Although you are paying the room rent, it is not wise to lose your temper. This never pays anywhere on any occasion. Just get up and shake your bed down and jump into a tub of water and you may enjoy the pleasures of heaven for the balance of the night. Forget about it for the sunshine and flowers will make you smile next morning before a good hot breakfast, each day beginning and closing the same, expecting better times tomorrow.

These fleas have some peculiar characteristics. They are no respecters of persons. The other day a colored man called at a drug store and asked for 5 cents' worth of insect powder to poison a million of fleas that had staked out claims on the various parts of his habitation. The drug-gist was somewhat indignant at his customer and replied with some feeling that he would not go to the expense and trouble of tying up a 5 cent package of insect powder. The colored man replied: "Sah, I was not goin' to ask you to do that. I only wanted you to shake the powder down my back."

Now this only illustrates the way San Francisco does business today. It has the ways of twenty or thirty years ago. "It pays off when the boat comes in." It has no use for the penny or the nickel. The 10 cent piece is the limit and it has not yet the time and patience for

small things. Display of clothes and wealth and a good time in the old town tonight is still her motto. It is a city of hotels and apartment houses. They exist everywhere. It is not a city of homes. The temperature changes 20 to 30 degrees a day. You never work, hence you never perspire and you naturally take on flesh—get fat. It has many beautiful women. The outdoor life agrees with them and they look gay and healthy and strong. They dress well, and so do the men. The great majority play for appearances. The Yankees from the east have a bag at the knees, but they have the coin. They like to help those who look prosperous. This is so all over the world. The boys and girls out here know this and they have played the game well up to date. Times, however, are changing and conditions are not good at the present time. Fifty per cent of the fruit will not be gathered this year because there is no market for it. It will rot in the fields. This is hard on the fruit growers. Many will suffer and unemployed labor will suffer, too. Think of grapes selling for five dollars a ton! Think a minute the space a ton of grapes will occupy, the labor required to produce the same, the capital required and the money tied up in the land. They are giving them away, because it would mean a loss to pick them. It is so with other fruits. California needs protection and needs markets. The Iowa man who has a farm had better listen to the music of the pigs and the crowing of the rooster even at 4 o'clock in the morning. "Don't leave the farm, boys." It pays in the long run. Work is the same everywhere, and there is no success anywhere without work. But let your work be in those things and in those places where the finished product of your toil finds a good, compensatory market. There is no easy road to a good living or to wealth. Guard well the efforts

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of your toil and live long and be happy, or at least try to be whether much or little.

San Francisco, Cal.

IT IS claimed that representatives from every community in the world of any consequence are residents of this city and I have no reason to doubt it. Some countries are largely represented, especially Italians, Germans, English and Russians. It is amusing to watch these four nationalities in their conduct towards each other. They are very guarded in their conversations, watchful and suspicious. It is quite perceptible at times the deep hatred one has for the other but it is by conduct and actions rather than by words.

I have a good old German friend who is a Jew. There are two Belgian women at the hotel, very nice appearing and well behaved. He simply cannot tolerate them. If they occupy seats near him he moves away. He came from Germany when a boy and is an American citizen, now seventy-six years of age. You would think he had been thoroughly absorbed in this long period of time but he is not by a long ways, yet in every other way he is a charming old man, a bachelor, with wholesome thoughts toward all mankind, except for this war. He has six nephews living in Germany, three of whom are at the front. The English he hates as badly, and many live here, some retired and others in business. He says the Germans are true to this country because they have become citizens while the English refuse or have refused to become citizens, with few exceptions, and remain the subjects of King George. Unfortunately this is a fact here. They

live and enjoy our country, go into business, accumulate wealth and refuse to become one of us, to assume the burdens of war as well as the pleasures of peace. Aliens who do this ought to pay something for the privilege beyond regular taxes. They are protected not only by this government, but by the English government in all their rights.

I have a lady friend who has a niece in Germany, a niece in Scotland and a nephew in Ireland. She gets letters from all, and her nephew has just returned to Ireland from a visit with her. The two nieces are loyal to their adopted countries and the nephew is for King George. My friend is compelled to be somewhat diplomatic in her correspondence beyond the work of the censors, to keep peace in the different families. The nephew told her while here that things were dreadful in Ireland. Flour had gone up to seventeen dollars a barrel and other things in proportion. This is indeed a dreadful statement on living conditions which cannot continue for a long period of time. Prohibitive prices in foodstuffs create empty stomachs, and empty stomachs produce riots. Fighting after all may not stop the war, a war startling in all its phases in the destruction of life and property, and the regular, natural development and progress of the world. After all some things must be and one of them is war. A struggle among nations for bread and butter to feed their subjects seeking a livelihood and a living is in fact the pursuit of nearly all mankind, and has been from the beginning of time and will continue until the end. We all expect to be rewarded for our efforts whatever may be the line. Failure brings discouragement.

Now, in California the raising of all kinds of foods, including small berries, etc., is extensive and has been

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brought to the highest state of perfection. Their organization for selling and distribution are almost perfect. Their machinery and tools for the raising and handling of fruits are the best that can be procured. With all these the cost of production has been reduced to a minimum. Yet, with them all, 50 per cent of the fruit will never be gathered this year because there are not enough markets to absorb the quantity raised. This enormous loss will fall on the growers. The owner of one of the largest peach orchards in the Santa Clara valley will not pick any of his peaches because of the expense and no market. The price is so low that canning them would entail a loss. And so it is with grapes. The Stanford university trustees are going to dig up 1,800 acres of wine grapes and put the land into alfalfa, thus enlarging the production of dairy products. They have concluded that grapes are a losing proposition, especially when they are now selling as low as five dollars a ton. And again, this state will vote in 1916 on the question of prohibition. Should this become the law of the state, millions of dollars thus invested would be a total loss, and San Francisco, and many other cities of the state, in social life would be like a country churchyard. The women of this state have a right to vote, and be not surprised if this condition will exist in the near future. This city would suffer much financially. Its growth is based largely on these attractions, and its future prosperity would be materially retarded.

With many the fruits and wines are a losing proposition, yet other things have been prospering much. A few years ago a German, having a small amount of money, located about ten miles out of San Francisco, began raising ducks. He went in the market and bought duck eggs and hatched them in incubators. His business grew and he

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enlarged it to considerable proportions so that now he ships ducks to all points in California, and has become a millionaire. Ducks are more profitable than chickens because they eat no more than chickens, are popular on the table and can be made ready for the market in three months. Here is something for young men and women who can find nothing to do to investigate. Young ducks bring good money at hotels and restaurants and families will pay good money for a fine young duck. Sometimes fortunes are made from little things if popular and necessary and properly managed. However, the things that seem to prosper best in this state are beans, walnuts and olives. Olive oil and canned olives go all over the world and with a universal demand prices are more reasonable and stable. All the fruits for the market are boxed and arranged in a most pleasing way. The dried fruits, when prepared for the market, are as beautiful as photographs. The growers know how to do things. Yet with all these efforts, our public officials are really criminal in not only creating new markets, but ruining those we have, and it comes largely from the legislative branches of state and national governments. This whole coast is suffering much from the unfortunate Wilson tariff law now on the statute books, which is like a big black cloud threatening from above, with no ray of sunshine to cheer them on to better things.

San Francisco, Cal., July 18, 1915.

BRYAN came and is still here. When he arrived and entered the hotel lobby of the St. Francis, it was full. So was the lounge room and the ladies waiting room, and all arose to get a look at the late premier. The celebra-

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tion was to be on the fair grounds the 5th, and he was to be the orator of the day. The day was all that could be expected as to climate—ideal in temperature, and the attendance was nearly 200,000, the second largest day of the exposition.

A platform was erected in one of the courts and thousands crowded around to hear the "Boy Orator of the Platte." Women were carried away in a fainting condition and the performance went on just the same with Bryan apparently in his happiest mood. And why this crowd and demonstration?

Here is a man defeated three times for president, dictated the nomination of the present holder of that distinguished office and aided much towards his election, yet the people are more interested in this man and in what he says than ever, notwithstanding the almost universal criticisms of the press at the time of his resignation and the complicated problems pending and to be solved by the office he held.

That the people in large numbers are interested, there can be no question; that politicians and Democratic clubs play shy of him makes no difference for the masses know him and want to hear him.

To me the secret is in his voice, which is very melodious and penetrating, and his methods of thinking and utterances being clothed in words of a semi-religious character.

We must admit that planted in the human breast there is a desire to feel and know God, spiritually or otherwise, at least some time during an earthly existence. Even the Indian groping in darkness in his crude way longs to feel and know something of the Great Spirit from above. So Bryan in all his addresses alludes to Biblical precepts and illustrations to drive home his economic, social and

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political truths, and delivering them in his melodious voice, wins and impresses his audiences. The people are eager to hear the thoughts of the Divine and their application to the daily routine of life.

To me this is the secret of Bryan's hold on the people; whether his interpretations and applications are practical or theoretical, they do not analyze or stop to question.

He is a good politician. He saw that Wilson would be renominated, was entitled to it, but would fail of election. He resigned because he did not want to be a pallbearer at the funeral and to quit while it was a going concern would restore him high and dry as the most popular lecturer in the United States, and he acted wisely so far as he was personally concerned. Time will demonstrate the wisdom of his action.

On the other hand, Roosevelt is coming later, and he has a following not so large as Bryan, and opposite in almost every respect. He is no speaker, and is unable to sway the masses by the power of oratory. He touches the masses in another way. The masses admire action, a man who does things and can do things. Roosevelt is a man of force and action. He has been able to convince the people that he works for them out of the loving kindness of his heart. They believe in him and that he is honest. They follow him blindly as a leader. He is more practical than Bryan. He is the business man and Bryan is the preacher, the evangelist. So far as the public knows, both men live clean lives. They are not hypocrites, but live the lives they urge others to live. Much of the secret of their power lies in this alone. They both must be reckoned with in 1916, and can do either much harm or much good by error of judgment or conduct with the progress and welfare of the people of the United States.

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The weather has been ideal for the fair, nice and cool, and the attendance is increasing some. July and August will be fine months to visit the exposition.

Governor Clark duly honored Iowa day. The governor made fine addresses, made a good impression and acquitted himself with credit to himself and the State. His daughter sang beautifully. Take it all in all, Iowa should be pleased even with the governor's staff. I have seen many such functions pulled off here by colonels, majors, etc., for several states by men who have never smelt powder. When they line up with clean clothes covered with gold braid, they look and act like the man all dressed up, with cane, gloves, silk hat—and no place to go. However, our boys did well and manifested a humble spirit.

Dr. Priestley, his wife and two grandsons were here, all looking fine and happy. Doctor said he was teaching the boys how to travel. They are bright looking lads. They are going home by way of Panama canal, reaching Des Moines by August 1st. Senator Charles Hewitt, wife and daughter are here looking fine and happy. The senator looks so fine I hardly knew him. Herman Younker and his wife from New York are also here, looking happy and contented. Alf. Hammer and wife, Miss Nash and lady friend are here. Mr. Haskell of Cedar Rapids is the youthful lad of them all and I am told would not object to being governor of Iowa.

Many Iowa people are coming now, but I see only those who drop into the hotel lobby. They come to see the fair, which is now complete and worth while to visit. Some foreign exhibits were delayed by the war, but are now in place.

Monterey, Cal.

THIS city is situated 126 miles south of San Francisco and is one of the oldest towns in the state, hence rich in local and national history because of the contest with Mexico.

You feel more secure here than you do in San Francisco. Seldom a month passes that you do not feel the instability of the earth beneath you; because of the trembling you feel and see the effect of its shaking in many ways. Earth-quakes are too frequent to be pleasant. It may be the people there must have the gay life you see all around you to forget the danger they are constantly in. Many of them are influenced by this fear to my certain knowledge. The one that did so much damage in 1906 was the most severe one since 1868. All are familiar with the one in 1906. A friend of mine was occupying a room on the third floor of one of the leading hotels of that city on the night of the quake. He had a steamer trunk next to the wall at the foot of his bed. When it was over his trunk had been thrown to the other side of the room. All pictures were thrown to the floor and glasses were broken. He told me he covered up his head and prayed that he might be killed outright rather than suffer pain by lingering. Another guest was on the twelfth floor at the same hotel and at the same time. He declared that the top of the building swung back and forth twelve to fifteen feet, yet this building stood and shows a crack on one side from top to bottom.

Four months afterwards, and when the city was being rebuilt with great rapidity, the Pacific building was nearing the top, a severe quake came and this building is out of plumb two inches. A year afterwards a severe one came while Mr. Shillings was building a fine residence near Redwood, about thirty-five miles south. His chauffeur, just

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from the east, was standing by the automobile in the driveway waiting for the family when the earth began to tango around him and he declares the earth opened, the machine dropped in, then the earth closed and the machine was forced out again. These stories are from the inhabitants and are many and some of them are startling. The quake on Oct. 9 was severe enough to frighten the people and two women at the theater fainted, because the buildings shook and doors rattled.

So, for a wicked man like myself not yet ready or prepared, I would rather enjoy the peace and contentment of this city where the people go to bed early and get up early. They seem to be law abiding and God fearing, and I enjoy being surrounded by such people to the extent of ten or more. It gives me a more restful spirit than to have my bed shake—which I have experienced.

Monterey is delightfully situated on a fine bay and with proper improvements would in time be a profitable shipping point. Only a short distance the ocean is said to be six thousand feet deep. The waves are strong and severe at times and the city has been working for years to have the government build a breakwater to protect the ships in the harbor. They claim the produce from eleven millions of acres could be sent from this harbor at 25 per cent less than now charged. It would open up on the Santa Clara and San Joaquin valleys, which are now controlled by the Southern Pacific system. These are rich valleys, in fact, the most productive of any in the state. Alfalfa grows here extensively, making this section profitable in the raising of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, besides fruits and vegetables in large quantities. This is all done by irrigation as elsewhere in the state. And, too, conditions here are the same as elsewhere in the state, in the lack of good,

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convenient markets. The bay is twenty-two miles wide at the mouth. It is one of the three natural harbors on the California coast.

Here is where Father Serra landed in 1770 and began his great work in founding the numerous missions along most of the coast, and the moral effect of this good man's work and influences are with the people to this day. Visiciano arrived at the same place in 1602. Thus the natives came in contact with two good souls who began this early to help the ignorant to better their condition and aspire to better and nobler things.

The two missions founded here were San Carlos de Monterey and San Carlos del Carmelo in which latter, in peace and loved and honored by all, rests the remains of Father Serra, the founder of all the missions of California. This was the period of time when Spain governed this land. It afterwards passed into the control of Mexico and in 1846 became the property of the United States through the war with Mexico. Many Spanish and Mexicans still reside here, some of them old and distinguished families, but mild and calm since the war with Spain.

Under the Spanish rule a custom house was erected here, which passed into the hands and the use of Mexico, and then into the hands of the United States. Colton hall, a public meeting place during all this period, still stands, and here the constitution of California was framed and adopted, California being admitted into the union in 1850. Robert Louis Stevenson started his literary career here, married Mrs. Osborne and built a house and lived in it. It still stands. He was very poor in those days but in time became prosperous as he became better known. The first and only American consul, Thomas O. Larkin, was located here. Here is where General H. W. Halleck established

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his headquarters in the contest with Mexico. With the assistance of Mr. Larkin these two men laid the foundation to win against Mexico almost without the loss of blood. The first theater in California was built here. Jennie Lind sang in this far western building first and the theater still stands showing its age and usage. General W. T. Sherman, then a lieutenant, had his location here. It is said of him that he made the acquaintance of a beautiful Spanish girl and found pleasure in her company. On one occasion it is said he planted a rose bush at the front gate saying, when it grew up and brought forth roses he would return and take her for his bride. Later he went east, married and the beautiful Spanish girl was forgotten or overlooked. Be this as it may, over the gate in profusion bloom many roses from that rosebush, and within the little cottage is that Spanish girl grown old and gray, alone, dreaming no doubt of the past and hoping for the future. How sad! Yet after all, wishes denied and plans frustrated cause the wounded heart to bleed for the time being only, later to unfold into a beautiful rose, a beautiful life, going about serenely, gently smiling, doing good and making others happy.

The principal industry today is fishing. Large quantities are shipped to San Francisco, and two canneries are in operation with a pay roll of half a million a year.

The climate is so much more even and temperate that many wealthy San Francisco people reside here in summer homes, there being a good automobile road to the city in which they have their business.

The city is surrounded by many charming places and excellent drives, only a short distance from Carmel-by-the-Sea, where poets, novelists, dramatists and literary people of all kinds are trying to make a haven of rest surrounded

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by sympathizing spirits who feel, see and know the heart of a comrade—a bond of union after all.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

THIS city has a population of about 15,000 people, and is located about 375 miles south of San Francisco, and north of Los Angeles about 100 miles. It is well located near the mountains and close to the ocean, thus possessing a fine beach for bathing and other water sports.

The state of California is very mountainous and hilly. Its entire length is about 1,000 miles and its average width, about 400 miles, with valleys dotted between, some possessing rivers and others not. The seasons are not divided into cold and warm, but wet and dry, the wet being the winter months and the dry the summer months. Hence irrigation is essential for all crops in all parts of the state except fall wheat, which the winter rains permit to mature without this extra expense on production. It is very hot in most of the valleys, the temperature going as high as 120 degrees. Water, being very valuable, is not wasted, but used wholly for vegetation and beautifying the lawns. The public highways unimproved become fearful to travel because of the dust, often several inches deep. Vehicles passing along with some speed will cause a cloud of dust to arise extending back for almost a mile. With the heat and dust this is not pleasant to contemplate, but there is no escape except to the mountains and places like this city near the seashore. The water for irrigation is obtained from melting snows in the mountains and from wells. This all costs money, and must be added to the cost of production.

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The people here are of two classes, small trades people and laborers and the retired rich. It is purely a residential town, and the business is confined to small necessities, the business activity reminding you of the stir existing in the atmosphere on a hot day.

There are many hotels, of all sizes and shapes, including boarding houses, to meet the wants and requirements of all classes of people, from a few dollars per week up to ten dollars a day, the latter designed and built for those desiring exclusiveness, as if exclusiveness is possible when measured by dollars and cents. However, many deluded people so regard this as the correct standard, and a fool and his money soon part—at least out here.

The oldest hotel is the Potter, built some thirty years ago, yet it is attractive and a popular place for social functions, being surrounded by very beautiful grounds and located near the sea.

About twenty-five or thirty years ago, through the influence and help of the railroads, a series of large hotels were erected along the coast to accommodate eastern travel, but the building up of interior cities and the appearance of the automobile have put nearly all these large, fine hotels in bad shape—a losing financial proposition. In fact, this is true all over the country because the people are not living in hotels for days and weeks at a time, but out doors, spending their money on tires and punctures, and not at the big, fine hotels for six dollars a day and up, and mostly up. And why not? It is better for the people in every way.

The rich people of different sizes and shapes, mostly shapes, have built up near the mountains fine homes costing from a few thousand dollars up towards a million. They call the place Montecito. It is four and one-half miles long and about three miles wide. They have laid out beau-

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tiful drives, winding and picturesque, lined with palm trees, shrubbery and flowers, making the place a dream of nature, where troubles and cares should never enter—but no doubt they are there just the same good and plenty. There is no peace on earth except to those who lead simple lives, go to bed early, get up early and work in the garden and start an appetite for good, wholesome cooked beans for the old-fashioned dinner hour, 12 o'clock noon.

Judge Moore, of Rock Island railroad fame, lives here in a magnificent home on thirty acres surrounded by a stone wall, hidden from the world. He is not alone. There are others and many. The climate is ideal, the scenery restful and pleasing. It is a delightful place to spend your days if you have the money.

This valley is rich and a great place to raise beans. There are miles of beans as far as you can see, the best and cheapest food produced for a poor man and his family. They are produced here at a profit. The poor should know more about the use and economy of foods that are cheap, and beans are the best on earth.

This valley is also great for sugar beets. Tons and tons of sugar are produced here from sugar beets which the Wilson tariff will destroy if the law goes into effect next July. It is a shame to destroy a great industry like this and place us at the mercy of foreign countries, and this war in many ways has already shown the weakness of such a position as to any necessity. This should be changed at the next session of congress. This state needs this industry and all the others. An important section of the United States, she has to give employment to her surplus population. Give the people work and more work and you make them happy and contented.

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Ocean Park, Cal.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON did not establish a home at this place, but I found he did establish another home in California at Santa Barbara, making three in all. He must have been testing out the climate, for he died owning ten acres upon which is located a large two-story dwelling which is occupied by one of the heirs, a Mr. Osborne, yet he left all and located in the Island of Samoa, where he died leaving an estate of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a remarkable thing for a literary man to do.

I came here with a fine new black bathing suit, in due regulation and form, to enjoy as best I could a new sport to me, bathing in the sea. As I looked out into the distance and saw huge breakers coming in, one closely following the other, I paused and repeated, "Break! Break! Break! on thy cold gray stones, O sea. Would that my tongue could utter, the thoughts that arise in me." But I pushed on and on in an effort to submerge that part of my body exposed for the first time to the elements, a situation I had never before experienced. You have such a queer feeling until you get wet. I went out too far, not knowing the peculiar actions of what they call the undertow, which persists in keeping you in and giving you all you want. The result was I went down and out. When I recovered and gained my feet I discovered a woman at my side, smiling and offering me any assistance I needed. This I enjoyed so much. She weighed about three hundred pounds and inspired my confidence in her at once. She was dressed queerly, too. She wore no stockings and her supports were something to admire, especially when you are in trouble, or might be, and need help. The longer you looked at them the bigger they got and the more confidence you had.

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She afterwards started out for deep water and swam like a duck, and I did admire her so much—as a swimmer on the waves of the sea, for when a larger breaker came in she floated on the top crest or dived underneath and arose beyond, happy and confident. I remained near the shore, just to be safe.

I did make one wish. I wished for my friend Myerly and Brother Hanna to be with me and that I might be permitted to lead them both out for the full effect of the undertow and thus make them humble and modest before God and men. I am told Brother Hanna wants to be lieutenant governor and my good friend Myerly wants to be mayor. I admire the courage of these two men. Nothing like it since Adam and Eve made us wanderers. If such occurs I pity Des Moines and would suggest the citizens holding weekly prayer meetings until the danger is passed. I believe the Lord still visits that city and will kindly hear supplications offered in good faith. An inspection of the streets ought to inspire the citizens to ask for relief and they would be fully justified in doing so.

There are fourteen beaches within sixteen to twenty-five miles from Los Angeles and most of them are good. Hotels, cottages and rooms are numerous and rates are reasonable. Some are managed more conservatively than others. Santa Monica is one of the oldest, containing many fine residences, with good streets and beautiful drives. Long Beach is the finest of them all. Many Iowa people reside here, having bought or built good homes. It is dry and the people accuse the Iowa people of forcing it on the town. I was riding around and the chauffeur remarked that the rubes were running the town. I asked where they were from and he replied from Iowa. I kept quiet. While passing a park he said the leaders were over there now pitching horseshoes.

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I remarked that they were not bad looking fellows and he said they were there daily. They were investigated a short time ago as to their property interests and they were found to be worth a little over three millions. I told him I was not surprised.

The free beach is Venice and it is free in every way. They run all kinds of games—dice, paddles, tricks and schemes of all kinds. They raffle off turkeys, chickens, meat, flour and foods and trinkets of all kinds. Rooms rent by the hour, day, week or month, and are open for business day or night. Wholesale and retail liquors of all kinds are sold and saloons seem to do a fair business. Some of the restaurants are good. Nat Goodwin has disposed of his interests, claiming it a financial failure. His prices were high and hard times on the coast no doubt affected his receipts for the people have not had the money to waste.

Movies, going through the clouds, etc., all appeal to the young and restless at night. In the afternoons the bathing suits, short above and below, are the popular attractions. Women with corns, ingrowing toe nails, and possibly some modesty, wear stockings, while the others do not. Indeed, it is interesting to the novice or the rube to see the varied forms, colors and sizes of the other fellow, the comeliness of the one and the concealment of the other. Bathing in the sea is great sport, and here it is the year round, and I want to do it some more, and again. I like it.

Will Tone and his wife are here on their way home from San Francisco, and Geo. G. Wright and wife are on their way there. H. M. Patton also. Dr. Lawrence is on his way back also.

Dec. 5, and it will be a thing of the past, and its beauty and brightness will pass into a dream long to be remem-

BY LAND AND SEA

bered by those who took the time to visit it, which was worth the trip.

Pasadena, Cal.

THIS is a beautiful town situated about eight miles from Los Angeles to the north, thus placing it farther away from the ocean and making it slightly warmer in the summer season and not so unpleasant in the winter season. In other words, the atmosphere is not so chilly because it is less moist from the penetrating fogs that come inland from the ocean and hover over Los Angeles in the fall, winter and spring.

It is purely a residential town, containing about 35,000 people from all sections of the country and from all walks of life. Many people huddled together cause a demand to arise for many necessities, such as servants, foods, repairs and a multitude of small trades people come into existence, dealing in all kinds of merchandise and repairs. There are no factories. It is purely and simply a rich man's town.

It has several good hotels at rates that ought to satisfy the demands of the traveling public, from \$2 to \$50 a day. You can find cheaper places, and still sign your letters from Pasadena, Cal. This is something to some people who want to make a lasting impression on the "folks" back home.

Some of the residences are palaces in design and setting, pleasing and picturesque to the eye and a delight to see, so long as you do not pay the bills for the upkeep.

There is a beautiful street, and all the streets are well kept and in good condition, but this one is one of art, called

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millionaires' row. On both sides for blocks you see nothing but beautiful homes with beautiful lawns, filled with ornamental trees, shrubbery, flowers and roses of rare beauty, artistically planted and arranged, thus making all "a thing of beauty and joy forever."

On this street you will find the residences of the late Mr. Busch of St. Louis, his son and his daughter. The widow is now living in Germany in their home on the Rhine.

Mr. Busch of Budweiser fame, bought eighty acres of hilly ground, having deep ravines traversing its surface. He took sixty acres of this, upon which their homes are built facing the street, and made of the back yard his famous "sunken gardens," the most beautiful conception for home surroundings I have ever seen. No doubt it surpasses anything of its kind in the United States.

He graded the hills, raised the ravines some, laid out beautiful drives and walks throughout the grounds, and artistically and with great symmetry and beauty, in the high places and in the low places where the ravines once were, he planted ornamental trees, shrubbery, flowers, vines and things of beauty everywhere, for others to enjoy, for he is dead.

These grounds and improvements cost him about \$2,000,000 and the annual expense to maintain them is \$50,000. It requires a force of twenty to thirty men, owing to the season, to care for the property. He divided it into two parts—the upper and lower gardens. In the latter he has tried to portray human life in its pursuits, desires and amusements. He has made a small lake from a natural spring for the fisherman and the home of the frog. The hunter and his game are illustrated by small figures, and so on. But to me the most impressive of all is the German maiden, seated in her home surrounded by

her kitchen utensils waiting for a prince to put in an appearance and take her as his bride. She was there with no other thought than to be his true helpmate to look after the home, prepare the meals, sew on his buttons, make life, in other words, worth while. Each performs his respective duties, one to provide and the other to prepare, as best he could, doing the things that bring to us all the sweet memories of sacrifices made for us in our youthful days. And the German girl is taught this above any other girl in the world. The strength and power of a nation depend on the strength and stability of its homes. Are we in America profiting by this domestic characteristic of the German people? I fear not. We shun work and a simple life with simple pleasures that always please.

Mr. Bush offered to give this property to the city if it would maintain it, charging a small fee for admission for hospital purposes. It declined, so in his will he set aside a sufficient fund in trust, the income from which is to keep it in perpetual repair.

On my way to Los Angeles I noticed a sign that the women of California were giving a dog show all their own. I never saw a dog show and never could understand why women were crazy about dogs. Now, my good old friend, Hon. Henry Wallace, may be able to analyze this foolishness of women about dogs.

I paid my 25 cents and was duly ushered through, and of all the noises and yelpings of big dogs and little dogs and all kinds of dogs I never heard before. There were dogs with long tails and dogs with short tails; dogs with straight legs and dogs with crooked legs; dogs with long hair and dogs with short hair; dogs in glass cases and dogs in baby cribs; dogs in bull pens and dogs in the open. Airedales, German police, Pomeranians, Toy poodles, Jap-

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anese spaniels, Maltese and Yorkshire terriers, bull dogs and dogs from everywhere from pups up, about 300 in all.

I approached a colored maid who was manicuring, combing the hair and caring for a little pup in a baby crib. I asked her the owner's name and learned that it was a Mrs. Stone. It had a whole platform surrounded with flowers and roses. I had to smile and remarked: "If Mrs. Stone would take half that good care of me I would settle down and behave myself." I thought the old colored woman would split her sides laughing. Her common sense took in the situation. Her black eyes with a smile kept track of me so long as I remained. I afterwards saw the owner, a handsome woman decorated with diamonds. Think of a male, not a man, competing with a dog for a woman's affection and respect.

These women selected a man to judge of the good points of their dogs. I did not understand this. But one woman entered the ring, weighing about three hundred pounds, leading a little tiny dog by a purple ribbon, and it was dancing and prancing around, it did look so funny and so cute. There is lots of fun in this world if you will only let yourself see it. Now that woman was serious, but the dog was not. I believe the diminutive creature saw the joke of the situation.

One old lady had a little Yorkshire with hair a foot long. She was homely as a mud fence and was combing the hair of her pet all the time. The judge would not stand for the hair being down, so she took it to one side and did it up with hair pins. It looked cute, too, after its hair was "done up."

And I approached another woman with a dog in her lap. It looked as if it might be sick, for by this time I was getting some knowledge of dogology. She told me

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it was not just sick, but got into a fight with two other dogs the day before and got the worst of it. She said the doctor told her to rub the torn flesh with iodine. I expressed my sympathies and told her I thought that was as good as anything.

And "Lucky" Baldwin's daughter, Miss Anita, was there with a \$2,700 English bull, some dog.

Of course these women often need the services of a dog doctor, and he is here. And they have a dog cemetery of course. Whether a minister officiates or not I am unable to state.

Yes, indeed, life is one sweet dream, if you will it so. Will it now, dear reader?

Avalon, Catalina Islands, Cal.

ABOUT the year 1550 this island was discovered and at the time regarded as worthless because it was no more than an upheaval of rock by volcanic action. It is about eight miles long and three to six miles wide, being sixty-five miles around and about twenty-five miles from San Pedro, in the ocean, the harbor of Los Angeles. It was controlled by the Spanish and called San Salvador. Afterwards it was substantially abandoned, selling for thirty-five dollars and finally became and is now the property of Banning Bros., who reside in Los Angeles.

The town of Avalon was started and consists almost wholly of hotels, restaurants and shops, and, during the season, from 3,000 to 5,000 people inhabit the island and pass away their time in fishing, boating, bathing, etc. The Banning Bros. own 90 per cent of the improvements on the island.

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They undertook to cut a roadway around and over the elevations, but after an expenditure of \$80,000 the work ceased and their improvement remains unfinished.

The island is inhabited by eagles and thousands of wild goats. Now, some of these wild goats may have been tourists who went there years ago, became stranded and concluded to run wild. The eagles I saw had white heads which indicates an age of four years or more. The goats are black. Living is good for the eagles but not so good for the goats. I should judge the dry season must seem long to them, for there is not much vegetation, but a goat is a goat the year round and that is why some people are called goats, especially those who live in some cities I know and elect to public office men who have notoriously not made good. If they are not goats, what are they?

At the south end of the island a sea lion hatchery is protected by the government and sea lions are there in large numbers, cavorting around in the water. They are tame. Most wild animals, and some men, are tame when you are good and kind to them. And why not women? A sea lion is one that lives in warm water and has for that reason short hair. A seal, yet of the same species, lives in frozen waters most of the year, and God in His kindness clothes it with long, silken fur to protect it against the cold, and women are crazy for it because its garments are beautiful, so much so that governments are compelled to protect the seals from women's love of adornment and the ultimate extinction of the seal. Yet woman is for peace. Yes, until her interests become involved, when she becomes the most cruel and deceptive of all animals. She was so endowed to defend and protect her young, and so she will always be, side by side with man, defending the nation's honor, her home's and her own.

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On your way to the island you take a boat at San Pedro, and if you are watchful and lucky you may see things you never saw before. A fish comes up out of the water and flies like a bird because it has wings. One started to pass over our ship, hit a young lady and fell on the deck and suffered the penalty of death. Then a whale about fifteen feet long came up out of the water for a few minutes, disappeared and then arose again, repeating it three times. I have heard stories that were whales, have read about whales, and I was glad to see a whale even near Los Angeles, and there are others.

While on the island I stepped into the large glass boat to get a survey of the marine gardens. The water is so clear, with a little assistance and some imagination you can see to the depth of ninety feet. You see lots of things below in the short journey you take. Fish of many kinds and sizes sporting around, hunting for food, making a living. Vegetable growth of various kinds, but to me the most interesting was the sea weed called kelp. All reach up for the sunlight above, but kelp grows quite high, and in the restless sea breaks off and is driven towards the shore. It winds around swimmers sometimes and, being unable to disentangle themselves, they succumb and are drowned. Manufacturers lately have discovered that kelp contains potash and is valuable in the manufacturing of explosives. Thus everything is of some use if we only knew.

But as I was gazing at the bottom of the sea I thought what an ideal state of socialism. All food free for the taking. No cares, no troubles. The big fish were after the little fish and the little fish were making their getaway, for to them it was a question of life and death. After all, living is a struggle, whether in water or out of water; whether Republican, Democrat or Progressive; Jew or gen-

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tile; Catholic or Methodist. The law of preservation exists in and through all good things and to do your duty alone and independently as best you can is working out the original plan.

San Gabriel, Cal.

MANY generations ago, long before Columbus discovered America, a people, quiet and mild in habits and disposition, engaged in agricultural pursuits on a large scale, occupied and cultivated large sections of land between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific coast. Who they were, whence they came and where they went history so far fails to record. Their occupation is conclusive as to their not being a war-like people. Tillers of the soil are never fighters, except to establish or defend moral issues. Their association with horses, cattle, sheep, etc., and flowers naturally influences their mental thoughts and converts them into a law-abiding and God-fearing people. They naturally become fixtures to the soil with simple tastes and habits.

We call these early settlers cliff dwellers, because they carved their homes in the rocks high up and in some places most difficult to reach. Having no arms of defense, or a desire not to use them, they evidently secured these places of abode as positions of safety for their families against men and beasts roaming over the country about them. Their homes extended into the rocks hundreds of feet in places and the space was cut up into rooms and chambers in which they dwelt. A most interesting people, no doubt, and I wish we knew more about them. Students are and have been

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taking every means to preserve their ruins that the future may know more of these people now lost to the world.

Then came along the American Indian, the successor of the cliff dweller. Columbus in 1492 found him here by the thousands, a hunter and wanderer, roaming all over the land in pursuit of game. Animal food was his chief diet. Meat eaters are always war-like in their habits and disposition. Even individual meat eaters are more quarrelsome than vegetarians. Cold climates force animals to eat meat, or the products of meat, to generate heat in the body to better withstand the cold from without.

So no doubt the Indian exterminated the cliff dweller and thus became the owner of the American soil for his "happy hunting ground." Where he came from is a disputed question, but where he is going there can be no doubt. Like the buffalo in the park, we shall perpetuate his memory with his statue in front of the cigar store. He is a lively proposition today only because of his pension, and the white man will in time separate him from that. So it is, "Lo, the poor Indian!" He has had both his friends and his enemies ever since he was located. When kindly treated he was not unlike other human beings; he was kind and generous when appreciated.

About 1768, Father Junipero Serra, then a young man of Spain, conceived the idea of coming to southern California and devoting his life to the conversion of Indians to the Christian religion. You must bear in mind that California at this time was a barren wilderness. Without an abundance of water and food, everywhere it meant untold hardships. The land was owned by Spain by virtue of discovery of Columbus, claimed by some to have been an Italian and by others a Spanish subject and a Jew.

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Father Serra landed at Monterey, a trading point on Monterey bay, 126 miles south of San Francisco. He was a Franciscan friar, young, in good health and full of enthusiasm for his chosen work for the Lord in a strange land, far from home.

The officials of the government at San Diego invited him to come there for a consultation, which resulted in his starting on his great work of converting the Indians from that point. He erected his first mission at San Diego, and then going north for 700 miles, placing them thirty-five miles apart, just a day's journey on foot, he built all told, twenty-one. All but three are in existence, some in a dilapidated condition. Some have been restored and are now used for worship.

Father Serra was a kind, lovable man with marked executive ability. He placed two friars over each mission. He did this so that they would be company for each other and not become lonesome. The following shows the wisdom of his plan and the dreariness of the country: at Carmel mission, near Carmel-by-the-Sea, a father died. It so depressed the survivor and he became so lonely that he went insane. This is what Father Serra found on his journey of inspection made some time later. And here under the altar lies the remains of Father Serra, while the good he did still lives.

These missions were erected at different periods from 1769, covering a space of thirty years. Some of them were highly decorated with mural paintings of real value by Spanish artists and with a peculiar architecture suitable for the climate, blending with the sunshine and flowers and scenery of the land. The charm and beauty of the architecture of the missions have been adopted in the erection of many homes and palatial residences all over south-

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ern California. The quiet, subdued coloring also adds to the pleasure and beauty of the country.

Father Serra began at once on his great work. With the teaching of religion and the New Spirit beyond, he taught them industry. He taught them to make baskets, kitchen utensils, furniture and how to work in clay and leather, and how to make articles from these. He taught them agriculture. So at each mission you have a vocational school, the first on American soil. Thus each mission grew and became the owner of large quantities of grain of various kinds, cattle, horses, etc. Thus the Indian was being converted in more ways than one. He was being made a farmer instead of a hunter. All were happy and prosperous, and all was going well.

Then Mexico became independent of Spain. Then Juarez, while ruling Mexico, confiscated all property of the missions, both personal and real. In 1846 the United States became the owner and Father Serra was a spirit and no more. Thus began the decline of the missions, largely from neglect, but the good they did has lived after them. For all these reasons these missions should be restored. Over 100,000 Indians attended these missions. Over 73,000 of them were converted. At each mission a cemetery was established. At Santa Barbara 4,000 are buried, to be near when the call comes. Sixteen thousand are resting in the cemetery at San Gabriel. These missions are valuable assets to California and should be restored and preserved. They are as valuable in history as most of the cathedrals, churches and monuments of the old countries. Let them stand for ages to come for their beginning was prompted by the noblest impulses of the human breast to do and be good one to another. The mission play now being performed at this place has been giving

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thirteen performances a week, for forty-four weeks, to good audiences. It has its own theater erected across the street from the old San Gabriel mission. It is a plain unique building well adapted to the giving of the play, which is a portrayal of the founding of the missions and the work of Father Serra, staging the history of early California.

The conception is magnificent. The ground work is there for an historical drama of great value, true to life and valuable as a contribution to the chronicle of civilization in America. Some parts of the play I do not like. They are weak and detract from the subject treated. Other parts are strong and well presented. Taken on the whole, it touches the human heart in places and this is why it is patronized.

Had it been composed on the order of "A Servant in the House" I am of the opinion that the mental impression of Father Serra's work would be more lasting. In other words, I think there is too much levity and not enough seriousness in the real problems of life, such as Father Serra's work showed.

The players intend to travel and give performances at the close of the expositions. I fear it will not be a financial success, yet, if not, it ought to be and can be made to be a success financially. I wish them well.

San Gabriel is a beautiful little town twelve miles from Los Angeles.

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Redlands, Cal.

THIS is a beautiful town about seventy miles from Los Angeles. It was started by a few rich families as a rich man's place, but the poor have congregated there also, demonstrating that "the poor ye have with you always."

There are many beautiful homes and fine drives in and about the town and many places of interest. The Smiley Heights, consisting of fruit trees, flowers, ornamental trees, drives and scenery for miles around is indeed beautiful. It contains six hundred acres formerly owned by two brothers, New York hotel men, since dead, and valued at \$200,000, which the heirs want the city to buy for a park. Many orange groves and some walnut orchards are located here.

The walnut proposition is not regarded by some as a success. It seems that many trees after they arrive at the age of twelve or fifteen years, begin to decay at the heart, after which they cease to bear, yet they may look fine and show no indications from without. It takes from eight to nine years before a tree begins to bear profitably, and with this early decline it is not regarded as a paying investment. There are seventeen trees planted to the acre and when in their prime and with a good season will produce from seven to nine hundred pounds to the acre. California had a good crop this year, estimated at 13,000 tons.

Neither is dairying or poultry raising a success here because feed is too high and other conditions unfavorable. Alfalfa is of short duration. You can get only a half crop the third year of its existence, when it has to be plowed under by the fourth or fifth year. A Bermuda grass gets into the alfalfa and takes complete possession of the field, and the alfalfa is smothered out. This grass grows from

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six to nine feet deep and spreads like a house afire. They sow barley and cut and bale it like hay, which is now bringing over twenty dollars a ton. These things make the operation of a dairy expensive, and milk is now selling for ten cents a quart and the demand is greater than the supply.

With poultry the chickens must be fed and feed is expensive for them, too. They cannot go out and pick up a meal, for such food does not exist here. And again the hens are affected by the climate the same as the people. They do not want to work. They get tired of their old dress and begin to chatter with each other about the different styles of gowns and how they want them made, whether cut bias or slit in the skirt, or whether long or short, until six months are lost in disposing of their old dresses and putting on the new ones. During this period they produce no eggs. In cold climates hens do this shopping in ninety days, but here it is six months. I know of a poultry ranch containing 1,000 hens and just now they are busy getting their new clothes and all they produce is one case of eggs a day. You can see they will eat their heads off collecting alimony before they will go back to work again. Hence large quantities of milk, eggs and butter are shipped in from the adjoining states. You must remember that no vegetation or food is produced here except by irrigation or dry farming whether for man, beast or fowl. Now dry farming is done when the Lord gives water by raining and here it is mostly in January and February. Wheat and barley are thus produced in a small way, but on a larger scale farther north. This section is devoted almost exclusively to the raising of fruit and vegetables. Of these more are raised than the near-by markets can absorb, and most of them being perishable, enormous losses occur every season.

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I met a man at San Bernardino who has a forty acre peach orchard. The best offer he could get was eleven dollars a ton picked and delivered. Having a large number of hogs he shook the peaches to the ground for his hogs. That is all right for the hogs but hard on the bank account. So it is in many lines. The Chinese and Japs control 90 per cent of the vegetables produced in California. The Anglo-Saxon cannot and will not compete with these two races. The mode of living, economy and industry determine the survival of the fittest. And these alone will determine the conditions here for the future, not only of production, but of the wealth if it is permitted to be invested in real and personal property on the coast. How should the balance of the United States regard it in connection with who should control the Pacific? These problems are to be met and disposed of by future generations, not by the coast people alone, but by the whole United States.

Many Iowa people remember the Evan's cafe across from the Kirkwood hotel. The widow and her daughter are located at Whittier on a fine orange grove with a fine country residence. The trees are filled with oranges, they look well and Mrs. Evans and her daughter are well and happy. They offered me some good wine and bread and I accepted like a patriot.

Dr. and Mrs. Smouse are here with their machine. Doctor is a safe man to ride with, and with the good roads and good hunting in the mountains, they are happy.

We all made a visit on Hardy Harris at Monrovia the other day. Mr. A. H. Miles, the druggist, who with Mrs. Miles, now reside here, joined us. His name is the Harris in Harris, Emery & Co. He has an orange grove, well located and a fine country residence. Both he and Mrs.

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Harris are well and happy. Mr. Harris looks exceptionally well.

Both Iowa and Des Moines people are every where and in every direction. I notice, however, a warm spot in their hearts for the old state just the same. And it is always so, old memories cling to us until the last and are the sweetest after all.

Riverside, Cal.

THIS city is about seventy miles from Los Angeles and contains about 20,000 people. It is headquarters for the navel oranges of different kinds. Some mature in December and are shipped for the holiday trade, and others go to the market in January and February, the latter month being the time for the choice ones, fully ripe, for eating. They leave here picked green, in cars cooled to 29 degrees, which temperature is maintained by icing the car in transit. The Valencia orange does not go on the market until June and July, when it must compete with apples and other kinds of fruit. The former has severe competition with Florida and importations from foreign countries. Hence the reason for the demand by the producers for protection for citrus fruits.

I have traveled about three hundred miles in the citrus fruit sections, visited many orchards, including walnut and olive orchards, vineyards, etc., and my former statements concerning the situation are fully confirmed.

The orange and lemon propositions are a rich man's game here like horse racing in the east. He feels the need of a winter home when he gets old to amuse, entertain and

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keep him busy when the ice and snow are superseded by beautiful roses and posies and sunshine and showers, with miles of beautiful scenery and hard-surfaced roads going everywhere, and all these he finds in Southern California. He keeps servants, and an orange grove will give them a diversion—keep them from getting restless.

One man can take care of ten acres and have time to play, except at picking time and possibly when Jack Frost threatens a visit. But, the worry! A baby isn't in it, not even when it has stomach troubles on a cold, frosty night. Now the young man can ask the married man if he wants fully to appreciate what I mean. He needs a good home and outbuildings and the orange or lemon groves to him are a mere garden, for his employes are to do, not only the work, but the worrying.

The trees are beautiful, both in shape and appearance, and the leaves are a beautiful green, the orange, dark, and the lemon, light, in color. The land is cared for and looked after like a well-kept garden. And when trees are loaded with the yellow orange and you are surrounded with tropical plants, shrubbery, trees and foliage of one kind and another, with plenty to draw upon back home, don't overlook this, some men and women, too, for that matter, you who are prone to feel and think you have advanced one more step towards heaven, when thus surrounded:

"But life is real, life is earnest and things are not (always) what they seem."

There are about one hundred trees to the acre. A tree begins to bear at four or five years of age and increases in productivity up to fifteen or eighteen years of age, after which it begins to decline, like old men to a spiritual state. When in its prime it will produce, conditions being right, from eight to twelve boxes to the tree and there are

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ninety-six large navel oranges in a box and a box will weigh about seventy pounds. A larger number of oranges are put in a box when they are small. They are sorted and packed with the greatest care. They are bought by packing houses by the ton from the producers, who receive anywhere from eighty cents to one dollar per box delivered. The price depends on the grade, the demand in the market and the largeness of the crop, and financial and commercial conditions may affect the price the same as that of wheat, cattle, etc. The producer is at the mercy of the packer. When the orange gets ripe it falls to the ground and loses much of its value, so it must be handled promptly.

The danger line of frost is 27 degrees. At 26 the smudge pots are lighted. When the owners sleep they have a police patrol on motorcycles watching thermometers hanging at designated places for miles around covering the orchards in the combination to reduce this expense. One man inspects twenty, and if the weather starts downward, the owners are warned and they bounce out of warm beds with their men to light the smudge pots. Properly one pot should be at each tree. They burn the refuse of oil after all the commercial properties have been removed. It will not burn until a flash of live oil is added when lighted. It costs about one and one-half cents a gallon. An orange freezes in the center and is tasteless or tastes woody, so the next time you get such an orange at breakfast you will know what has happened to it. The trees are tender and the sprouts or points are killed by freezing also, and much damage is done to the tree. The trees here have not been as productive since the freeze three years ago. The crop this year is only a 50 per cent crop. A smaller crop means better prices but in the end no more money for the producer.

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You must bear in mind that California was a desert and substantially all fruit has been brought from other parts of the world and experimented with here with success or failure. Irrigation is absolutely essential to produce vegetation and nothing produced artificially is as good as when it grows naturally. It lacks flavor, is often devoid of taste, and cold weather is essential to the production of good fruit, the same as fine specimens of human beings. California does not and cannot raise good apples. The apples sold here come from Oregon, Idaho, Nevada and other states. What I have said about oranges applies to lemons, except you raise from four to six crops a year from lemon trees, whose value is no greater than that of the orange crop, a year's harvest bringing in about the same.

Orange groves must be pruned and looked after constantly. You must fumigate the trees and keep them clean and healthy or you will have no fruit. This costs from 75 cents to \$1.50 a tree. You must irrigate every thirty days and this costs from \$8 to \$40 per acre, the cost depending on the proximity of your orchard to the source of supply. The method of irrigation, if from reservoirs and concrete conduits for miles away, will cost you money. Then you must fertilize your soil. The more liberal you are the more fruit you are likely to have. This will cost you from \$100 to \$200 per acre. And last and not least is the interest and taxes on your investment. Money is not taxed in this state. The conservative and prevailing rate of interest here has been and is now 7 and 8 per cent. There is constant hazard in the business—too delicate and sensitive for me. I prefer the more prosaic investment in the steer and hog and corn and such things.

They will ask you from \$500 to \$5,000 per acre for orange groves. The average price for a good orchard in

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good condition is from \$800 to \$1,800 per acre. If well and favorably located some money could be made from the investment at such prices. Some localities are more liable to frost than others, and with a mortgage on your grove, with this smudging expense, which is no small matter, with the suspense and worry which might cause your wife to go back to her own people and leave you with all your troubles, the prospect is not pleasant to contemplate. Be patient.

Los Angeles, Cal.

I POSSIBLY started in this city wrong. The dog show lasted three days but in some respects it is still with me.

I recall a handsome young woman sitting in front of a kennel with a bull pup in her lap. I thought she was admiring its eyes when all at once she put her fingers on each side of its mouth, pressing the lips so as to make them protrude, then and there, with malice aforethought, placed her own lips on the dog's lips and gave it one long, lingering kiss. This was repeated. When she saw me standing near looking possibly with an unpleasant expression on my face, she turned her back to me. Then and there I made a vow never to kiss a young woman who owned a dog. This was a foolish thing, possibly, for a man of my age to do, but I did it with no reservations.

I went to the other end of the room and there saw a woman about 45 years of age, peering into the face of a big hound and, of course, I thought she was getting a foothold to do the same thing, when suddenly the dog snapped at her chin and bit it. A yell and a rush to the hospital for fear of rabies. Now I did not blame the dog for it was tied and helpless. The woman may have had a bad breath,

she may have been eating onions. Judgment should be suspended until the dog tells its story.

When the show was closing, the ties being broken and love matches torn asunder, judging from the crying and weeping among the dogs on their departure, had you not known that the dog show was closing, you would have declared that the Kaiser had entered the town and was throwing his gas bombs everywhere from the noise that was being made. Next day I discovered fifteen or twenty dog stores in the city, all apparently doing a good business. Of course they carried birds, rabbits and guinea pigs. Merchants sell in a locality what the people demand. No other city of much larger population can boast of so many such stores.

This is a demand from the women. And why?

To me it reveals the true cause of so much unrest in our homes followed by separation and divorce. The wife is longing to be amused. Her husband in due time concentrates his mind and his efforts on his business, to make it a success, that he may provide well for his family while living, and especially after death. He feels he has not the time, and at night is tired and often worn out and needs recuperation in rest and sleep for the duties of tomorrow. So he seems indifferent, but he is not always; the wife thinks he is growing cold, and with no children to amuse her, it is either an affinity or a dog. So, boys, get the dog. Women do not concentrate their minds on a long course of study. They are changeable and their temperaments demand and must have amusements. They must be entertained. So get your dogs and cats and birds, unless you have a house full of children. Secure the pets.

This city has a population of fully 500,000 people. It is larger than San Francisco, because it has one more

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representative in the state senate and two more in the lower house. This makes it the largest city in the state.

When I first arrived everything seemed so strange to me. It impressed me that I was attending a Fourth of July celebration. The people were plain in appearance and dress, thin in the face, and so many of the men wore full beards. You had Abraham and Isaac and Jacob all around you. No one was in a hurry. It would be impossible for you to go fast. Most of the sidewalks are narrow and in fine weather everybody apparently is out.

To help matters along the city management has placed six palms per block on each side of the street, the boxes containing the same taking up nine square feet of the walk. This not being enough, the city, not having alleys, has permitted each merchant facing on the street to install double doors directly in the center of the walk. These openings are from five to seven feet long by five feet wide. Many of the buildings are only eighteen feet wide. Now imagine the conditions when several merchants near each other make use of these openings at the same time. The people have to go single file. I have seen as many as thirty people waiting to break in and go single file in the opposite direction. Both the palms and openings are nuisances that a live city would not tolerate a day. The openings should be reduced to one-half the size and installed near the curb. The palms should be eliminated. This would relieve the congestion materially all over the city, and it might be well to regulate the hours of the openings.

At night the newsboys kick all unsold papers into the street. There are no wastepaper boxes anywhere. Every one throws refuse in the streets. No other place is provided. This is very much like Des Moines as I used to know it. Maybe my friend Myerly has reformed in this respect and

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is not only making an effort, but is keeping clean streets. The streets are also dirty. They could not be otherwise.

Los Angeles, Cal.

AFTER a six-hours' trip over the fine country roads, on returning early in the evening we arrived in the city just as it was getting dark and the chauffeur had been so accustomed to the smoothness of the country highways all afternoon he forgot that he was just entering the city of Los Angeles, and the Des Moines waves in the city paving made us all alive to the efficiency of the city administration. The seat and myself separated, I advancing skyward, my head striking a crossbar supporting the cover to the automobile, and coming down I recognized that the top of my derby hat was not what it used to be. It was seriously caved in. I do not know what made me do it, but I immediately thought thoughts of my good friend Myerly and Brother Hanna. We all more or less recall past experiences and compare them with present experiences, especially those which ought to have been otherwise.

Los Angeles is governed by a commission of nine councilmen, or rather eight, one being a woman, Mrs. Lindsey. They are paid \$200 a month. The mayor draws \$4,000 per year, and all serve two years. The city administration is much like Des Moines, tolerated, the people trusting in the Lord for something better to turn up in the future. Although a city of about 500,000, the air, conduct and management of the public business is much like a country town—easy, lazy and good natured—except public moneys raised by taxation are poured out like water from a bucket, resulting in high taxation, high rents and small results for

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the amount expended. Nearly all the paving is bad. The city has grown too fast for the sewer system, hence it is inefficient. The city administration is careless and thoughtless and incompetent in the administration of public affairs. Public receptacles to receive waste paper, fruit, etc., appear no where, so the people throw everything into the streets. You can imagine what this is when 50,000 to 100,000 tourists are here most of the year, many of them inexperienced in city life, so they walk on all sides of the narrow sidewalks, are out day and night with nothing to do but walk up and down, eat fruit and attend the movies. Out of every one hundred people here, about twenty-five work and the other seventy-five live off of the twenty-five who work. They never hurry, but leisurely move as if they had been on the job all day.

The traffic on the streets is the worst I have ever seen. Standing at the crossings traffic policemen direct the use of the streets by moving the body. No whistle is used to give people warning that a change will take place in a few seconds. All at once the policeman turns his body and hundreds of people and machines are started the other way, and a lot of people on foot are caught in the middle with machines all around them, and they must extricate themselves the best they can. They could not determine what second he was going to swing his body the other way, which he usually does in an easy, good natured, careless manner.

But they think it is military and the best ever. The papers announce that representatives from New York, Chicago and elsewhere are here making a study of the traffic plan and the people believe in it as a cat drinks sweet milk. This is a weakness nearly all communities possess, but here it is and the "best in the world" is in California. They are sensitive to just criticism even.

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Mrs. Lindsey is head of the Public Welfare committee. What a woman bent on reform cannot think of in time is not worth considering. The town is full of reformers. The newspaper boys tell me the most of their troubles come from the Iowa contingent. A great many of the women having nothing to do have pet roosters, as well as pet dogs, monkeys, etc. A complaint one day was filed with Mrs. Lindsey against a rooster that persisted in rising at 4 o'clock in the morning and crowing to warn his family of the approach of day and that it must get up, get out and get to work. Of course this is a case "where everybody works but father." Now he has been doing this long before St. Peter got into trouble with him and he will continue to do it no doubt to the end of time. Yet the council wrangled over the suppression of the rooster, for it developed there were others, for over two weeks and he still remains the head of the roost, at the tender mercies of Councilwoman Lindsey.

Lack of employment produces much poverty but it is not conspicuous. Only a living wage is paid in the mercantile lines, and in all other lines for that matter. The work does not exist here. The supply is greater, much greater, than the demand. The mild climate will always produce this condition, and the larger the population the worse it will become. The moral condition of young men and women from lack of employment and in many cases lack of funds force them into the commission of crime, often to appease hunger alone.

California has the lowest birth rate of any state in the union, according to population. She has the largest number of suicides of any state in the union. She has the largest number of insane asylums and insane patients of any state in the union, and all are full. Much of this comes

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from poverty and distress, and they exist here more largely than in any other state. This is no place for you unless you have money, and more money has been permanently planted here than taken away. This is a state to spend money, not make it. Few win and the multitude lose.

This city has over 4,000 acres in parks and some of them are beautiful. Many are small and located in different parts of the city. Central Park is in the heart of the city and each day and every day in the year it is filled with men of all classes. All subjects are discussed and many of them settled and disposed of right then and there. One day two men beyond three score and ten went to bat over a religious question. One day a lone woman wandered in and accidentally found a vacant seat. The man next to her engaged her in conversation and married her within thirty days, and he turned out to be a millionaire. After that, for a short time, the women tried to occupy all the vacant seats in the park and thus ruined the business.

Life is really amusing here. The old men want to marry the girls and the rich old women want to marry the kids. This city has many of both and some to spare. An old lady married a young man of twenty-five. He was her chauffeur and one day took her for a ride in the mountains and at a steep turn, he said the gearing refused to work, and he jumped, clearing the machine and landing all right, but he started the old lady and machine over a precipice 300 feet below, and after looping the loop a few times, touched bottom and the old lady's spirit was no more. The young man and husband remained in jail a few months and was discharged for want of evidence.

Another young man from San Francisco caught an old lady with a fine residence, three machines, servants, etc. He kept her moving, going to movies every day up to mid-

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night. The old lady could not stand the pace and passed on after a few months. The young man did not own a suit of clothes. Now he is a young man of affluence.

An old man eighty-three years of age, rich, advertised for a wife, to be not over twenty years of age, plump, red headed, willing to be a mother, not to apply for divorce, to whom he would give one-half his fortune, the other half to be the child's. A mother called with her seventeen-year-old daughter and the old man on inspection said she filled the bill, accepted and married her. The old man put on a college suit and the child a picture hat and they became one. And such is life in the far west with sunshine and flowers and showers and beautiful golden sunsets. Life is one sweet dream if you will it so.

Los Angeles, Cal.

CALIFORNIA is four and one-half times larger than Iowa, but has only a little more than half the counties, hence the counties are very large in area. The city of Los Angeles is located in Los Angeles county and all told, the county has twenty-six towns, and a population of about 650,000 people, 500,000 of whom reside in the city of Los Angeles.

The city has been boosted not only in population, but in land area. It wanted more land to divide up into town lots, and other purposes, so now it contains 288 square miles, more than five times larger than Des Moines. One way it is forty-four miles across the city limits and the other way it is twenty-nine miles. It got ambitious for a harbor so obtained control of a strip one to two blocks wide for twenty-six miles to the sea, taking in Wilmington

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and San Pedro, the harbor proper, on the sea. This made a new element to be governed, a harbor commission to appoint, with more officers and more trouble, with constant agitation for government aid to make it deeper and better for the largest boats afloat.

On the other hand it went two hundred and fifty miles to the mountains for pure drinking water, tunneling forty-two miles of the way, at a cost of about twenty-five millions of dollars for which bonds have been issued. As a private enterprise on behalf of the city it adopted bodily San Fernando valley, consisting of about 109,000 acres, to give a right of way for its pipeline and to sell water to the farmers for irrigation purposes. The excavation for two hundred and fifteen miles has a width and depth of ten and one-half to twelve and one-half feet, the water passing through an iron pipe nine feet in diameter. Reservoirs at Fernando were built to meet emergencies and the wants of irrigation, making the capacity of this enterprise, 300,000,000 gallons of water a day, enough for the wants of from one to two millions of people. They expect also to generate electricity and sell power for manufacturing purposes. The altitude of the upper end of the aqueduct above the datum plane of Los Angeles is about 3,500 feet. They claim this fall of confined water will generate 91,000 horsepower. To construct the power plants a further bond issue has been voted, so that when the enterprise is completed as originally intended, the total expenditure will be about thirty millions of dollars.

The enterprise is fixed. The debt is in operation. The returns are largely speculative and mostly exist in the future. The present conditions make taxes high and water, too, to meet the annual interest charge, and with the large land area to govern make the administration of this city

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an expensive proposition and will continue to do so, with higher taxes yet, for years to come.

On the other hand the boosters are united for a population of 1,000,000 in 1920. When I say boosters I mean the real estate men as generals and the financial institutions, hotels and tourists who have been caught with a permanent investment, trusting to the Lord to send others like themselves to take the deals off their hands. The woods are full of these fellows. There has been only one business in Los Angeles and that is to sell real estate. Even on Sunday if you ride out you will see blackboards erected everywhere with small real estate office buildings near by. A real estate agent will be there smiling to meet you with his blackboard covered with bargains. Just a small payment down, the balance on time. In every direction you see this, so that the wealth of this city is on paper. Chalk will stick on the blackboards for eight or nine months, because there is no rain.

Then you will ask, what made Los Angeles grow? The big crops and the big prices in the Mississippi valley, with rates, beautiful pictures and fine advertising issued by the railroads.

The big crops and big prices in Iowa, for example, began in about 1900 through Holden and others agitating intensive farming for Iowa. In Los Angeles county alone about 100,000 Iowa people reside, besides the large number who come to spend the winter regularly. The lands of Iowa began to advance and kept on advancing each year until the old Iowa farmers sold out to get away from the ice and snow and heat that made them rich and created within them a desire to enjoy their declining days in the "sunshine and among the flowers" throughout the year.

To prove my conclusions correct, compare the decline of

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Iowa population with the growth of Los Angeles. I take my figures from the census:

From 1850-1860	Los Angeles gained.....	2,775
" 1860-1870	" " "	1,343
" 1870-1880	" " "	5,445
" 1880-1890	" " "	39,212
" 1890-1900	" " "	52,084
" 1900-1910	" " "	216,719

These Iowa farmers brought millions of dollars with them. About twelve years ago Los Angeles had a population of about 100,000. Add to any city of this size an increase in population of 400,000 with millions in their pockets and what else could you expect other than wild speculation in land. All those who planted early and up to five years ago made fortunes, and now the reaction is on. The natural wants of the people in necessities such as houses, foods, clothing and some luxuries, created a rush to go into the retail business to supply these wants. The rents went up like a kite and tenants wanted more places and larger places and began to compete with each other for locations. The result is that doing business in Los Angeles today is a luxury because of the high rents. Jobbing, wholesaling and manufacturing are small because the volume of business does not exist. There are not enough people located west of the Rocky mountains to sustain such institutions. These must content themselves in supplying temporary wants and making repairs. And again, iron does not exist in California so far as known and manufacturing must be limited to certain lines only. However, it is a great state and is doing great things in other lines. It will find its own and is now suffering greatly from bad national legislation.

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Los Angeles, Cal.

CALIFORNIA wants capital and has always wanted money. It has given encouragement to the person who came here with cash. When states in the east were pursuing persons who possessed money both day and night by means of tax ferrets and other means, this state was enacting laws to protect such individuals. There is no tax on money deposited in savings banks in this state. There is no tax of any kind on a mortgage given by a citizen of this state to another citizen of this state. Money deposited in a national bank is taxed. The banks pay 3 per cent on checking accounts and 4 per cent interest on time deposits, and in some cases as high as 6 per cent is paid on time deposits. The banks possibly, under certain circumstances, can afford to do this because the usury laws do not apply until the rate goes beyond 24 per cent per annum. A trust deed is given here which empowers the owner to get possession of realty in thirty days in case of default. This is frequently used here to take the place of what is known in Iowa as the second mortgage.

Hence the man who is well posted on values and plays safety first is making good when he stays on the credit side of the proposition. If he gets on the other side the chances are in due time he will attend a first class funeral, for he will be thoroughly dead. When you go "dead" here it is very doubtful indeed if you will ever be able to raise another "spark," crank or no crank.

There are thirty-one banks in this city, thirteen national and eighteen savings banks. The last call gave the nationals with \$76,000,000 on deposit and the savings banks \$110,000,000.

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I personally know that the tax ferrets drove some Iowa people out of Iowa to this city because of the more favorable conditions granted money. These conditions made this city grow as much as anything else.

One banker told me that he had over \$10,000,000 in his bank belonging to Iowa people alone. If one banker has this much, what have the other thirty banks on deposit of money belonging to former Iowa people? Money is only a medium of exchange, and flies away when you attack it and locates among its friends. To drive money away from your home injures no one in the end but the persons foolishly making the attack. Several banks have engaged popular Iowa men on good salaries to circulate among Iowa people for their deposits. Some of the booster organizations in Iowa ought to persuade many of its reformers to join the United States army. It has too many, at least in some lines.

The main business street is Broadway and an eighteen-foot front here rents from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per month. No tenant with the overhead charges can handle enough business in such a room 150 feet deep to pay such rent. Many of them are not doing it here. They are dying, and some landlords are permitting them to continue and keep the lights burning and pay what they can. Main street is next with rents from \$400 to \$800 per month, and tenants sliding along on cobblestones about the same. And so it is on Spring street. Rents are based on values fringing on the clouds above. They will have to squeeze the water out, and it is being squeezed out now, for the new crop of tourists has not been making investments for the last two years.

The land has been divided into lots to the ocean, twenty-six miles away, and for miles in every direction, almost to

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San Diego, 150 miles to the south. The whole population of New York City of five and a quarter millions of people could locate here and each individual could find a lot for a home that is now vacant. They ask for lots 50 by 150 feet from \$1,000 to \$1,500 eighteen and twenty miles from the business part of the city.

Of course, rents in the residence sections are cheap and naturally so based on such conditions. I have seen fine apartments with hot and cold water, nicely arranged, for \$4 and \$5 a room! Thus a six and seven room apartment can be had for \$25 to \$30.

Everything in the food line is reasonable, and some are cheap, except eggs. Eggs now are from 40 to 55 cents. Living here is cheaper than Des Moines and 30 per cent cheaper than San Francisco.

Taxes are out of sight and will be higher in time. Too many freak laws are in force. The state, county and city taxes in this city are \$35 per thousand. They will tell you it is on a 50 per cent basis, and that is the "booster" price, the real or earning value is another thing. In addition you pay special assessments, light, water, etc. Taxing bodies can make a levy for "publicity" purposes under the state law. Under this law the county bought palms for Los Angeles to place along the sidewalks at a cost of \$60,000. It gave \$35,000 to the San Diego exposition for 1916. It gave Hollywood \$1,500 to give a show. This is all to amuse and entertain the tourists and exploit the climate. Thus public funds raised by taxation are scattered with an abandon of a college boy with a rich and indulgent father. When the tourists become conservative and cease to invest lavishly, the burdens will be and are now felt keenly by all who have invested.

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Mr. and Mrs. Reaver of Des Moines are on their way back from the exposition.

Dr. and Mrs. Smouse have come for the winter. So has Major and Mrs. Byers and Miss Thompson. The major has bought a new automobile, young and happy as a boy of twenty, Mrs. Byers is compelled to watch him for fear he might waste the money to avoid paying an excessive income tax to the Wilson administration. They have come for the winter.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THIS city never sees snow or ice hence it is never cold, but it is cool at times. You can sleep under covers the year round, that is, the nights are cool. The temperature changes daily from fifteen to thirty degrees. At mid-day it is warm and pleasant and beginning about 5 P. M. it starts to get cool. The sunny side of the street is often three to five degrees warmer than the shady side, and five to ten degrees warmer than inside a dwelling or building.

This daily change in temperature is brought about by a contest between the sun and the breezes from the ocean, sixteen miles away. This is the character of the climate nine or ten months out of twelve. The rainy season is supposed to be in the months of January and February. The average yearly rainfall is sixteen inches and nearly all of it comes down during these two months. From reports it is some rain. The drops, so to speak, are as large as hen's eggs. The fall is so rapid that the streets become flowing rivers and the water advances over the sidewalks to the entrances of the stores. The rain does not fall every

day, but it may come every three or four days, with the sunshine and flowers smiling between the showers.

The curbs in some places are two feet high to avoid flooding basements. This causes you to step high and look high for ten months out of the twelve. This causes Los Angeles people to become high steppers, hence the multitude of boosters. This is why you seldom see fat people. They are thin in face and form, just the condition for racing. Hence the reason so many race after tourists and, the latter being slow, are easily caught. If they live here long enough they likewise become racers like the natives.

Now, no climate is perfect, and with the changes in temperature mentioned herein, this climate is not perfect. In fact, it is very bad for a great many people. Many of them have no one to blame but themselves. They do not go properly dressed to meet these daily changes in temperature, hence colds are frequent and often terminate seriously. People with tubercular trouble are numerous and in every direction. Many are in institutions and many are at large.

Pneumonia is frequent and the cause of many deaths. The death rate from this alone is high with all classes and ages. In many cases the cause of death given is from a weak heart, and both young and old pass away in large numbers from this cause as given in the death notices. Most people die when the heart refuses to work any longer. Circulation is never good when you have no ice and snow and winds and blizzards to brace you up and force you to get a good foothold on the earth's surface. When with such contests you get home to a good fire and a hot dinner, you indorse everything President Wilson has said to everyone across the water. You feel you are a true sport whether you are twenty-one or eighty-one—your hat is in the ring.

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Formerly no fire and no provision for heat was contemplated in the residences. Now heat is provided for in the later residences. For this reason many older inhabitants claim that the climate is changing. This is not the case, only their blood is not a good thick red and their vitality has been lowered by long residence in a milder climate doing nothing.

The people in San Francisco call the people here "Oskaloosans." They mean by this they are farmers and reformers and populists, now wearing the garment they designate as "progressives," constantly agitating sumptuary laws and fads of all kinds to control and govern the way in which the other fellow shall live, act and have his being, that he might perchance inherit the kingdom of heaven. They want the state divided so as to get away from the "cafeteria crowd," as they refer to them. I was much amused and wanted to see the cafeterias here.

They are some eating places, just the same. They feed thousands daily. The food is well cooked, wholesome and of great variety. It is cheap, and the surroundings clean and sanitary.

They are patronized by all classes of people who sit around and read the newspapers for hours and listen to the music. They go out with a good supply of toothpicks and become grave diggers on the sidewalks for the particles of food that persist in lodging around the teeth. They stand around the entrance to read the bill of fare, note down the prices, and then go in and order to the dot the amount they are willing to invest to satisfy the inner man.

One day an old gentleman with Uncle Sam's beard ordered from the card in front with fixed prices and sat down to the table and noted on the back of an envelope the items and prices and then ate everything up. He arose and

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approached the cashier and protested that the checker had overcharged him. The cashier could not go down and investigate and verify his statement, so she made him cough up, not his dinner, but the price. I have not seen him back since. I think he was from Nebraska and a follower of William Jennings Bryan.

On another day I noticed an old man with no hair on his head making love to a young girl. He let her pay her own bill! When she was doing this he glanced around and then wiped the top of his head off well with the napkin, thus saving laundry bills.

Thus you see all those nice, pleasant, delicate ways around the table and in the home vanish in the cafeteria. The gentle, sweet manners that are so pleasing to the lady and the gentleman are forgotten or not practiced here, and hence with the cafeteria we can never hope to surpass the French in politeness and gentility of manners.

Los Angeles, Cal.

SINCE my last letter on the citrus fruit proposition I have made further investigations and find that I was not conservative enough in my statements, which were based on the statements made to me by railroad men and numerous growers and owners of orange and lemon groves. I have since talked with scientific men and those familiar with the situation who have made the climate, soil and its adaptability to the different kinds of food products a study and I feel that these men are nearer the truth.

In the first place the ground suitable to grow oranges and lemons, they claim, is not worth more than \$75 to \$80 per acre. An orange tree will begin to bear fruit in from

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three to four years. An orange orchard in fine condition, that is, the trees healthy, the leaves a dark green, the ground well cultivated and favorably located, and water facilities good, at the age of 10 years and from that to 15 years is worth from \$400 to \$600 per acre, and no more. This is the orchard and land alone without any buildings being considered. Some of the orchards have buildings and residences costing from a few hundred dollars to thousands of dollars. Most of the orchards do not contain more than five or ten acres.

As to the production. A fancy tree, under particular care and most favorable conditions might produce twelve or fifteen boxes of oranges in one season, just as a prize acre of corn or a prize acre of onions might surprise us. My old friend, John Cook, of West Union, Ia., who is connected with the St. Paul road, told me two years ago that a young man in his neighborhood had just realized \$537.50 from seven-eighths of an acre of onions. Had this happened here a beautiful photograph would have been made of the onions and distributed all over the United States. But average crops never produce this way, not even in oranges and lemons.

These scientific men inform me that the average orange orchards produce only five to eight boxes of oranges to the tree, and this is a good crop. They also state that the orange and lemon owners have made no money in the last three years even based on these modest figures. It is one expense after another springing up before you get a crop converted into cash. They claim the Wilson tariff bill has injured the growers very much, because the New England market was turned into a foreign market instead of a domestic, owing to its great distance from the Pacific coast. The local demand is small. Local grocers tell me they buy

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their oranges for 50 cents a box from the grower frequently, without being embellished in fine tissue paper, just the plain orange. With the facts in my two letters you can readily see that the orange and lemon propositions are a millionaire's game.

They also told me that the lemon was more delicate than the orange tree, the danger line being thirty degrees above zero. Twenty degrees made a first class funeral; all was lost. Say this is not strenuous! With all the hazards I believe they should have some protection, and the Payne-Aldrich bill did not grant too much. They also said that the heart decaying in the walnut tree was caused by too much water at the wrong time. This same condition in the orange tree will cause a little black spot to appear in the center of the orange, which will enlarge and destroy the orange, without affecting the tree like the walnut; yet, outwardly, it may be fine in appearance. You see it takes a professor, a chemist, a skilled man to engage in this business and not meet misfortune.

They also told me that dates could not be successfully raised anywhere in California, except on a small area in the desert not far from Riverside, and there only fairly so.

I was anxious to get further light on the Bermuda grass plague, and they told me it covered large areas in central and southern California. It grows in bunches like swamp grass, has a small, hard seed, does not dissolve when eaten and goes where the winds bloweth. It spreads rapidly, grows everywhere, and is a desert grass.

Another grass exists here which they regard as much worse, growing six to eight feet high, closely jointed, hard, and with a small flinty seed which travels like the Bermuda grass seed, everywhere, and, strange to say, they call it the "Johnson grass." He is the guilty man who brought it here

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from Africa, and when you become afflicted with it you can very properly say, "too much Johnson."

The two men bringing these two grasses to this locality about 1870 were cattlemen, and they were seeking feed for their cattle, a grass that would grow on desert land. They found what they were seeking all right, but both are failures for feed, for both lack the essentials of food products, but will grow and prosper here and among the tillers of the soil for generations to come. Owing to their character and growth they can never be eliminated. These grasses invade the orange and lemon groves as well as the beautiful lawns of the millionaires. They toil not, neither do they spin, and have no beauty, yet they keep everything else going with a constant expenditure of money to suppress them.

And if this is not enough to make men humble, law-abiding and God-fearing, they must be visited with fearful sandstorms instead of snowstorms in the desert lands along Riverside, Ontario and other sections thereabouts. Last Sunday the highways were made impassable by the accumulations of sand carried from the fields by a wind traveling sixty miles an hour, and over two hundred automobiles were stranded for the night, some meeting with accidents, and others seeking shelter until next day. These storms sometimes in a mild form reach as far as Los Angeles.

On Tuesday evening I attended a banquet of the Iowa Association of Southern California, two hundred and fifty being present. It met to celebrate the admission of Iowa into the union, December 28. Its president is Judge Fred H. Taft, formerly of Sioux City and I notice my friend, Judge Frank R. Willis, is vice president. Mr. C. H. Parsons, formerly of Clinton, Ia., is secretary. He is an ideal man for such a position, possessing judgment and discretion

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with a fine personality which helps much to make all these Iowa organizations and their meetings a success. And they are influential because four Iowa men are judges in the Superior courts and John J. Hamilton is a supervisor at \$5,000 per year. John cut his whiskers off and ran on the progressive ticket, but whiskers or no whiskers, he could never have landed anywhere in Des Moines. On the News he was reforming everybody and everything. Out here I notice he criticised the legal adviser of the board for strictly construing the law. He wanted the people to rule and if they wanted to stand on their heads, ladies and all, at once, they should be permitted to do so. If the papers reported him correctly, the climate has changed John. He is a new John all to himself, for they voted against him and intend to abide by the law of the land. This is best after all.

San Diego, Cal.

THIS city like most cities has its boosters and they are trying to make it grow, and it is growing slowly. If you could buy it for its value and sell it at the prices claimed to be its worth, you would soon become a millionaire.

There is no business here to speak of beyond showing tourists from all parts of the country a good time. It is purely a residential town and for fear you might be disappointed the realty men have cut the land up into lots for miles around, and some will be vacant during the life of the next generation. I priced a residence lot over three miles out and was informed it was "only \$3,500." I asked why so high. "The climate." The wind, air and climate never appealed to me as a very substantial thing to put your money in because God in his kindness has given us an

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abundance of all three without money and without price. Sometimes position is worth something, that is all; and tourists should recognize that climate of all kinds exists here by the square mile, and you can enjoy all you can possibly use at bargain counter rates if you have the cash.

At present real estate is dull. Rents in many cases have fallen 50 per cent. First mortgages are picked up frequently at from 30 to 50 per cent discount. Taxes are very high, between thirty and forty a thousand. The city at the last census was given a population of 39,000, yet it has a bonded debt of eleven millions. Much money is raised from taxation to be expended for the beautiful, thus to please and entertain the tourists for without them all would collapse.

The Spreckles brothers are a power here and own much property. As a business proposition they are boosters to be admired, for they are and have been spending millions. They own all the wharfage, lighting system, street railway, North island, where the aviation school is, Coronado and San Diego hotels, and are heavy stockholders in the U. S. Grant and large modern up-to-date office buildings. They did own the water system but sold it to the city for \$4,000,000. I should say a good deal for them. They are building a railroad to Yuma, Ariz., 500 miles, to be completed within a year, giving this city the most direct route to the east and four hours shorter than any other line. It has been in a pocket. Huntington, on the Southern Pacific railway, asked all the docking privileges and intended to make it the city of the south. The people refused him the monopoly, so he stopped and made Los Angeles the end of his line and threw his influence to build it up, and it grew and is growing, and has far sur-

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passed San Diego. With the new road completed this city will take on new life and become a greater tourist point than it has been in the past.

This city was the beginning of the civilization and starting of California. Here is where Father Serra built his first mission, locating it in Mission valley about six miles north of the present city. It is one of the richest and most picturesque valleys in California. It is not large but the scenery and past associations make it worth while for one to stop and gaze up the valley and see the old mission now in ruins, with one room set aside to sell trinkets to visitors from all parts of the world, and contemplate just a moment.

Like Monterey, it is rich in history and connects us with the past and with the races and peoples struggling as best they could to provide themselves with the comforts and necessities of life, having impulses and desires and feelings much like our own, and in due time passing away like others have done before them, a shadow, a fleeting memory. Such is life.

Here was laid the scene of the beautiful story of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona," the charming Indian girl. She was cast upon the sea of time in a cold world for awhile, grew up to womanhood, comely and attractive, and an Indian boy saw and was captivated. Mrs. Jackson's beautiful story of the simple Indian lovers appealed to the civilized world and made them all famous. The old and the young by the thousands visited the spot the past year and the little old abode where she was married. It took seven young women to wait on the tourists who called from day to day to see and buy some little remembrance of the early surroundings of the beautiful Indian girl, showing the deep im-

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pression the book and its story made on the people. Such books and such stories are living messengers of good for time to come. They never die and may it ever be so.

You see much in old San Diego and in some cases efforts are being made to restore or partially restore some of the historical landmarks. Here was located the first jail in California, the first grave yard, the old stones still marking the graves, and the first church and the old mission bells, the first brick house, the new mission marking the spot where Father Serra planted the first cross. The first fort used by Spain, Mexico and the United States was located here, also the old Indian schoolhouse, and the old plaza and monument where Fremont raised the first American flag. Citizens point out the first palm trees planted, now 140 years old, under which are buried six priests, and Patrick O'Neil's home, who sold water for 25 cents a barrel in 1868.

A cross, made out of adobe, stands on the hill nearby, erected by Father Serra. Adobe is made from clay, straw and cactus juice and baked in the sun. It is cut up into blocks and thus the early dwellings were built from this material. So when you are here meandering around, you get inspiration from the misty past, upon which present civilization is built.

A few miles beyond is La Jolla, a town of about 2,000 inhabitants. A beautiful spot, and several Iowa people live here. The climate is fine, more even and delightful both for summer and winter than San Diego. It is located on a point on the sea. Capt. and Mrs. J. S. Clark are fixtures here and are happy and contented. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Sabin are nicely located, and the views inspire him to write charming things for little people. However, I mistrust there is not enough life to stir him on. Young

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people need activity and life and energy around them to do real good things. Mostly old people live here and too often to retire is to begin to die. All should guard against this. Never grow old; get up a scrap over something and it will make you feel young.

Prof. Henry Sabin is located at National City, a town of about 3,500 people. He is eighty-six years old, a good old age, but at present is quite poorly. He rendered Iowa excellent work in its educational efforts as state superintendent and otherwise. His other son is near him engaged in the poultry business. He is going to find out whether poultry pays and is keeping books on the proposition. From my investigation I fear his salary will not be large, yet here is hoping that it will be.

Mr. James Olmstead and family are here for a while. All look fine and are absorbing as much of the climate as possible without investing.

This is the rainy season but one does not mind that much. Ten inches in a year will not worry you with wet feet but the inner man might suffer much if even this small amount does not come.

San Diego, Cal.

THIS is a calm, clear beautiful day after the storm, the worst ever, so the natives say. It washed out thirty bridges, changed the channels of rivers, washed away railroad tracks by the mile, and water from the mountains came in such large volumes and such force as to uproot large trees and carry them down the valleys. The Little Landers have suffered more than all the rest for 150 have been made homeless, a mother and daughter drowned, their

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earthly possessions gone forever. Money, clothing and food are being donated by the public to sustain life. All their other troubles have been mild compared to their present distress. The poor have poor ways. Knowing local conditions and possibilities they heeded not. However wiser people sometimes are equally bold or reckless and suffer likewise. We all pay for the folly of our conduct or error of judgment sooner or later. The damage in San Diego county alone is estimated at \$500,000, which will require the issue of bonds to repair the destruction of public property. The city of San Diego has stored enough water to answer its wants for six years to come. Water storage is one of the serious problems of this city for the yearly average rainfall is only ten inches.

The aviation school is located here on North island. It is not infrequent to see eight to ten machines up at once. There are thirty line men here at a time receiving instructions. If a young man shows no aptitude he is sent back otherwise he is retained until he becomes a skilled manipulator. Portugal has four students and China has one. Who said China was not waking up?

The hydroplanes are made by Curtiss and the aeroplanes are made by Martin. The boys call them land machines and water machines. Mechanics who are skilled in special lines of work are here to look after the machines. One line will watch one thing only and another set will look after another line. The machines are kept in perfect order. They are in practice each day, Sundays included, a certain number of hours. Records are carefully kept. The training is handled as a science, a business; the object—war.

My judgment is that inside of twenty years they will be almost as common as automobiles were five years ago, and

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much safer to handle. The perfection of their mechanism is marvelous. Curtiss is now making a hydroplane that will carry eleven tons. This means guns, necessary number of men and eight hundred gallons of gasoline. The results, the consequences of such a machine in the air, are fearful to contemplate for both cities and war vessels. The accuracy of aim in time will be equal to that of firing from a war vessel. It will be finished and sent here before long to be tried out.

The accidents in handling the machines are wholly from alighting. They are so skilfully made now that if the engine goes dead they can be brought to the earth like a bird, and with the same grace and safety. The monoplane is dangerous and not used here because of the difficulty in alighting. It causes many accidents by its inability to glide gracefully at the proper angle; it is too abrupt. Another source of many accidents is trying to perform stunts in the air. They happen often on land as well as in the air when persons found doing such things are more foolish than wise. Here no stunts are performed. It is business, straight flying for speed, altitude or changing of course. You see every day some very skilful flying both in the air and on the water.

The planes will become cheaper in time like the bicycle, motorcycle and automobile, and their safety superior to these when handled sensibly. They will then be used to carry mail, express and persons in Chicago, in the morning, who must be in New York by 4 P. M. We are truly living in a marvelous age. I want to live 100 more years. Why should any one commit suicide? Put yourself in the spirit of the times and enjoy life.

The "Theosophical Homestead." This is a big name. It is Madam Tingley, a genius of her kind.

ALONG THE PACIFIC

She is located midway on Point Loma. Point Loma is a neck of land one to two miles wide and five to six miles long, running out into the ocean, forming and protecting San Diego harbor. Many residences, a town, golf links and a fine clubhouse are located there. Also a lighthouse at the point and, on the harbor side, Fort Rosencrans, with big guns guarding its entrance against all enemies. Also a government wireless station is nearby on the ridge.

Madame Tingley has about 160 acres, a dream of beauty, an oriental garden, to please and charm principally men with millions or less, and to change their ways and their money that they might inherit the kingdom of heaven. She works on the theory that they know some of their money is tainted and they should get rid of some of it, the more the better. She makes them believe that at death they will enter another form, be incarnated, and have a chance to thus go on until they reach perfection. This generally happens to a man when his hair is quite gray and a fog begins to settle around his brain. In this condition he begins to feel that he would like to be good and wants to progress rapidly, and is willing to pay for a fast train.

Now Spaulding no doubt felt this way and died. In twenty-four hours his body was in ashes, cremated. His widow and second wife had most of his fortune. The children are contesting the will, claiming that such undue haste casts a shadow as to the cause of his death. The ashes are blank. Mrs. Spaulding, with the money, is said to be Madam Tingley's successor, so the fight is on. The latter has had other similar fights. But with it all she has erected a half dozen beautiful buildings, a Greek theater with a temple, all costing not less than \$500,000. She operates a school, with possibly three hundred students, makes them sign contracts to remain four years, pay room rent,

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board and tuition, and pays no salaries. All work for the cause of the Lord—Madam Tingley. It is not a corporation or colony, but Madam Tingley. She is the absolute owner and ruler over all. All wear uniforms, and architecture and furnishings give the surroundings the air of the oriental—and she is the original and only representative of the wisdom of the ancients. She owns a theater in town worth a hundred thousand where she gives, or has given by others, lectures and entertainments. She is a large woman, keen, educated, of fine personality, aggressive and about fifty years of age; has been married twice, but is now alone, living like a queen. Mrs. Spaulding is large, but just the opposite in other respects. They are ready and willing to save you. Come.

San Diego, Cal.

IT HAS not been long, about fifty years ago, this land was only a desert. At Fourth and Broadway streets the land sold for 26 cents an acre. Today upon this spot stands one of the finest hotels in America, the U. S. Grant, built by a son and named after his father, beloved by all, and costing about two millions of dollars. It is a fitting monument to the dead hero, in architecture, furnishings and management. The pages wear uniforms designed after the aides to the president of the United States. At the time when this was done there was some criticism, but it has long since been forgotten.

The city has a population of from 60,000 to 70,000 people from many countries. It is located on one of the finest harbors in the United States, has many hills covered with beautiful homes, with mountains near by, giving

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it one of the most captivating positions for scenic effects of any city in California.

The climate is ideal. The daily variations are much less than in Los Angeles, yet in the winter the nights are cool, not cold, and the days are balmy and buoyant. It is a charming place to spend the winter and I am in love with it. The average rainfall is ten inches. The streets are in good condition and so are the public highways. I can describe the climate and surroundings best by saying that I visited the old town this week and found some boys with coats off, some with one suspender and barefooted, shooting marbles. You have seen that before but not in January.

There is but little business, as it is purely a residential town. It is not too large nor too small. You cross the streets on foot with comfort and ease and no fear. No one is in a hurry. The majority are leading simple lives, and apparently law-abiding and God-fearing. The little business that exists here is not good and has not been for two years. Roosevelt will tell you why. There are many vacant store rooms and in many cases the landlords have cut the rent 50 per cent. Living is cheap and rents are also since the cut. There are many good hotels and apartment houses. Yet the poor man or woman would suffer much because there is nothing for him to do. To him all places and all foods are high when he has no money and can get none to buy.

Those who failed to see either exposition in 1915 can make a visit here and see an entirely new exposition. All the buildings are now closed to be remodeled to receive many of the exhibits that were at San Francisco, among which are the Canadian, Italian, French and many others. Some here will not remain for 1916. On March 1, 1916,

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they expect to have everything in place and a new dedication.

It is located in the city park, a tract of ground consisting of 1,400 acres, which viewed, from a natural standpoint is one of the most picturesque parks in the United States.

The exposition is using about 400 acres of it.

The main entrance is lined on each side by acacia trees, beautifully trimmed, with walks and buildings back of it. Tropical plants and shrubbery and trees artistically arranged, make first impressions most pleasing and restful to the mind of the visitor.

There are walks between the buildings that lead to the back and there on every hand you find surprises of fountains, statuary, columns, shrubbery and trees, and vines and flowers creeping in, through and around all. You feel you are in a garden and you are in a garden with the air saturated with perfumery, and the surroundings cannot help but make you feel glad that you are alive. The authorities have made the most out of the capital they possessed, both as to grounds and buildings. They passed me through the buildings, which, when remodeled, will be worth another visit, for it will be a new and better exposition.

All these things are being done to make the city grow. Really one family is back of the spirit of this movement—the Spreckels. They built a Grecian theater on the ground, permanent and fireproof, at a cost of \$15,000. They then installed a magnificent pipe organ at a cost of \$25,000. Then they hired an organist for two years at a high salary, so every Sunday afternoon throughout the year the people can go and be inspired by the finest music in the land. A few days ago they made gifts of it all to the city

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of San Diego. A few men like this can make any city grow over night. Des Moines has never been so blessed. You never hear a native speak of an unpleasant thing or a defect existing here. If you meet an obstacle of this kind they will look blank and much surprised and say, "That never happened before." They look so innocent you believe them. After it has happened to you two or three times you think of the wolf story.

They even transact their business much as the gambler does, taking no account of the capital invested. If a gambler bets you a dollar he counts it lost, gone the minute he drops it on the table. Now if you cover his dollar and he wins, you lose. Here he declares he has made two dollars and you cannot convince him otherwise. After all is this not about the truth? So San Francisco counted the money put into the exposition. What she found in her sack at the close she made—all profits—and let it go at that. This spirit is all over California among the natives. Catch a Yankee doing business that way. The Californian smiles and drinks a glass of wine between earthquakes. The Yankee jumps on with both feet and you never hear the last of his loss—he even takes it home to the bosom of his family to impress his wife that she ought to do without a new pair of shoes or a new hat. The native Californian is smart and you have to watch him, but I like him just the same. He is game and hangs on until you push him overboard.

"After all it is grit that makes the man and the want of it the chump."

Many Iowa people are located here. I met Mrs. Culver and her daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Bowen are here making them a short visit.

BY LAND AND SEA

Richard Griffith and family reside here and Mr. Dan Finch and wife are making them a short visit.

Mr. L. Harbach and family are here for the winter. Mr. Harbach works early and late breathing the pure, clean air that abounds here on all occasions. He appears to be contented and happy.

About ten to twenty thousand tourists spend their vacations here during the year.

San Diego, Cal.

THE milder the climate the more mysticism, semireligious thought, social and experimental economics are planted, grow or rather exist and feed upon the weak and visionary human beings who come near or under their influences. Thus you see all our great religions had their beginning in India, on the Euphrates and Palestine. The climate of southern California is very similar to Palestine as well as its scenery and food products. There you get the oranges, olives, nuts, etc., and so you get them here.

Here you have socialism, the I. W. W., San Ysidro, Madam Tingley and her theosophy and so on. Here you meet individuals bareheaded and barefooted obeying some command from above. They would not prosper very well with the snow a foot or so deep and the thermometer making good strides for the cellar. They are wise in selecting locations where the Lord can find them alive at all times of the year, requiring substantially no fuel and a small quantity of foods which grow and come to maturity every month in the year.

So the San Ysidro or Little Landers have a problem to solve of which I wanted to know. I may need it some day.

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The theory is that a well man can live and support a family on an acre of ground. I was unable to find out whether they meant a Roosevelt family or one not quite so large. Also whether twins or triplets would disturb or mar the prosperity or happiness of the home.

The town or colony is located fourteen miles from San Diego and one mile north of the Mexican line. I was accompanied by two friends and when we alighted it was so unusual to have strangers arrive that we attracted considerable attention. A very bright boy about ten years old approached us and asked us what we wanted. We told him we were on the hunt for some Little Landers and after buying him 10 cents' worth of candy that boy was ours, and he knew the town, its gossip, its troubles, its failures from every viewpoint. He said "the originators of the scheme had abandoned the place and left nothing behind but troubles and he wanted to get away, too." That lad is all right. He and I could be bosom friends. Yet I failed to get his name, because older people took us in hand and drove him away. The truth was he was brighter than them all.

They started with five hundred acres and about six hundred people reside there in all sizes and shapes of dwellings erected from all kinds of material. They all are poor, theoretical, impractical people who did not know at first whether potatoes grew on trees or in the ground. The individual was smart, but the community was ignorant, hence in their town meetings oratory and resolutions flowed like water in the Nile at flood time.

The president is a former professor of psychology in Vassar College. He is a big lazy fellow about forty years of age, the son of a preacher, and does not believe in reli-

BY LAND AND SEA

gion, marriage or anything else. He seems to be vigorous and healthy. He owns two acres and has a fine truck garden well cared for and personally he looked very much like a hard working man. He ran away from us and darted into a house located on one corner of his two acres covered with canvas. We noticed a fairly good looking buxom woman about forty years of age enter the same place and shortly a piano was in action. We learned that she was from the east and she and the professor, in the opinion of the neighbors, looked after each other too closely. She claimed to be a short story writer for eastern magazines.

The truth is lack of water and money at the start put them to thinking. They now have water in abundance at reasonable rates by making the cost, \$25,000, a burden on their holdings. The climate is so mild they can produce early vegetables which command a fancy price. One man and his wife by hard work and good management sold \$1,200 from two acres last year. They are the only ones we could learn who made any thing beyond a living. No one can tell you how the balance pulled through. It is simply a poor man's grave, and began as a real estate man's speculation.

We then drifted into Mexico in the town of Tia Juana. Gamblers and horsemen have built a fine race track across the line near this town. It is operated by the sports of the United States. They have about four hundred horses in attendance and all the wheels and games known to the trade. It will last one hundred days, including Sundays, and the wheels and games run day and night, with all the relishes on the side. I am truly glad this sport has been eliminated from the United States. The sports from New York, Chicago and everywhere are there, and you are safe in the sunshine if you mind your own business.

ALONG THE PACIFIC

My friends desired to see the town and I was willing. We came to a building and we made inquiry and found that it was the fort, which is also used as a jail. We asked permission to see it, which was a foolish thing to do, for it was the next day after eighteen unfortunate Americans near El Paso lost their lives after being promised protection. The general could not speak English, so he said, and he asked us if we could speak Spanish. We said no. Then in a bitter, sarcastic, venomous manner he addressed us in Spanish, and I lifted my hat and gave him a respectful bow and beat it for the American line. I then recalled what Professor Wilson has lately said about being on foreign land and in water over your head, and I made up my mind that my American citizenship is not worth a d——n. My Irish, Scotch and Dutch blood began to boil because I feel that every American citizen should be respected so long as he is a gentleman and obeys the laws, and especially when he is invited on foreign soil by a concession to go about and spend his money.

Later I met a Mexican merchant, a gentleman, and told him our experiences, and asked him the reason for it. I supposed they were friends of Villa, but he said they were for Carranza. He said he did not understand it. Neither did I. The truth is we are hated everywhere and respected nowhere, and why? Let us talk less and think more. Give justice, do justice and demand justice, not in well chosen words, but in action when ignored. Action must be sustained by strength and power, and we have both at our command. If we are to be a nation let us be one in the fullest sense and meaning of the word. Commercialism makes a nation strong and wealthy and often leads to friction with competitors, and, with nations, into war. To command and be respected makes commerce and com-

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merce must be guarded and protected by the strong arm of the nation, and the two arms of every nation are its navy and its army, sustained by the moral and intellectual strength of the people. The United States should put its house in order.

San Pedro, Cal.

SAN DIEGO was deprived of any mail for about one week on account of the floods until the superintendent of mails got permission from Washington to send it down by boat. It came about 9 o'clock in the evening and, of course, after so long a period a large quantity had accumulated and time was required to distribute it. The Grant Hotel had over twenty guests leaving next morning at 8 o'clock, hence they were very anxious to get their mail before leaving, the women especially. The hotel was nice about it, and made arrangements with the postmaster to let it have its mail next morning at 6 o'clock, and it was rushed to the hotel for handling and distribution. This required time. We had to leave the hotel at 7:30 in the morning to catch the boat. Two clerks began work on two large sacks full of letters, placing them in the boxes to whom they belonged. The desk was lined up two deep.

A large, fat Jewess came from Los Angeles a week before by automobile, hence had to return by boat. She called one of the clerks to the desk three times to explain, in the time it takes some women to explain such things, that she was not angry because she did not get the room or accommodations her husband wanted her to have, and he was not offended either.

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The guests were nervous and angry at this woman's interruptions. I wanted to turn her over and spank her and drive some of the material below into an empty head, at least increasing the quantity if not the quality.

After all she taught us a good lesson: not to inject our private, and especially immaterial matters, into relations and positions which materially affect the interests, welfare and pleasure of our fellow travelers. The mail was not fully distributed and we all had to leave not in the best of humor. On a long journey just this little indiscretion would have spoiled much of her pleasure. Always be a good fellow and go with the crowd, never failing to be courteous and polite and mindful of the rights and feelings of others, a gentleman and a lady, and you will have one beautiful day after another in traveling.

Why do people get sick on the water? We went on the Yale, a fine boat, formerly on the Atlantic. About four hundred people were aboard. After a few minutes you could imagine that you were on the front of a battlefield, the dead and dying lying all around you. Some were not very prepossessing, especially the women. When a woman gets sick in public she is truly and really sick, and for once becomes unconscious of her appearance, especially when she is running for the railing or a bucket, with a man often trying to keep up and hold on, going through many physical contortions trying to reduce her weight. This must be pleasant for fat women and distressing for thin women. To my mind there is no doubt she succeeds in reducing her weight and tearing her feelings at the same time.

Men fare no better, but men make no claim to beauty or pleasing ways. One large man began to step high and see things, his feet and head became light at the same time,

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and over he went on the floor. This a woman would not think of doing because her intuition would inform her what was approaching. This illustrates her superiority to man in some respects and possibly her fitness for participating in governmental affairs. One old man, large and pompous, with a big watermelon front, was as serene as a dove, except he was talking all the time largely on political questions. He had a large, coarse face with some intelligence, and I'll venture that his diet consisted largely of pork, beans and cabbage. Why was he not sick? Is this sea sickness not largely a matter of imagination, sympathy, and permitting your feelings to get control over your thinking machine? The Christian Science people have a happy thought if it works. We all might borrow it, if it does, when we take a trip on the water.

This harbor is owned and controlled by the city of Los Angeles, and the management is bum from start to finish. Los Angeles took it for fear the Southern Pacific might get it and it is too bad it ever touched it. Politics is in absolute control and this is why it is so badly managed. The help is inefficient. They know nothing concerning the dock, a stranger and a traveler being driven to find his way as best he can. I wanted to be transferred to the Elder dock and I was directed to the office of "Information." He disputed with me and on investigation found I was nearer right than he was. He then directed me three blocks away. I then went to the Yale dock and I was told to claim my trunk when it was tossed out.

I then hired an old Irishman and his express to haul my trunk to the place designated and found it locked. After two hours I was informed that I was at the wrong place. I should have gone to the outer dock two miles away. My Irishman kicked, saying it was too muddy. He demanded

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75 cents. We agreed on 50 cents, but because of the delay he wanted more and I paid him and it was easy to discharge him on the spot. I then appealed to the Southern Pacific for information and help. It called up a responsible transfer man who sent a wagon at once and removed me and my baggage to the proper dock for \$1, charging me nothing for their attention. Now this is my first experience with municipal owned docks and I want no more in mine. Political bodies should never own public facilities of this character, as well as many others, but should regulate them. The public has the power and can exercise it. If the public agents are subject to influences under private ownership, why are they not subject to the same influences when owned by the government? If crooked in one place they are crooked in the other. If the people fail or are unable to select proper persons in one case, they will in the other. So why burden the people with further transactions and greater responsibility?

And here there is an inner and an outer dock. The inner does nearly all the business because it is near some valuable real estate owned by private parties, so it is charged. It stimulates that portion of the town. This is perfectly natural and just what you would expect. If privately owned and publicly regulated, the management would be far superior, and the element of gain entering would cause private ownership to push for business and with efficiency would do the business in a businesslike way, properly to serve the public. These long-haired agitators and professors who think in book form without practical knowledge and experience in business affairs will direct us to one spot only, the rocks, which is expensive and may end in total loss.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Brown are looking fine and have settled down for the winter at the Coronado.

BY LAND AND SEA

On the Seas (Sixth Day).

LOWER California is divided into Northern and Southern California, governed by two separate governments. The northern part in which Tia Juana, the race track town, is situated, is looked after by Governor Canta, a Villa adherent, so our treatment when at the fort is now plain.

About 50,000 people engaged in stock raising and mining, reside in the two states, which are very rich in copper and some other minerals, including silver. One copper mine is very extensively worked on the gulf just opposite Magdalena Bay. It is owned by the Rothschilds of London who have invested some fifty millions in its equipment and employ 10,000 men and there is ore enough in sight to keep this force at work for the next 1,300 years. The El Progreso silver mine owned by San Francisco parties is likewise valuable and has been worked for a like period of time. On the gulf near the point of Pichilingue, the United States government obtained a concession from the Mexican government to store coal there for its fleet. It has erected buildings and, in times past, has stored there fully 300,000 tons. Also a party of men from Cincinnati, Ohio, organized the Pacific Marble Company, which has extensive mines it operates near this point.

Magdalena Bay has unusual interest to Americans and is located on the ocean side a few miles north from the point. Here is where our beloved Admiral Evans rested with the American fleet on his famous trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean to give the boys a little practice work. The Mexican government gave its consent to our navy for this purpose and it is an ideal place for such a purpose. It has one entrance, protected by islands, very deep, extending along the coast about twenty-five miles and into the interior about twenty miles.

ALONG THE PACIFIC

Near this point and Magdalena Bay, the Japanese tried to get a concession from the Mexican government and, I mistrust, have some understanding or secret agreement, for I have been told more than once and from different sources that Japan controls two hundred thousand acres near this locality. At the time when this subject was attracting public attention I remember we protested, but protests do not count for much these days, apparently. It is the ability to enforce your demands as a nation that receives proper consideration from the other side. Beautifully written letters fail to make the impression they once did, as we now know quite well.

Here is where our country through President Wilson innocently did Mexico much harm. I have talked with many mining men, Americans and natives, business men, lawyers, American and natives, commercial travelers and persons familiar with the Mexican people, their mode of life and manner of doing business, and all agree that we have done harm and not good. We undertook to make them over, a foolish thing to undertake. Huerta should have been given a chance, they claim, to have restored order in Mexico, because he had the ability and his assistants respected and obeyed him. Personally he was a strong man. At the same time our country should have put an embargo on all arms being shipped in from this country, or any other, and the trouble would not have lasted long. Instead we favored one side, then the other, shipped arms and munitions to every one and the butchery of natives and foreigners continued without interruption. First one side was up and then another, and we have been putting our money on the green and then on the red, each time guessing wrong.

Now we have it on Carranza. He is not a bad man. He has some ability, is about fifty-five years of age, and is

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surrounded with a cabinet of younger men, every one of whom is aspiring to be president. He will never be able to weld them together because he is not strong enough. He issues orders and decrees and they are ignored, if it is the wish of his cabinet. Such conditions will not restore order and bring about peace. Time may reveal the individual who is strong enough to command and get obedience, and he must be strong and possess an iron hand, but that individual is not in sight.

Indians have joined the army and were supplied with guns and powder and the like then deserted for mountains. In due time they would return to the army but without their equipment. They would re-enter or join over, get a new supply and then be off to the mountains again. They have done this many times and it is estimated they have supplies enough stored away to last a generation—much of which is due to our past policy, a policy which at best can be considered no more than meddling in the local affairs of a foreign country.

The Indians make up about 85 per cent of the population, but those mixed with other bloods rule the country. They are the generals and politicians. The masses refuse to work only when they fail to steal enough to keep them alive. No thought is taken of tomorrow—just today. It has been so for generations in the past and will continue to be so for generations to come. The climate and surroundings, or environment, have much to do with this condition of the people. They cannot and will not elevate themselves, and improvement must come and can come only through elimination, the survival of the fittest of other peoples and races, and as to time, this means future generations. If not our people, then the Japs or some other race or races. In this way many countries have seen races come

ALONG THE PACIFIC

and disappear, and the United States has been no exception to the rule. This is the way nations grow and become strong with time.

The economic conditions in Mexico are frightful. There is no business worthy of the name. Banks have ceased to do business. With a friend who conversed in Spanish fluently we visited many business men, inspected stores and factories in many lines. Stores are almost empty. People are idle with nothing to do. Every person who was brave enough to take sides and got on the wrong side lost everything. One druggist supposed to have been worth \$100,000 had everything confiscated, and is in the insane asylum. A cracker manufacturer increased the price of his food products when the raw material increased in price. The commandante sent for him and abused him like a dog, called him names, and then sent for his chief and told him to take him out and shoot him down like a dog. No value is placed on life—just a cheap commodity for the soldiers to destroy. He was rich and influential, and by quick work of his friends his life was saved. At the first opportunity he closed his factory, and thus saved future disputes. So you see it everywhere. My friend is a commercial traveler, who has been making Mexico for years, and he informs me this condition exists everywhere. Even on this boat, nine exiles from Guadalajara, one a prominent attorney, are returning after an absence of two years. They are friends of Carranza. The attorney's feet are getting colder the nearer he approaches his destination. He may be shot on his arrival. The safe course is to be poor and have no influence or opinions. One young Mexican lady stood on the deck and with a sad, drawn face looked at her native land and said: "I hate it. I do not want to go back." There she stood, looking at the floor of the ship almost in tears.

BY LAND AND SEA

Her people at one time were rich. Her father was a banker and merchant of influence. He died and was buried at Los Angeles lately. The mother and another daughter are returning with her to Guadalajara—to what, they do not know and their lot is truly sad.

Yet, I never saw so much money. I saw it stacked on tables a foot high. Fives, tens, twenties, etc. My friend bought \$200 for two five dollar gold pieces. It was Carranza paper money. He needed it in his travels.

Money is worth what it will buy, its purchasing power. Labor is measured in the same way, not what is paid, but what the amount received purchases in the open market. This money is twenty to one. A five dollar pair of shoes brings \$100. A one dollar cap, \$15. One apple, 50 cents. Raisins, \$12 per pound. I paid \$2 for two picture cards, Mexican money of course. Beans are \$1.50 a quart and scarce, yet are the main food. Now wages go up in the same ratio and you do not mind it. But what do you say of the man out of a job with no money, of the landlord and his tenant with a lease, of the banker collecting his interest? This is why the banker quit business. With all the necessities imported to these peoples on a gold basis, and the masses idle or at war in the army and but little of a productive nature being produced, how can you avoid having a feeling of pity for this most unfortunate people? Death and starvation are on the track ahead.

Mazatlan, Mexico.

A BIG Irishman at San Diego under some steam because of the flood sold me the ticket for this trip. Some Irishmen will become convivial under a stimulant. He knew I refused to buy a ticket on a slow boat taking a month to

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make the trip so this was a new steamer, the best in the service, which would make it in twelve days, and I bought the ticket and after getting out on the water find that it will be twenty to twenty-five days before I get to my destination, so I think he got my money with malice aforethought.

Before leaving I stayed over night at San Pedro. It was late in the afternoon when I inquired for the best hotel and was directed to the St. Francis. No one was in sight when I called. Shortly a slim woman appeared and I told her I wanted a bed. I was taken upstairs and shown a room and I asked the price and was informed it would be 75 cents. I closed the deal. Later, about 10 o'clock, I was preparing to retire when a gentle knock at my door caused me to open it, and I saw standing there a big Swede woman who informed me in broken English "that she and her man were out late and just got back and was informed that one of her guests had rented a room to a man and she thought she would come up and see what the man looked like." I said, "Here I am, size me up, although not in condition to receive callers." She was lost for a minute and then said, "Men come in here sometimes without baggage and go away in the morning without paying the bill." I told her that was a new one to me and I was glad of the information and would try and adopt that system where I could in my future travels. However, to help her to have a good night's rest I would pay then and there and the old lady smiled all over and examined the room to see that nothing was lacking for my comfort, and bade me good-night.

The boat on which I engaged passage is named the "Elder" and is making its first trip from San Francisco to Balboa. It is a 1,700-ton vessel and has been forty-two

BY LAND AND SEA

years in service, and is loaded with 1,600 tons of freight and forty-one passengers and the crew. It can carry 250 people. I have heard people say they wanted to take a slow sea voyage for their health. Here it is, nothing fast about it. It is clean and looks well and sails like a bird.

Captain Jessen is eighty-two years of age, hale and hearty and, like most all sea captains, genial and pleasant. He has been on the water over sixty years, is married, with a wife still living, and no children. At this age he will go upon the bridge with only a muffler around his neck, no overcoat, and stand there for ten and twelve hours, performing his duty with an ever watchful eye. You feel safe under such management and conduct. He is in love with his work, being comfortably well off, and this is why he is faithful in the performance and discharge of his duties and responsibilities. Now, in this period, few laborers and officers are in love with their work. Big pay and little work is the desire.

I am seated at the captain's table, on his right, with a beautiful young Mexican girl between us. He anticipates her every want, so the services of myself and a bright young man across the table from me are seldom needed. We are simply students in hospitality.

When a lad I used to read Josh Billings. I remember he propounded this question, "Why does a dog turn around three or four times before lying down?" I never could solve the problem until I got on this boat. The other evening I caught myself doing the same thing before getting into my berth. I have a large cabin which has room for three, provided all are in bed at the same time or arise one at a time only. Mine is lower three, or rather the one I use, as I have the room alone. It is on the floor, no doubt about that. The other two are higher and narrower. For

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beds for real comfort, do not mention it. I need no physical exercise to develop my muscles. I now understand why the poor dog does not become attached to its bed. Anything is good enough for a dog. Our transportation facilities are made and operated with a view of quantity—numbers—rather than comfort. The trip is 3,000 miles and I pay \$130, all it is worth.

Most of the passengers are Mexicans. One is a lawyer, located at Guadalajara, with his family. The revolutions caused him to migrate two years ago to Los Angeles. He feels it is safe for him to return and resume his business now, which is a good omen, unless he has erred in judgment. They all long for peace and a cessation of further hostilities. This is the wish and desire of the better classes.

There is a large trade starting up between California and the different countries along the western coast. We have machinery, merchandise, iron and articles of different manufacture to be delivered at some twelve ports, and some are destined to countries in South America. The young American men are studying Spanish and the young Spanish men are studying French and English. In the near future commerce of a large volume will grow up with the United States from this common understanding brought about by the knowledge of these three languages. The desire to know these languages is spreading rapidly, and is even in progress on this ship, for they have their books with them and devote much time to study.

We passed the Gulf of California Tuesday. This peninsula or point forming the Gulf of California is 700 miles long, rough and jagged, and at places only fifty miles wide. A few people inhabit it, engaged in stock raising, mining and dairying. The gulf is 200 miles wide in places, in which it is almost large enough for a hostile fleet to hide.

BY LAND AND SEA

Here is where Francis Drake, the English pirate, would hide with his booty after making a raid along the coast in the seventeenth century. Now he has a monument erected to his memory in Golden Gate park at San Francisco. So goes the world. When a breeze comes up from the ocean the inhabitants call it the "Cromwell breeze."

This town is located in the state of Sinoloa, Mexico. It has a population of about 20,000 and is typical of all Mexican cities. The state has a population of about 200,000 people engaged in agriculture, stock raising and mining. The state has a shore line of about 400 miles, very rich in minerals and possibilities in other lines, but needs development. They produce sugar from cane, largely used for home consumption because of the American tariff. They make large quantities of rope made from a fiber that grows in abundance. Also crude rubber is produced, and corn in large quantities similar to Argentine corn. The cattle are shipped out on the hoof, not many being consumed there. They manufacture soap, wagons, etc., for their own use. Shipments are large of dried shrimp and fish. They export a large quantity of garbanzo, a dried pea. This is a large industry. The Spanish language is spoken. The military runs the government the same as elsewhere in Mexico, this state being no exception to the rule. Graft exists here as elsewhere. The strong assume the function of public affairs and hold on as long as they can. You are at the mercy at all times of the power in control and you may be down and out tomorrow.

The climate in the northern part is good and healthful. The southern portion of the state is low and unhealthy and malaria is bad. Mexico has a long period ahead before it gets stable government.

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On the Seas (Twelfth Day).

AFTER leaving Mazatlan with 20,000 gallons of alcohol made in Mexico, we proceeded to Manzanillo, 300 miles away, arriving there at 6 o'clock in the morning, as the sun was appearing over the mountains, a most beautiful and picturesque setting for a city. It is located in and around the mountains at the foot and on the side of them. We anchored quite a distance away for several reasons. This city once had a dock costing \$100,000 which the natives burned to keep the Americans from landing and taking their city about two years ago, so the goods are taken ashore on tugs the same as at Mazatlan. There lies a war vessel half buried in the water and here at Manzanillo two war vessels remain above the water and the only objects around the place where you observe smoke and some activity. The bugle call, inspection and many of the forms observed by war vessels are complied with here. It is amusing to see the men lined up for inspection. Some are bare-footed, some without hats, some short and some long, a motley collection of knights, so to speak. The vessels were mounted with three-inch guns and mild looking in every way.

On shore we heard the bugle and drum also and they were active up to the time we left. The soldiers had confiscated the only hotel in town and all the private residences they needed to house the troops for the Carranza government. Some time ago an American was in a room on the second floor and the soldiers in a room underneath, practicing, they reported, shot through the ceiling, and the American passed on to the other country. He was a commercial traveler helping to push the commerce of the United States in accordance with the wishes of our present administration. He simply met with an accident in the line of duty.

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This is one of the largest cities in Mexico. It has about 1,500 people and several millions of mosquitoes. They are as large as birds. They live and have their home just back of the city in a lagoon of fresh water coming down from the mountains with no means of escape. Fish exist here and many die when the water evaporates, thus making an elegant stagnant pool in which the mosquitoes breed and flourish. They are now declaring their dividends, and typhus and other fevers are rank. Yet in the face of these conditions, on our arrival the health officer, the commandante and their assistants appeared in a small boat with the Mexican flag attached flying to the breezes, with matting and cushions in their end of the boat for them to sit on and a pad for them to step out on when entering our boat for inspection as to our health. We all passed in due form and they departed as they came, with dignity and in state. Martial law now governs Mexico, and the commandante represents the Carranza government, the absolute authority over cities.

Here we lost all our exiles bound for Guadalajara, the only railroad running from the coast to this city. All the rest of us ate nothing and drank nothing from this town, purely as a matter of choice. The exiles wanted to leave the same day for fear of microbes, but we learned no train would leave for three days, when a Carranza military train would go, upon which they were granted the right to ride. They told us they would have to sit up for three days or sleep on the ground. An old lady, fully sixty-five years old, was with them. I saw her shed more than one tear. She was a refined, gentle looking soul, and my heart went out to her, yet she spoke the Spanish language only and was in her native land—at home. She will soon be beyond it all and at peace, I am sure, with Him who watches over all.

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A large cut is made through the mountains which gives the city connection to the interior and some very rich country. But, like all Mexico, this town is the same as the rest, dead.

While waiting in the harbor we saw many things. Two large whales entered and left after several hours' visit as we were going. Two swordfish tackled one of the whales, and we saw a terrific fight for a while. A swordfish has a long projection from its mouth filled with sharp teeth like a saw, which it draws across the throat of a whale, and they always travel in pairs and attack the whale at the same time, and not infrequently kill it. In this instance it made its escape, but enough of the whale was left on the surface of the water to keep about thirty seagulls eating for quite a while. Thus one life taketh another, either for food or revenge!

We saw sharks playing around our boat as it waited in the harbor for the freight to be unloaded, and many kinds of fish. There must have been a thousand shrimps in a body, which would swim like a diamond square altogether in one direction and then instantly right about face to a man and swim in the opposite direction; in other words, they would swim up the hill and down again and again, so they were neither up hill nor down hill. All would turn around at once. Did they act on orders—a Joffre or a von Kulp? They must have done so. Giving a drill to the drum and bugle sounds on the shore. We also saw a matarrolla, or blanket fish. It was flat, six feet across and shaped like a kite. Its mouth is underneath. It embraces the object of its attack, and does not let it escape. It was indeed strange, and this southern sea, as calm and gentle as a small river, is filled with life in all shapes and forms. One day we saw a school of porpoise fish, a half mile wide

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and almost a mile long. They would spring out of the water three or four feet high and make a jump ten or twelve feet and then dive into the water. With this large body covering such a large space it was most interesting. They were trying to clean their bodies of barnacles, which accumulate on them in salt water the same as ships. Whales are likewise afflicted, and come to the surface for fresh air and to clean their bodies. A whale has a throat one and one-half to two inches in diameter, which is protected by a screen, and an enormous mouth. It takes in a large volume of water containing small fish, squirts the water out through a hole in the head and swallows the small fish thus caught, the screen protecting it against swallowing large obstacles and, of course, from trouble in gathering its food. It is a mammal, and hence breeds and gives sustenance to its young. I have seen many whales, some fifty or sixty feet long.

And this is the land of the alligator, warm water and a warm climate, and they are thick the same as the shark and swordfish. The swordfish will also attack man. Small boats they have cut and severed the legs of men. Shark fishing is carried on to a limited extent by Mexicans, for the fins, which enclose tendons that the Chinese consider a delicacy. These are shipped to San Francisco. The balance, which would make a good fertilizer, also fish oil, is wasted, as it is tossed back into the water after severing the fins.

We have been within a few miles of the coast all the way down. It is very mountainous, the mountains extending far into the interior, and in some places almost inaccessible. After leaving one town you may go three or four hundred miles before reaching another town, and it will be small. Acapulco was our next town, located in such a way as to be

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cut off by mountains, and is considered the hottest place on the coast. It has a population of about 4,000 people. Beans, limes and bananas are the principal shipments. People in warm climates never did work and never will work, and without energy and progress perfection is impossible in anything, not even in governments, regardless of the form. Our next stop was Salina Cruz, the first town with a dock to receive a ship and the last one we visited in Mexico. It has about a thousand inhabitants and its appearance and commerce is similar to the other towns we have visited.

It is hard to do any kind of business without money, when the country is torn by one revolution after another. It is now hinted that a new one will start before long to establish young Diaz in the presidency. If this materializes it will only add one more and the people will have to work with a new kind of money. All gold and silver have left the country. Nothing but fiat paper is the medium of exchange and so long as Carranza is in power will possess some value, at present twenty to one of gold. Soldiers are hired by the different factions for \$1.50 per day and paid with this paper money, also provided with food and some clothing. Many are bare-footed and almost naked. The industrious are forced to take this money for their products or be shot. This has led to a deplorable state and in time will be worse if cessation of hostilities does not ensue. The higher class does not consider it ended by any means. They have about lost all hope and want the United States to intervene. This is only about fifteen per cent. The Indians do not care. The half-breeds are the politicians. The soldiers and half-breeds run the country. They are grafters and hard to handle, being proud and vain, and fond of authority and power.

BY LAND AND SEA

I have seen some of the most beautiful sunsets I have ever seen in my life. I saw one tonight. It was grand in appearance and magnitude, surrounded by all kinds of clouds that traverse the heavens. It dropped, peeking through the clouds, taking a last look at its last day's work, and it was well down. We are five miles out at sea, yet it is 90 degrees above. It is hard to sleep. I put on my B. V. D.'s today; as the Jew said, "them things what you button vay down," hence the name, and I am still hot, and we have a thousand miles south yet to go. I shall be glad when I turn my face northward once more.

Salina Cruz, Mexico.

WE arrived here early in the morning just as the sun was creeping up from the eastern horizon and sending his rays in every nook and corner of this picturesque village, of about one thousand people, located back at the foot-hills on a fine harbor, protected on both sides by piers extending out to the ocean's edge, protecting it from the maddening seas from without.

It has extensive, modern and expensive docks. The town is controlled by the English oil interests, the Pearsons, London, who have done all things well from the handling of freight to providing a pleasant, healthy place for their employees to live. Large, portable derricks are placed on the dock for loading and unloading of vessels; nothing is lacking to enable the employees to handle all kinds of freight with ease and dispatch. Millions of dollars have been expended here for this purpose.

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The Tehauntepec Railroad was built by the same interests, running from the docks to the Atlantic side. Warehouses of large capacity were erected, also.

This was all done and paid for by the Pearsons, and President Diaz, on behalf of the Mexican government, took these improvements over from the Pearsons by paying them in bonds issued by the Mexican government, and they are now government property. It is estimated that the sum involved was close to fifty millions.

All went well, for the Pearsons had a steamship line plying the Pacific to the Orient, gathering up freight and transferring it over this railroad to the Atlantic side for the markets in the East. The freight handled by this concern yearly ran from five hundred thousand to one million tons.

Now all has changed. The building and operation of the Panama canal closed all the warehouses and made many millions of capital invested in the dock wasted capital, because the business transacted at this point now is largely local, and the town simply a trading point, yet it is the cleanest and most attractive town on the Pacific Coast of Mexico.

Carranza is in control here and is raising an army to subdue the governor of the state of Oaxaca. His barefooted soldiers, half clothed and half fed, are entraining, and they are a sight to behold. Their mothers and sweethearts are here to see them start. One lone cannon is on a flat car. The soldiers are lounging on the ground, the women examining the heads of the soldiers for lice, and when a good-sized one is found, it takes the place of food. I felt a little nervous here because of President Wilson's "watchful waiting." I did not linger around much among those who were playing with their guns. The horses were very poor. They looked as if they had not seen an ear of

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corn in a month. The Mexican will not work the land further than to raise just enough to live, to exist. Those who have done better than this have had their accumulations taken away from them by force or exchanged for worthless money, hence poverty, absolute distress, want, starvation, prevail everywhere, to end in riots and death, all because of their inability to agree on a titular head. Diaz was such a head; Huerta was a fair successor and should have been so recognized, but no one in sight has arisen strong enough to restore any government, either good or bad.

During Diaz' administration he conceived the idea of preserving the Aztec language and its literature, so he founded and endowed a school at Tehautepec, not far from here, on the Tehautepec railroad. He employed teachers, and this language, the native tongue, is being taught at that school. They also teach the simple trades and industries of this primitive race in weaving, basket-making, pottery, and so on. This was a noble impulse on his part in an effort to preserve the history and customs of this primitive people.

About seventy-five miles southeast of here, sixty-three American farmers purchased from the government, in a rich valley, small tracts of land, formed a colony and began to improve the property. They did this about five years ago. They had accumulated about thirty thousand dollars' worth of personal property. President Wilson finally informed Huerta that he would not be recognized and would have to go. Huerta sent a message to these pioneers that if they valued their lives they would have to leave at once. They gathered up a few pieces of clothing, yet some were half dressed, and departed for safety, leaving all their personal property behind. This was two years ago and they

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have not seen or heard of it since, and so went their horses, cattle, hogs, etc., through "watchful waiting."

These Americans had a right to be there and it was the duty of this government to protect them in their rights or cease to be a government. All civilized nations encourage their citizens to pioneer, and this has been so throughout the ages, for upon such pioneering commerce has been built, and commerce makes nations strong and rich in all those things that enter into and are a part of human nature; it is civilization against barbarism, light instead of darkness.

San Jose, Guatemala.

ON our departure from Salina Cruz, our beautiful Mexican maiden, who had been attending a Catholic school in San Francisco the past four years, left us. No member of her family met her, but a Catholic sister met the boat looking after young girls, took her in charge to keep her over night and start her home safely next morning. And here you saw the spirit of Christianity, in one stranger toward another.

And here we saw the effects of war. On our arrival about two hundred men, women, children and dogs were on the dock to see the boat come in. Some of them remained all day, and incidents happened which I shall never forget. Our cook made up a package of stale bread, spoiled meat and the like, making quite a bundle. On the dock were three women, two having babies in their arms, and almost naked from poverty, two boys, one about fifteen years of age and the other younger, and three poor, distressed looking dogs. The cook made up quite a bundle and when he appeared at the window, all arose, watching

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for a toss-out, and out it went, the larger boy grabbing it to run away, but he squeezed it too hard and it broke, scattering its contents on the ground. The mothers, babies in arms, the boys and the dogs all in a heap scrambled for a portion of this food. All, starving with hunger, fought each other, with the dogs participating, for this rejected food. This was sad and a pitiful sight to witness, all suffering and yet each blameless, including the dogs.

The other incident was, our crew went up town and came back drunk, including the dock pilot. One fell overboard and came up sober, strange as it may seem. We had dead soldiers all around us, yet we were starting for the sea a mile deep, and I was unable to swim a foot. The dock pilot backed off and started out and bang! he went up against the granite dock. He backed off and out we went without inspection for damage, or even prayers, and right then and there I became a teetotaler for all men occupying or performing a public duty.

This town is one of the most important trading points in Guatemala, having about fifteen hundred people. All the republics in Central America have a high tableland running down the center, with low, marshy land on each side facing the oceans. San Jose is low and not very healthy. A railroad runs from this port to the top of the tableland where is located Guatemala, the capital, a beautiful city of about one hundred thousand people. The republic has about two million inhabitants, about eighty per cent Indians, the same as Mexico, and the balance mixed with other nationalities. The natives are lazy and immoral and intemperate. They live like the Mexicans, for this day only, and take no thought of tomorrow. Venereal diseases affect about sixty per cent of the people. Like all tropical people they are very dark, or copper-colored, one of the provisions

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of nature to enable them to withstand the intense heat, and they are thin and small of stature.

They are engaged in raising coffee, corn, barley and other grains, horses, cattle and sheep. The coffee is the principal staple, but this is largely in the hands of the Germans. The Germans own nearly all of the good coffee plantations from Mexico to Honduras. The Germans maintain a college at the capital, to get in closer touch with the natives for commercial reasons. Its exports and imports reach about twenty-five millions a year, yet it has not begun to be developed in its natural resources. The soil is very fertile, and wheat, tobacco, sugar, bananas, fruits, rubber, besides many valuable kinds of woods.

The climate on the tableland is delightful the year round, but the trouble with this republic is its government. It is copied after the United States but it fails to get the same results. The curse is politics and graft of all kinds. These two cause many revolutions and the administrations change sometimes over night. Five attempts have been made on the life of the present occupant of the President's chair. He is guarded day and night by three or four thousand soldiers. He has made his escape at times by a narrow margin. His predecessor was shot. He does not hesitate to cause some of his enemies to evaporate. He lives in constant fear of being shot, dynamited or poisoned. His mother prepared his meals up to the time of her death. These things, taken in connection with earthquakes, which occur nearly every day and sometimes half a dozen a day, make the ruling of this little republic no easy job.

When coffee plantation managers want laborers to gather their crop they simply hire the commandante to get them say, one hundred men. He will charge for this service, say, twenty-five dollars a man and one hundred men will cost

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the planter twenty-five hundred dollars, and in addition he pays the man about forty cents a day. Should any man refuse to work it is optional for the commandante to shoot him for disobeying orders or let him go. In this way the natives are made to work. In one form or another this graft permeates the administration in all its branches. Taxes and privileges are handled in a similar manner. You are at all times at the mercy of the administration and permitted to succeed or ruined as the administrator sees fit. It behooves you to see little and say less.

On one occasion a young man from Costa Rica was visiting the Temple of Minerva. He remarked that it would have been better to have expended this money in the cause of education. A friend of the president heard this remark and it cost the young man eleven months in the penitentiary. They maintain a dungeon to put political enemies in, also. On one occasion one of his friends, a rich old man, gave offense and he was arrested and placed in the dungeon and kept there for one year without knowing why he was there. He was almost starved, compelled to sleep on the ground, and not permitted to communicate with anyone or even have a change of clothing. At the end of eleven months he was released and his friends and relatives failed to recognize him for his hair had grown down his back and his beard extended to his lap. They took him to a barber before they permitted his wife to see him.

On one occasion, in 1883, during Cleveland's administration, an American citizen stepped off the boat at San Jose to look over the town. He was arrested, thrown in jail and ordered to be shot in a few hours. He pleaded to be permitted to be returned to his boat. The commandante relented, however, and ordered that he be given a hundred lashes on the back. This brought the blood. He went to

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the boat and when passengers were told the facts they shot and wounded the Commandante.

President Cleveland was notified and he compelled the government of Guatemala to apologize to the man for his American citizenship and pay him one hundred thousand dollars in gold in thirty days. This was done. And up to this administration American citizenship has been respected. Now it is not. I hope it will be again.

Amapela, Honduras.

OUR next stop was at Acajutla, Salvador, a small town with an active volcano belching forth fire and smoke just back of the place, ever reminding us all that the earth is still in the process of making, and is not yet finished.

Here we lost another charming young woman, a bride, just returning from her honeymoon to London with her husband, an English consul. She said her home was at the foot of this volcano, yet she was not afraid, and of course her husband was a gallant soldier and followed, for she was rich. Why not?

Salvador is long and narrow and rough, yet with rich valleys. The land is divided up into small farms. The people long ago ceased to fight and have revolutions and are busy cultivating the soil. The yearly trade balance in favor of this republic is nearly four millions of dollars. Nations are like individuals, if they sell more than they buy they in time become rich. So with this little republic, likewise copied after the United States in its government, is a prosperous country. It has a population of about one million seven hundred thousand inhabitants. Education is compulsory, but the schools, like Guatemala, are largely located in the towns.

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It is rich also in gold, silver, copper, iron and other minerals. The climate is similar to that of the other republics, being delightful on the tablelands.

Here we bought a steer, as we were short of meat. It was put on a tug and the sea was rough. Like nearly all of these ports you are compelled to anchor often quite a way out, for most of the towns have no docks, and so it was in this case. The steer was sea-sick. It lay on the bottom of the boat and I was anxious to see how it was to be taken on board. A rope was placed around its horns, a boom was lowered, and up went the steer towards heaven, not moving a tail or batting an eye, and when it was high, with a beautiful blue sky for a background, it was swung in and dropped in the hold. When this was going on the natives on the tug below cried out with joy, "Bull fight." Thus their Spanish-Indian feeling spoke.

Our next stop was at La Union, Salvador, a good trading point. Here we found a good dock. We took on large quantities of freight, especially coffee. The harbor is good and this part of the republic is making great progress, its only war vessel being converted into a freighter, showing the wisdom and foresight of the people.

Up to this point we had a large army of seagulls, extending back for half a mile, and here they turned and retraced their steps for the north. It was getting too hot. One day it was ninety degrees six miles out on the ocean. Our boat was built for the Alaskan trade and was unfit for tropical climates, hence our meat spoiled and was tossed overboard, to the delight of the seagulls, and you know it must have been hot to have them desert us under such circumstances. However, instead came a bird similar in shape but dark in color, like the natives, clothed by nature to withstand the climate. In the timber you could see birds of beautiful

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plumage, but they sang not. Lions would move as if worn out, showing no life nor energy; so with all wild animal life. If the climate and surroundings had this effect on wild life, why not on the life and energy of man? They do, and this is why the natives fail to progress, and more energetic people crowd them off and they in turn also fall in the same way and pass into history. It is one of nature's laws. It has ever been so and so it will remain. Here you get the alligator, the shark, and the large, clumsy turtle. The fish caught are even mushy. The grain and flavor found in the fish of cold waters you do not find here. In other words, they are flabby.

And then we came to Amapela, Honduras, the most interesting town we have visited. When we anchored and whistled we saw leaving a clean, odd, well-painted village, several boats which held back until the health officer permitted us to do business. When the signal was given they started. The scene was inspiring. The town is located on an island.

There were five boats. One had two oarsmen, one had four, one had six, one eight, and one had ten. The one with ten attracted my attention. In architecture it was the very picture of the boats I had seen in books of Cæsar's time. The oarsmen stood up, five on a side. The strokes were uniform, slow and dignified. Here was a locality twenty-five hundred years behind the time in transacting business. In that boat I could see Cleopatra with Mark Antony by her side, most gracious and obliging. Near by was the stern and exacting Julius Cæsar, taking in the situation, and not far away was the jealous Brutus—all captives on their way to Alexandria. Cleopatra was reclining showing her shapely foot with the golden slippers, her form encased in a beautiful gown, with a rope of pearls

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around her neck, and crowned with magnificent jewels, with these strong men prisoners going into captivity, toys in her grasp to do her bidding, and so it has always been. Why does woman want more—the political franchise—to crush and direct the affairs of state in any other way than she enjoys now? Some things we never understand until it is too late.

Honduras is rich and its riches are undeveloped. It is the most backward of them all. Its government is similar to the others. So is its climate and the topography of its country.

It has a population of about one-half million inhabitants, engaged in raising tobacco, oranges, sugar, limes, coffee, rice, beans, horses, mules, cattle, sheep and hogs.

It has fine woods, like mahogany, both hard and soft. About eighty per cent of the people are Indians with characters and dispositions similar to those of Guatemala. An automobile road goes from the Pacific side to the interior, this being the only republic having no railroad connection on the Pacific.

They brought us four thousand hides and other freight. The Germans own the town. The German government, through corporations, appoint young men for consuls who represent these corporations. They sign a contract to work for ten years at one hundred pesos per month and room, but without board. In time they become lonesome, marry native girls and thus become fixtures. This is the way Germany beats all other nations extending its trade. We appoint old, broken-down politicians, ship our goods in foreign bottoms and then wonder why our trade does not grow faster than it does. We should not be deceived, but rather be ashamed of our methods, and reform.

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Puntarenas, Costa Rica.

WE arrived in the morning at Corinto, Nicaragua, just as the sun was peeping up over the horizon, yet the natives, as is their custom along the coast, were out to bid us welcome. The location is low but near are the mountains, with isolated peaks, some being volcanos, all adding to the beauty and grandeur of the surroundings. The cocoanut palms were conspicuous with tropical foliage and flowers in abundance, and with the unique architecture of the buildings and odd structures of one kind and another, made the sight interesting.

Nicaragua had another interest to me. I had understood that the United States had possession of the government and was collecting its customs, giving forty per cent to the government and sixty per cent to the creditors. To confirm me in this belief I noticed a war vessel anchored out aways, which was to be relieved during the day by the *Denver*, from Panama, the *Cleveland* taking its place at the canal. I saw marines in the city. They told me this condition had existed the past two years.

I called on the American consul to get the facts. Imagine my surprise when he told me that our government had nothing to do with collecting the customs; that about two years previously a revolution started to oust the president from power and he called on the president of the United States for protection. President Wilson ordered our war vessels to proceed to Nicaragua, and about one thousand marines landed and marched to the capital to protect the president, and the war vessels stood by, ready for action. This state of affairs has continued since, except one war vessel remains and about two hundred marines. The truth is a New York banking firm advanced about two millions of dollars to the Nicaragua government to build a

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railroad from its capital to the Pacific coast. The administration was about to be ousted and this firm was anxious about the bonds and appealed to our government to protect its claim and this is what was done. The United States was using its power to collect a private claim, and the only creditor so favored anywhere in any country. Foreign creditors by this process were being left in the cold because of troubles at home. Some day a settlement must be made. Our people in Mexico were pleading for protection in vain.

The climate, soil and topography is very much like the other republics with a similar population with the same habits and characteristics. It has a population of about seven hundred thousand, engaged largely in mining and agriculture. Its crops are the cereals, tobacco, coffee, bananas, sugar, cocoa, and all tropical fruits. Valuable woods, medicinal plants, horses, cattle, mules—gold, silver and other valuable minerals abound here.

Its foreign commerce is about fourteen millions of dollars. Its manufacturing amounts to but little, simple domestic articles, so that its exports are the raw products of the soil and mines.

Education is free and compulsory. It is here the same as the other republics, the educational privileges are largely in the towns and the country is neglected. Intemperance prevails in all these republics. Wages in all lines are small. Living is cheap and unsatisfactory because inefficient and unreliable—they are Indians. The exchange market is against all these countries from twenty to forty-five to one of gold, yet this advantage does not stimulate them to produce and overcome this obstacle.

The Catholic religion predominates in all these republics. It is very strong. There is very little activity on the Pacific side. Nearly all the railroads have been built

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on the Atlantic side. The United Fruit Company confines its activity to the Atlantic side. Railroads are being built on the Pacific side and, with stable governments, development would be rapid, because the countries are rich in every way. But stable governments cannot be built with such a people in such a climate. It does not seem to be the plan of nature. Even flowers, when severed from the root, collapse in a very short time, showing they do not possess the vitality the flowers possess in the cold climates. That which is accomplished worth while is done by constantly infusing new blood from the colder climates.

Through here some day the Nicaraguan canal will be built. This is wise because in the next fifteen years Panama canal will reach its capacity, and in case of obstructions another water way should be provided.

Costa Rica joins this republic on the south and is the most stable and progressive of them all. It is just the reverse of the others in population. Out of the four hundred thousand inhabitants only about twenty per cent of them are Indians. Education is compulsory and free as in the other republics. The banana is produced in large quantities along the coast, for this fruit needs much moisture. In the temperate section they raise coffee and fruits and the cereals on the table lands. They produce all the tropical fruits, coffee of fine quality, about ten million stems of bananas, cocoa, hides, rubber and valuable woods, gold, silver and other minerals. They are engaging extensively in poultry and dairying, the Panama canal in its operation giving them a fine market at good prices.

The capital, San Jose, is located on the table land, and is a town of about thirty thousand people. It is becoming quite a winter resort. The climate, however, is delightful throughout the year because of the elevation. The

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government owns the railroad on the Pacific side touching the coast at Puntarenas, which is developing into quite a port. This republic has settled down to business and has not had a revolution for a long time.

Earthquakes abound in all these republics, are frequent and sometimes severe. Many of them have active volcanoes, some of the peaks being three miles high. They are rugged and impressive and create some beautiful scenery. The land, when fully developed and controlled by proper and stable governments, will make one of the finest spots for tourists on the western continent. The possibilities, under favorable conditions, in a commercial way are very great, and one of the rules is, that if natives do not make the best of their opportunities, others will.

Balboa, P. R.

WE arrived in Balboa in form and were permitted to enter according to the customs thereof. Our baggage was inspected by Mr. Stevenson and his assistant, two very pleasant gentlemen. The United States hire and pay these men and all duties collected are turned over to the Panama republic. Roosevelt as president obligated the United States to many things in negotiating for the canal territory. The location of work and the rights of individuals involving millions are being disposed of in a way that may last for a generation. This work is handled by a land commission composed of four men, two from the States and two from the Panama republic. They draw \$9,000 a year each for their services, so they are in no hurry to close up disputes, but the taking of evidence is one endless chain and even the commission disputes within itself, it is so essential

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to make time. We also agreed not only to pay the \$10,000,000, but \$250,000 per year so long as we own the canal. We do other things. We print and handle the postage and pay the Panama republic 40 per cent of the receipts. We agree to redeem their money at 50 cents on the dollar, and it circulates on this basis, otherwise it would be almost worthless. We locate men at the ballot boxes in elections to see that a fair count is made. We exempted Panama City and Colon in the grant, but reserved the right to look after the sanitation of both cities and, with other things, you see we are in with both feet. You can appreciate this when you know Panama republic is 600 miles long, has a population of about 400,000, 60,000 of whom are in Panama City, and 30,000 in Colon.

On the Pacific side there are three cities separated only by streets, Balboa, Ancon and Panama City, the two former owned and governed by the United States and the latter belonging to the Panama republic. Balboa has the administration building and the docks and homes for some of the working men. Ancon has the officers, hospitals, clubs and Tivoli hotel, owned and operated by the United States. The United States owns everything and does all the business. It operates commissaries, one for the whites and one for the blacks, furnishing all kinds of merchandise and foods which it sells to employes, ships and their crews at wholesale, plus 10 per cent. Others were permitted to buy at one time but the republic of Panama objected and the practice ceased so they are compelled to buy of the merchants in Panama City. A United States laundry is operated in the same way. The hotel charges \$5 a day and up, but government employes get half rates. The services are fair only, but the best you can get. The colored women take in washing in competition and every day in the week is wash day and you are all sur-

rounded, no matter which way you go, with a white brigade as the people wear white clothes extensively. Men look nice in their duck suits.

Houses everywhere rest on posts about six feet above the ground and all marshy places are being filled by the government. Streets and drives are paved in and around the hills, making the place quite attractive and many tourists come here with no fear of malaria or yellow fever, yet the rainfall is from sixty to seventy inches per year on Pacific, and 120 to 130 on Atlantic. The rainy season begins in April and lasts for six months. It simply pours, for I saw it rain one afternoon in the "dry season."

The government is doubling its dock capacity, which is necessary to take care of the business. Everything you see is well done and with a view of permanency and on a large scale. Its cranes, derricks and appliances are the latest, and best and meet the demand.

The canal zone is divided into four districts for civil administration only, the governor appointing the magistrates, marshals and police officers in each. If anyone is dissatisfied with a decision he appeals to the district judge; if still dissatisfied he can appeal from the district judge to the Federal court of the United States at New Orleans, La. Governor Goethals has ruled the zone with an iron hand. Obedience to his rules and the laws governing the zone are substantially enforced in all lines, and hence he is not quite so popular here as he is in the United States. Misdemeanors are annoying because of different jurisdictions in the three towns with streets only for division lines. Hit a man and cross the street and smile. Some friction naturally arises under such conditions with all classes of people to deal with, of many nationalities, and the laws and ordinances and rules are not always in harmony.

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Panama City is a busy place and is made so because of the enormous expenditure of money by the United States and because the canal ends near by. The people have no life nor energy to do anything, the same as all humanity similarly situated in hot climates. Some are naked, many barefooted and poorly clothed and housed, and many sleep in the open the year round, steal, beg and often go hungry. They now and then make a few pennies and a human being can exist on little when climatic conditions are favorable, but no ambitions ever stir them. Even fish at their door are safe, because they are too lazy to make an effort.

The Chinamen are thick here and operate most of the saloons, the curse of any poor people. It drives them lower and the saloon is doomed only when civilization advances. The common people live in pens, a whole family in a small room, and you will see all the actions you might observe in watching your pig pen. The higher classes govern and exploit the lower and the multitude is too poor to skin, so to get money to run the government a tax is levied on all imports. A license to do this or that is charged. A sign over your business front is taxed. Of course extreme poverty leads to immorality, hence diseases and crime are all here. A couple of friends and myself drove through "Coco Grove," or the red light district. You did not have to go into a house, but the sidewalks and streets had all ages, sizes and shapes looking for men. I saw the United States uniform everywhere, to my regret, many under the influence of drink, unaccountable for many things they were doing. These things undermine an army and make it less efficient, but what can be done about it? Things are worse here than anywhere else in the zone, but this is headquarters for the administration of the zone, making Colon a much better place but less important.

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The Washington hotel at Colon is a fine fireproof building on the Atlantic, well managed, and a nice place to stop, except it is European table d'hote only, \$2.75 per day for your meals alone, unless you order extra, and rooms \$4 and up for a place to sleep. It is well located, however, large with high ceilings and fairly well furnished. The government is losing money on the enterprise, but it is the only place to stop and was a necessity properly to care for officials on the canal, and cheaper places are maintained for the laboring men. The government is encouraging matrimony. It charges no rent for its residences, and bachelor apartments are likewise free; also fuel, light and water.

The Panama canal is the heart of commerce for the world. In ten or twelve years its full capacity will be reached, making the Nicaragua canal an absolute necessity. I believe the last slide of any consequence has occurred and little trouble in the future from this source will happen. The Culebra cut is nine miles long. On the right is Contractors hill, on the left Gold hill. They are very high and extend back for a great distance. When the canal was supposed to have been completed, stands were built on each of these hills for a long distance with the purpose of supporting the earth and trusting that future slides would not occur. The stands did not hold and the worst ever occurred. It is estimated that 9,000,000 of cubic yards of dirt from these two hills for a half mile back pushed down into the canal. This occurred last October and up to date about one-third of this dirt has been removed. As it is removed the dirt back of it takes its place so that fully completed this menace will be removed, hence the dangers of future slides are remote and of small consequence because the hills have been materially reduced in size. Small vessels can now pass through the canal, but it is the opinion of

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those familiar with the situation that the canal will not be open for general traffic before July 1, 1916, and when opened, will stay open.

This great undertaking is the outgrowth of the building of the Panama railroad in 1850 by three Americans. The volume of business handled by this railroad attracted attention everywhere, especially among the French. It obtained a monopoly from the Columbia government and the French were compelled to buy this road before they could proceed with the canal project. When acquired the French began action, never realizing that the building of this railroad cost thousands of lives from malaria and yellow fever. The mosquito was ignored by them. They were extravagant and wasteful in their undertaking in addition to these two difficulties they ignored. They lost 30,000 workmen and we lost 5,000.

With hope and enthusiasm they proceeded, bought machinery and equipment on a large scale and employed thousands of men, who died by the thousands. They raised and expended in one way and another nearly \$300,000,000. Graft was everywhere. Waste ate into the funds. With disease and death the French company went bankrupt and indictments followed. The United States began to take an interest in Nicaragua and the French gave up hope and wanted to sell, and thus we came to be the owners in the manner and way all know. It is now conceded that the assets obtained in the \$40,000,000 purchase was worth in tangible form not less than \$30,000,000 to the United States.

It is done and for us to operate, protect and maintain with all the attendant dangers. We have fortified it with about one hundred guns, some sixteen-inch. It will take ten or fifteen thousand soldiers to police it. The locks, their

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electrical operation and all, are an accomplishment which has been fully explained by many writers and its completion is something of which any civilized nation need not be ashamed. Built without graft, with the finest ability displayed and the most advanced business methods used both in its construction and operation, the canal is something of which all mankind in this age can be proud.

Colon, P. R.

AS we glided along on the Pacific we noticed the geese starting on their journey toward the north to escape the tropical heat. How fortunate and wise they are, going north in the summer and south in the winter, enjoying life with all food supplied by nature as no other living thing apparently does. Sometimes I wish I were a goose. They are wiser than we think. On stopping to feed in their flight they always station sentinels to remain on guard while the others are eating, that no danger might come to them, and they seldom make mistakes. The sea gulls left us because it began to get hot. A dark bird similar in size and shape took its place, and finally the buzzard replaced it, dark, black, ugly, slow and lazy like that portion of human kind living under the boiling sun.

The Panamans flock to the towns and toil not, except to gather day by day food sufficient to sustain life. Country life they abhor, hence the source of all wealth is neglected, ignored, and naturally poverty on a large scale exists everywhere. You can always point out exceptions and some individuals, small in number, enjoy wealth through concessions and commercial pursuits in domestic and foreign trade. City life with its extensive social evils and almost univer-

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sal drink habit prevent the people from advancing from present to better conditions. They are materially better off as a subject people than they can possibly be by self-government under which one faction after another exploits the masses for personal gain. All the life, energy and improvement you see here belongs to and is directed by foreigners. Foreigners supply new blood and new life from time to time and thus overcome the natural obstacles in the way, otherwise they would become in time as the natives, a lazy, indolent people incapable of positive results.

The Panama exposition is naturally a small affair. It could more properly be designated the United States exposition, for it has made about all the displays shown. The object of this exposition, I understood, was to please the President of Panama and to build up trade. Our government has made a big display in geological lines, guns, equipment and munitions of war and the department of health from all viewpoints. English alone describes the articles and purposes, yet this people as a body speak Spanish. Commerce, objects of barter and trade, articles of manufacture and the things Panama raises and can make and what its soils will produce, likewise the same as to the United States, are nowhere to be seen. This effort on our part is a waste of both time and money, yet our representatives are pleasant gentlemen and have placed in position the things assembled in a pleasing, attractive manner. They have extensively shown how passports, letters, treaties, etc., are prepared and executed by the United States, including engrossed copies of our constitution and the declaration of independence, and the pictures of prominent individuals as well as their signatures to different documents from time to time. About 80 per cent of what is there is foreign to the purposes of the exposition, yet congress appropriated \$32,000 to push our trade in Central America.

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This land will raise bananas, cocoanuts, vegetables of all kinds, cattle, hogs, poultry and possesses valuable timber and minerals. Foreigners raise the bananas and cocoanuts, except those that grow wild. God in his infinite wisdom caused some fruits and foodstuffs to grow wild, otherwise these people would starve. Yet eggs are 70 cents a dozen, chickens 80 cents a pound, and so on. Beer is 50 cents a quart, all soft drinks three times what they are in the United States. This is caused from the fact that the natives are too lazy to work and of course produce but little of any thing. The government must live and public officials must have funds, so in addition to what the United States pays, an import duty is levied on about everything that comes in and when they want more money an export duty is levied. You would think the high prices would cause the natives to get a rooster and a hen anyway but they are too lazy. They hang close to the borders of the canal zone to catch a few pennies tossed out by the tourists and canal employees.

Cristobal is owned by the United States and adjoins Colon, owned and governed by the natives. Owing to a large fire a few months ago the city is being rebuilt largely and is much more modern and pleasing in many ways. However to succeed in business here is a struggle because of high taxes and the burdens placed on enterprises of all kinds by the government. It is no place for a live, up-to-date young man or woman.

The Washington hotel is beautifully situated, facing the sea. The army and navy people gave a dance in costume on Feb. 19, which some young Panaman people from Panama City attended. Our boys were in white uniforms and looked fine in every way. Their wives and sweethearts were in attendance, some dressed beautifully, and most of them looked very attractive and pleasing to a fellow on

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the outside. I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Taylor of Emmetsburg, Ia., a beautiful young woman spending the winter here with her aunt and she was having the time of her life. These dances at Balboa and Colon are the only diversions for the army and navy people. They hate this country and are glad to get back to the United States, the women especially. The soldiers have to work hard. Goethals has them building roads, cutting out the underbrush, filling marshes and so on and all are thoroughly tired of the life on the zone. I met a large number of them, some widows, the latter giving me a cordial invitation to remain a few days and visit different portions of the zone, and they would show me a good time. They visit back and forth along the zone, have their social gatherings and thus break the monotony of life.

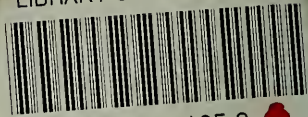
The United States has health officers stationed at different parts in the republic for the purpose of guarding the health of the canal zone. In fact, it is hard to get away from the United States even in the Panama Republic. At the next election in July bloodshed is expected, and, of course, our government will be in the game. All these countries are cursed with too many ambitious men. They want office to graft and they graft so as to become rich. Public office is looked upon in no other light. Revolutions are formed to put the outs in for no other purpose. Shoot the politicians and govern through trustees until the people can govern themselves is the only solution for better government in the next generation or two. The masses will never rise under the present methods, but will always be about the same; a poor, helpless, unfortunate people.

Besides the Panama railroad we have six boats running from Colon to New York. They are poorly managed and are a losing proposition. Private boats get the cream of

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the passenger and freight business. Government employes do not hustle for business and the business that comes is handled indifferently and as if you are being favored. The hotels and ships are operated at a loss and it will always be so, because aggressive, accommodating, wideawake private competition will not be met. The government does not have to and will not hustle for business and, of course, fails to get the profits and pays the losses by taxation.

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